



Kashmir Stories and other Folklore

**Selected Works of
Prof S L Sadhu**

Edited by: Sharad Sadhu

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Editor's Note

My father, Prof S L Sadhu, spent a life-time teaching English language to students in colleges and in the University. For some time, Prof. Sadhu was a journalist representing the Press Trust of India in Kashmir.

"Folk Tales from Kashmir " (circa early 1960s; Asia Publishing House), his first major publication in English, was widely acclaimed. This compilation of Kashmiri folk tales, written in his own style, received a compliment that his writing style reminded one of Thomas Hardy, a great tribute in my view.

Making use of his huge interest in Kashmiri history, his second major English publication "Tales from the Rajatarangini" was based on the history of Kashmir as depicted in the 'Rajatarangini – The River of Kings' authored (in 1900) by Sir Aurel Stein. In time he delved further into Kashmiri history and wrote books, articles and plays on Kashmir and its past (he edited 'Medieval Kashmir by Jogesh Chandra Dutt') becoming an authority in this area of literature.

Prof Sadhu published a flurry of books in Kashmiri using the Persian script and among these his scientific book on aviation industry 'Wutchaprang'(the flying chariot) received the UNESCO Award.

At the peak of his literary career, my father was a leading light of the Kashmir Academy, the Sahitya Akademy and was a member of the Selection Committee for Jnanpith Award, the highest award in India for Literature.

He continued his passion for writing right up to his twilight years, penning down prose and poetry. His last book, published posthumously, is 'No Axe to Grind'.

As the son of the author, Prof Shyam Lal Sadhu, I was always fascinated by the way my father worked his way through the books and manuscripts he wrote over several decades (presumably over the period 1950s to 2012). He would quietly devote his time to writing on paper, reading books and otherwise devote his time to literary pursuits. Being part of a nuclear family, his of love penmanship was clearly pervasive, though not obtrusive, in the family environment. I can still 'see' him seated in his corner in his room in our Karan Nagar home in Srinagar, slightly reclining against the bolster and penning down his writings on paper. That he wrote so many books in four languages (the actual number, ranging between 22 and 33, could not be ascertained by us) and published these books is a reflection on his genius and perseverance.

In this context, working on the present selection of the works of Prof S L Sadhu is a labour of love for me. A couple of years ago, I found out that his books were no longer available, partly due to the large time gap and partly because I lost touch with his books due to life-circumstances. I realized that it might just be an opportune time to revive my father's books and writings. I, rather hesitatingly, I started upon this task.

My father did not 'handover' a list of his publications to me. Occasionally, he would show me a copy of some of his books (such as Folk Tales from Kashmir, Tales from the Rajatarangini and a couple of others) and that too with a diffident approach. The period of late eighties was a period of migration for our family and we were still scattered till his passing on. Partly as a result of this disruption and partly due to his self-evasive bent of mind, I do not have an authentic list of his books and other articles, nor do I have copies of all his works. So the first important step was to find authentic copies of his books.

This was no easy task. Many companies offer some of his books on the web (all without any specific permissions) and it is not advisable to depend on their text. I could find one copy of the Folk Tales (bound into a volume by the author himself) and a fast-perishing copy of the 'Rajatarangini' book with my sister. I also had a fresh copy of his last book, 'No Axe to Grind'.

The first step was to type the text of the books, an onerous task in itself. I was able to find large chunks of the text of the 'Folk Tales' and the 'Rajatarangini' in PDF format from several sources on the web and I used these as a starting point. This text was then authenticated (and vastly corrected) against the two hard-copy books, resulting in the text close to the original version text. Fortunately an authentic copy of the text of 'No Axe to Grind' was readily available.

Sourcing my father's books in Kashmiri language was a much different task. No published books were available, neither with me nor with anybody else in the family. He had authored a substantial number of books in Kashmiri language using the Persian script and any 'selected works' of his would be meaningless without the Kashmiri language portion. My trip to the Sahitya Akademy in New Delhi proved immensely helpful. On explaining the purpose (and after verifying my credentials), the executives of Akademy's Library found several Kashmiri books of my father and kindly permitted me to photocopy a limited number of pages of these books. Finding these books in the well preserved vaults of the library was a moment of truth for me, a very moving moment when I saw that my father had written by his own hand a few notes on the title page of each of these books.

This Editor devised a process of scanning the photocopied pages of these books written in the Persian script, page by page, adjusting their page sizes, aspect ratios and finally putting these pages together in the logical form. Though not one hundred percent satisfactory, the process achieved the objective of reproducing the selected sections of these books.

The 'Kashmir Stories and other Folklore – Selected Works of Prof S L Sadhu' is an attempt to offer some of the more visible works of the author, a representation of his writings. This compilation depicts his style, his selection of the subject matter and his inimitable writing acumen. To make this publication more understandable, this volume of selected works is divided into sections on the basis of his published books.

The first section offers twelve Kashmiri folk tales from 'Folk Tales from Kashmir'. This selection of the tales depicts the entire gamut of Kashmiri folk saga, ranging from the incredible wit of the common villagers to the might of the kings and queens; the scintillating beauty of the village

maidens and the passionate desire of the young people to woo them into matrimony; the vile priest versus the simple-minded folks; the crafty official and the clever farmer – the whole cross-section of the Kashmiri society as it existed over a century prior to 1950s. Depiction of these interesting scenes from Kashmiri life-style through incisive sketches by the reputed artist Mohan Raina add a new dimension to the imagery woven by the Tales in the mind of the reader.

The second section comprises stories from eight episodes of Kashmiri history, as chronicled in the *Rajatarangini*. As the readers would be aware, the *Rajatarangini* presents a written record of the history of Kashmir over 5000 years, authored by several reputed historians over more than 1500 years, Kalhana being the first one. The tales included in this volume offer varied aspects of the history to the reader, from the 'prehistoric' Naga-Paisacas period to the advent of the Dogra kings, frequent annexation of the valley of Kashmir by the marauding invaders from the West; the wisdom of the courtiers and lack of it of their Kings; pivotal moments in the history of Kashmiri people making immense impact on their destiny; the songstress and the lovelorn Sultan; decimation of one civilization and creation of another, and the procession of kings and queens. The Tales provide a unique ringside-view of the life and times of Kashmiris over this historical period. The Tales are a great boon to serious practitioners of Kashmiri history and of the areas neighbouring Kashmir.

The Appendix to the above section offers notes and details of related subjects referred to in the original books. These include reference to Nagas, human settlements in Kashmir and a list of the Rulers of Kashmir - from the prehistoric to the recent times.

The third section of this volume offers selections from four Kashmiri language publications of Prof Sadhu, written in the Persian script. The idea behind this 'mixed' language volume is to provide an across-the-board flavour of the scholarship and writing acumen of the author. This two language compendium is a rather unusual combination, but the Editor believes that this will paint a complete picture of the mindset and of the development of the writing landscape of the author. The first such offering is an excerpt from his book entitled 'Birbal' which is a play written about a critical turning point in the history of Kashmir (early 1800s). The plot

of this play has assumed a new dimension in the current social environment of the Kashmiri people.

The second offering is a comic write up from the book 'Qasaas' which literally translates as retribution. By this time, he had set up a 'home' publishing house, Harmukh Publications, and this book was published under its auspices. The story offered provides a comic relief woven around a rooster.

The third offering is an abstract from the book 'Wutchaprang', a publication describing the development of the aviation industry as perceived at that time (1960s). This is an attempt to inculcate scientific curiosity among the Kashmiri readers, wherein the emergence of aviation balloons, light and heavy aircraft are described in some detail.

The last offering is a story selected from the book, Wyeth-hend Malar (Waves of the Vitasta river), which contains stories from the Rajataragini, as translated into Kashmiri by Prof Sadhu. This book was published under the auspices of Harmukh Publications. The story selected is 'Kasheeri Laage Basti' (Kashmir Gets Inhabited), narrating the prehistoric events leading to human habitation of the Kashmir valley. The main book itself has many other interesting stories from the same source.

We go back to English language with the fourth section of this volume, offering several write ups from the last book penned by Prof Sadhu, 'No Axe to Grind'. Seventeen chapters offered here very much depict the efforts of the author in commenting on matters pertaining to the Kashmiri society and its development. I do hope that this section will reveal a new phase in the writings of the author.

To provide a glimpse of the entirety of Prof Sadhu's books, each section provides the original Foreword, the Preface and the Table of Contents, the latter providing the titles of stories / chapters of sections included and those not included in the current publication. Footnotes are also depicted as in the original books.

In a footnote, as the Editor I have immensely benefitted from putting together this 'Selected Works' volume. The mere process of going through the texts, and understanding the nuances therein, have taken me

much nearer my 'roots' both as a descendent of Prof Sadhu (Boitoth ji to us) and as a part of the Kashmiri milieu; not as deep a feeling as that of the celebrated author Aldous Huxley, but certainly memorable and illuminating. On all counts this was an emotion-filled and rewarding exercise.

We plan to publish this volume as an e-book to enable easy and wide distribution. It will also be printed in book form for easy reference.

This gives me an opportunity to thank several of my well-wishers, particularly M K Razdan, my elder brother, for writing the Foreword to this book, my wife Vijay Sadhu, who was quick in recognizing merit in this idea and who provided support, and my sister, Urmila Sadhu Duda, who gave me her agreement to use the publications of my father. My gratitude to all of them.

Sharad Sadhu
New Delhi
April 2024

List of Books Authored by Prof Sadhu

(This is not an exhaustive list)

(From Several Sources)

- 1 **Folk Tales from Kashmir**
by S L Sadhu
Print book
Language: English
Publisher: Bombay ; New York : Asia, ©1962.
- 2 **Birbal**
by S L Sadhu
Print book
Language: Kashmiri (Persian script)
Publisher: Kapoor Brothers, 1964.
- 3 **Wutchprang**
by S L Sadhu
Print book
Language: Kashmiri (Persian script)
Publisher: Kapoor Brothers, 1964.
- 4 **Tales from Rajatarangini by S.L. Sadhu.** With a foreword
by G.M. Sadiq.
by S L Sadhu;
Print book
Language: English
Publisher: Srinagar Kapoor Bros. [©1967]
- 5 **Wyethe-hend Malar**
by S L Sadhu
Print book
Language: Kashmiri (Persian script)
Publisher: Harmukh Publishers, 1968.

- 6 **Qasaas**
 by S L Sadhu
 Print book
 Language: Kashmiri (Persian script)
 Publisher: Harmukh Publishers, 1980.

- 7 **Medieval Kashmir:** Being a reprint of the Rajataranginis of
 Jonaraja, Shrivara and Shuka, as translated into English by J.C.
 Dutt and published in 1898 A.D. under the title "Kings of
 Kashmira", Vol. III
 by Jonarāja; J C Dutt; S L Sadhu
 Print book
 Language: English
 Publisher: New Delhi : Atlantic Publishers & Distributors,
 ©1993.

- 8 **हब्बाखातून / HabbāKhātūna**
 by S L Sadhu; Śibana Kṛshṇa Raiṇā
 Print book: Biography : State or province government
 publication
 Language: Hindi
 Publisher: साहित्य अकादेमी, Nayī Dillī: Sāhitya Akādēmī,
 1998.

- 9 **Place names in Kashmir**
 by S L Sadhu; B K Raina; Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan; Indira
 Gandhi National Centre for the Arts.
 Print book
 Language: English
 Publisher: Mumbai: Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan; New Delhi:
 Indira Gandhi National Centre for the Arts, 2000.

- 10 **Rupa Bhavani**
 by S L Sadhu
 Print book: Biography
 Language: English
 Publisher: New Delhi; Sahitya Akademi, ©2003.

- 11 **Haba Khatoon**
by S L Sadhu; Sahitya Akademi,
Print book: Biography
Language: English
Publisher: New Delhi; Sahitya Akademi, 2017.
- 12 **No Axe to Grind : Glimpses of the Life in Kashmir**
by S L Sadhu; Urmila Sadhu Duda
Print book: Biography
Language: English
Publisher: Delhi; Utpal Publications, 2019

There seem to be many more books and major articles authored by Prof Sadhu. But this Editor is unable to obtain authentic information about those.

Foreword

“History is who we are and why we are the way we are”, - David McCullough, distinguished American Historian.

Kashmir has had a chequered, rich and sadly, blood-soaked history. We have a record of history spanning 5000 years from the time of Mahabharata to the current juncture. Growing up in Kashmir our acquaintance with Kashmir’s history was perfunctory, largely because educational syllabus paid scant attention to it. The fact that our history has been successively recorded by historians over hundreds of years from Kalhana to Hassan makes it a more authentic record than most other versions of Kashmir’s history.

In the backdrop of the turmoil that engulfed Kashmir in recent decades leading to exodus of a large part of its population which now is scattered across India and other parts of the world, knowledge of Kashmir’s history and past assumes greater importance.

Prof S L Sadhu, a scholar and an educationist, did immense service to Kashmiris and other readers by bringing us important historical episodes in simple language, to give us a scholarly glimpse of our history. Although these writings are many years old these remain relevant today.

Winner of a UNESCO award. as also Sahitya Akademy awards, Prof Sadhu wrote several books in English and Kashmiri while teaching at various colleges as a professor of English Literature. I was among his students at the Amar Singh College. He was gentle to a fault but I received no concessions from the fact that I was closely related to him!

Prof Sadhu’s versatility is reflected in the fact that he wrote on a wide variety of subjects such as ‘Folk Tales from Kashmir’ in the early 1960’s followed by many other books related to Kashmir including ‘Tales from the Rajatarangini’, ‘Rupa Bhavani’ and ‘No Axe To Grind: Glimpses of the Life in Kashmir’.

While Prof Sadhu's writings have spanned over 50 years, it is quite imaginable that these publications are no longer available to general public. In this context, the editor of this volume, 'Kashmir Stories and other Folklore' has taken a valuable step of compiling a selection of Prof Sadhu's works, with the aim of making these available to both the general public and to the lovers of Kashmiri history and literature. The publication will give valuable access to the younger generation of Kashmiris in particular to our legacy; history, folklore and literature. It is a valuable addition to our knowledge of Kashmir. I hope it gets circulated far and wide among discerning readers.

M K Razdan

Former Editor-in-Chief and CEO, Press Trust of India (PTI).

New Delhi

April 2024

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Qasaas

Wutchaprang

Wyethi-hend Malar

Part 4: No Axe to Grind

**A Century of Learning: The Story of Education in
Jammu and Kashmir**

Tales from Hills and Dales

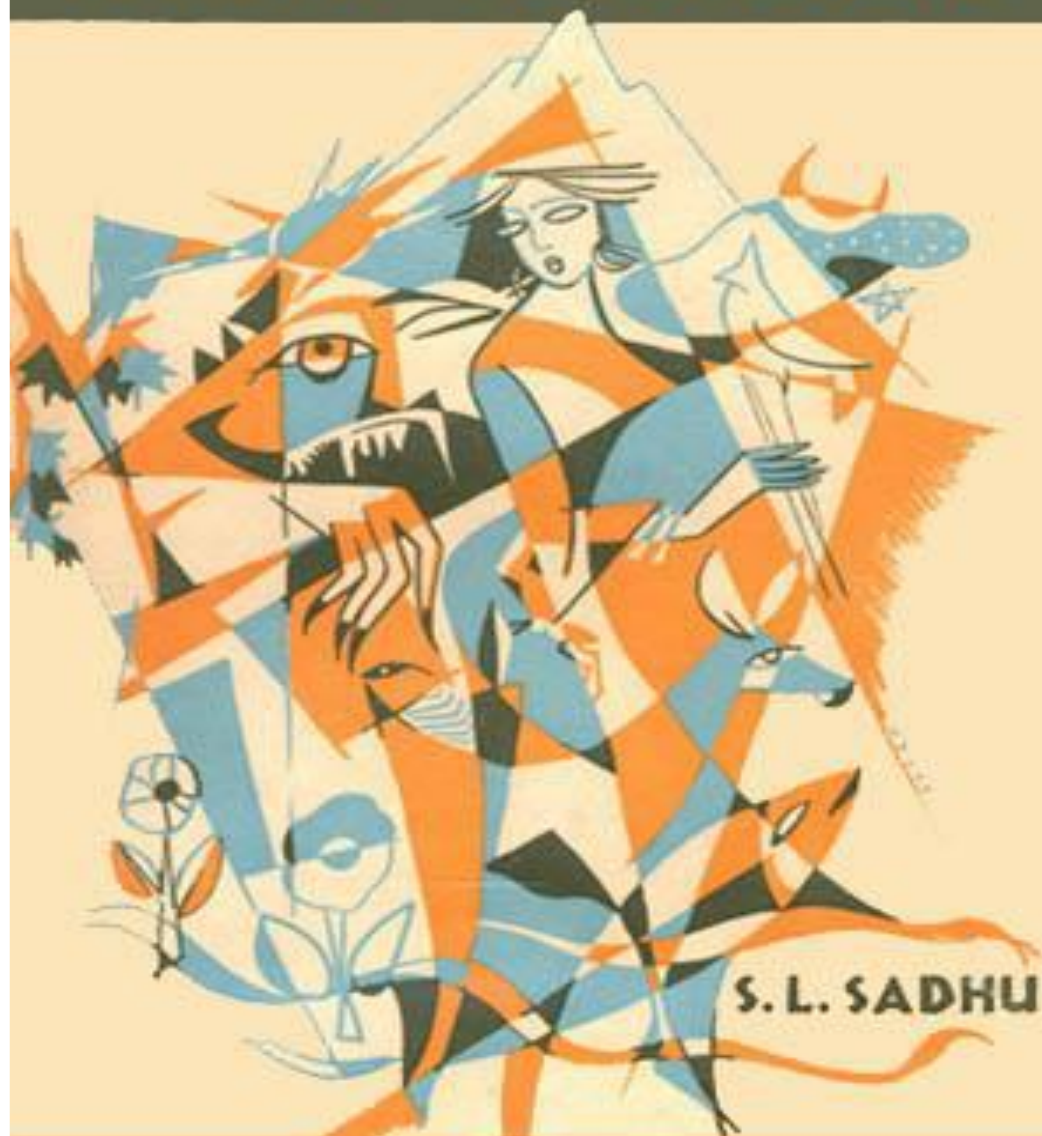
Translations of Kashmiri Literature

Some Songsters and Writers of Kashmir

Folk Tales from Kashmir

S L Sadhu

FOLK TALES FROM KASHMIR



S. L. SADHU

Folk Tales from Kashmir

By S. L. Sadhu

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Foreword

SITUATED on an important highway of learning, and culture, Kashmir attained eminence in the domain of art and letters in the past. In philosophy and mysticism, poetry and aesthetics, grammar and history, our ancestors took long strides towards what is still accepted as an enviable standard of perfection.

For various causes the creative urge of the people suffered a peculiar setback and several generations of Kashmiris lapsed into muted backwardness. During this period it was left to eminent Western scholars to introduce Kashmir to the civilized world through translation and interpretation of the literary and artistic wealth of earlier ages. Apart from their value to the outside world these works gave a sense of purpose and pride to our generation.

Interest in Kashmir's history and culture rose to a peak in the months following the independence of India. A resurgence of creative activity in all parts of this multilingual region was consequently stimulated. Along with the development of recognized literary forms in what were hitherto regarded barren languages, folk arts have come to claim a good deal of attention and patronage. The unprecedented pace of education during the last few years bids fair to quicken this resurgence of the creative urge. In this context the publication of Kashmiri folk tales in English translation in the present form is of some significance.

This volume of folk tales presents many of the stories generally current in Kashmir today, some of them indeed with many parallels in other parts of India and outside. *Manut* and *Panzuv* or *Toh Thug* and *Mengan Thug* occur frequently in the idiom of our conversation every day, and *Himal* and *Nagrai*, *Shabrang* and *Akanandun* are referred to in our parlance off and on. Though the tales are generally the product of the imagination of our people, several of them can at once be identified by local readers as built round the nucleus of an actual event to which the tale is true in substance and spirit.

The author of the present work has, by and large, bypassed tales based on fantasy, romance and magic, though such material exists in abundance in

our folklore. He has also eschewed tales of a patently foreign character. There is, thus, a ring of modernity about them which sheds light on the modes of thought and ways of living of our people. The efforts of the author are commendable and I have no doubt that his book will be read and appreciated widely.

Srinagar,

30 June, 1961

G. M. SADIQ

1 Preface

NINE hundred years ago a remarkable collection of stories called *Kathasaritsagara*, the "Ocean of Stories", was produced in Kashmir. Somadeva, its author, is said to have included in this tome many stories which he had heard from others and which, in fact, had their origin in folk-literature. The *Kathasaritsagara*, which may justly be called a treasure of folk tales, has had considerable influence on countries which were in close touch with India during the Middle Ages.

The first collection of Kashmiri folk tales in English was brought out by the late Rev. John Hinton Knowles towards the end of the last century. Sometime later, a renowned scholar, the late Sir Aurel Stein, published another collection of this kind. *Hatim's Tales*, as this latter is called, is a collection of tales in verse and prose recited in Kashmiri for the savant by one Hatim who was an oilman by profession. These two works can by no means be said to exhaust the harvest of tales garnered in the fertile minds of the people. The present editor has endeavoured to collect some of the more interesting tales current in the valley of Kashmir which, but for two exceptions, have not appeared earlier.

Tales, myths, sagas and other narratives comprise perhaps the most interesting part of the literature named "Folklore", a term coined in 1846 by W.J. Thoms to designate the traditional learning of the uncultured classes of civilized nations. This is not the place to go into minute details on the subject. Suffice it to say that folk tales comprise a respectable volume of literature in all languages which is being explored with increasing interest everywhere. The earliest tales of this kind are traced to about 2800 B.C. in Egypt.

There is an unmistakable similarity in many folk tales of countries as far apart as Kashmir and France or China and Sweden. The obvious conclusion is that they have all been influenced by a common stock of tales which appear as variants in different languages. Apart from this there is the same affinity between the folk tales of different countries as in their fables, legends, myths, apologues, etc. There is, therefore, nothing to be surprised at if some of the folk tales of Kashmir have close parallels in other countries. Several tales in this volume are based on incidents

centering on real persons. By and large, however, the tales portray a large variety of men and women, both individuals and types, and project peoples' beliefs, customs, ideals, preferences and prejudices in all their rich variety as few other literary forms can do. As a matter of fact they impart meaning and substance to culture as it is crystallized in our day-to-day living. In this sense they are allied to myths. "Myths," according to the *Encyclopaedia of Religion. and Ethics*, "are not created out of nothing It [a myth] is always the covering, the shell, to a kernel of truth contained inside Folk tales are the myths of the race." Many tales in this volume could without doubt be called the myths of the race living in this land.

The present editor would feel his labours amply rewarded if the folk tales presented here quicken the curiosity of the reader for longer and wider excursions in this domain.

The author considers it a privilege to express his gratitude to Mr. G. M. Sadiq, Minister for Education, Jammu and Kashmir, for his generous response to the request to write a foreword to this book. He is indebted to Rev. W.A.W. Jarvis, of the St. Stephen's College, Delhi, who read the proofs of a portion of the book and made several valuable suggestions for its improvement. Thanks are due also to Mr. R. C. Dhar, Librarian, Research Department, Srinagar for the assistance rendered to the writer in the preparation of this book, and to Mr. Mohan Ji Raina, who produced the illustrations inserted in this book.

S. L. SADHU

2 The Precious Present



THIS story takes the reader to a village on the bank of the Wular, one of the largest fresh water lakes in India. Many years ago the only approach to the village was over mountain tracks or across the lake which though alluring to the eye when placid is impassable when otherwise. Consequently the village was practically cut off and no outsider visited it unless it was absolutely indispensable for him to do so. Nor were the villagers very curious about the rest of the world. God had given them enough land to grow maize, pulses, and a few vegetables and the lake supplied them fish and water-nuts (caltrops), the kernels of which formed their staple diet. There were the old shops exchanging salt and cloth for dried fish, caltrops, maize and ghee, and currency was hardly necessary. Coins were not in circulation in this remote corner, and if ever they were, they were mostly of copper, or other lower denominations. It was an age when even government officials were paid their salaries mostly in kind, in terms of *khirwars* (ass-loads) of cereals. In short, nobody in the village had ever seen the silver rupee with the effigy of Victoria, Queen of Britain and Empress of India.

It so happened that by some mysterious process a silver rupee of the above description found its way into the village. It caused a great sensation there and everybody was eager to have a sight of it. Before long the matter came to the notice of the *nambardar*, the headman, and the coin was handed over to him for safe custody till he decided how to deal with this novelty. He pondered over it for a day and a night, a pretty long day and a dark sleepless night, and announced his decision the next morning.

"Brethren," he said, "this is the first coin of the kind that has ever been seen by any one of us. It is stamped with the figure of our most respected ruler. (At this his hand went involuntarily to his forehead by way of saluting the ruler, listeners following suit.) God grant our ruler prosperity and victory always, and humiliation to our enemies! It is most befitting that we make a present of this respected and honoured token to His Highness in person.... "

The proposal was no sooner made than accepted. The headman of the village was regarded as the wisest man. He gave them full details as to how such a present should be placed before the ruler for his acceptance. The gift was to be placed in a palanquin carried by six worthy elders of the village whom he nominated. They got a really dainty palanquin and decorated it with whatever choice cloth they could get. Spreading a finely woven blanket inside they covered it with a piece of silk that somebody possessed. The headman then called all the village elders to the palanquin. Young men and little urchins were there already. In the presence of such an august gathering they placed the rupee inside the palanquin and drew the curtains as if it carried a delicate bride on her way to her husband's home. The capital was to be reached by boat. A *doongha* stood ready at the quay equipped with all requirements for the journey. The palanquin was lifted to the accompaniment of delightful songs, portending success, sung by village women and deposited gently in the *doongha*. The boatman pushed off and made for the south where the capital lay, the villagers shouted their good wishes after it and the headman gesticulated *au revoir* when the boat reached the mouth of the river.

It is a tiresome journey going upstream. The palanquin was given a seat of honour and nobody could sit or stand with his back to it. At night they lit a lamp and kept it alight till the dawn, and took their turns at the watch. Whoever asked them the purpose of their journey south was told that they were carrying a precious present for His Highness. They did not reveal the nature of it at all.

On the morning of the third day when they came to the outskirts of the capital they decided to dispense with the boat and carry the palanquin on their shoulders. Barefoot, with legs wrapped tightly with woollen *puttees*, and their backs with cotton scarves in the manner of ancient courtiers, four of them lifted the palanquin on their shoulders while one preceded it with a flag. The headman walked humbly behind. They were all merry as befitted a deputation waiting upon the ruler with a precious present and impressed every passerby with their festive appearance. At the octroi-post the tax-collectors wanted to have a look into the palanquin but the headman protested, saying, "Nobody except His Highness will cast a look inside"; and the guards gave in.

The small procession had to pass through the principal streets of the capital before they could reach Shergarhi, the palatial residence of the ruler, built on the left bank of the Jhelum. The news had spread fairly quick throughout the city and many people were curious to know what precious gift it was that had brought these doughty folk over such a long distance. The village folk reached the palace gate and made their purpose known to the guards. The captain of the guards got orders from His Highness to admit them within and to show utmost hospitality. With loud shouts wishing victory and prosperity to His Highness the little procession entered the gate of the palace. They felt amply recompensed when treated as the guests of their ruler.

Within the palace premises they, of course, displayed greater solicitude in according respect and obeisance to the precious but secret gift inside the palanquin. The guards and other palace officials were highly intrigued about the secret but dared not ask them for fear of offending their sense of etiquette. Meanwhile, the villagers fully basked in the lavish sunshine of the ruler's hospitality and were keenly conscious of the honour which had schuss fallen to their lot. "What reward will His Highness feel too high for us when he receives us in audience and accepts the gift?" whispered the headman into the ears of the gratified elders.

In the afternoon His Highness got up from his siesta and desired the elders to be admitted to his presence. The minister-in-waiting, the prime minister and other dignitaries of the State were in attendance. The headman entered barefoot and made obeisance. He was followed by the elders bearing the palanquin. "Sire!" began the headman "his humble servant who has the signal honour of standing before his ruler and father is the *nambardar* of the village on the bank of the Wular lake, famous for its fish, caltrops and deadly waves. Along with these men, who are worthy elders of the said village, this loyal servant has covered the distance with a happy heart on account of the pleasant and honourable duty before us. We crave your permission, our liege and father, to place this *nazar* at your Highness's blessed feet."

"Our good men," returned the ruler, "we are touched by your affection and loyalty which prompted you to come from such a distant place to offer your *nazar*. We desire that it be placed before us."

The headman drew the curtain and thrust his hand into the palanquin. He appeared to be somewhat perplexed and raised all the four curtains. Whispers were exchanged by all the elders who began to fumble in the folds of the blanket and rummage into the corners of the palanquin. The *nazar* was not forthcoming. Quite a few minutes passed thus while the villagers completed a thorough search for the coin inside the palanquin. The prime minister said, "Be quick rustics, His Highness has urgent matters of State to attend to." But the rustics could not help the matter. In their rustic hilarity they had so carried the palanquin as to suffer the precious gift to slip somewhere. It was too late now to mend their folly and the headman made the submission: "Our liege and father, we have unfortunately dropped the *nazar* somewhere unwittingly."

The situation thus took a serious turn. The ministers were of one mind in looking upon the incident as an insult to the person and throne of the ruler. Punishment could easily be awarded for such an act. "What astounds me," declared the prime minister, "is the daring of these uncouth rustics. To come right to the august presence of His Highness and try to cover their crime under the frivolous excuse that they had dropped the *nazar* somewhere! Your Highness, let them be taken to the prison and dealt with according to law," he submitted.

The village elders looked like sheep at the gate of the shambles though the headman bore this sorrow with exemplary fortitude. "My head upon your Highness's feet!" declared the headman turning towards the ruler, "make but a gesture and this humble servant will offer his heart for you to feed upon. Who is there so unworthy of his salt as to harbour anything but esteem, honour and affection for our lord, liege and father! Who can be so daring as to put his head into the mouth of a lion! Our Holy Book says that God Almighty is *Karim* (merciful). I invoke your mercy, our respected father, and seek permission to explain the whole case."

The ruler was gifted with a good deal of commonsense. He saw at once that they were simple but good-natured, folk who had come from a remote village and meant nothing but loyalty and affection. On the insistence of his councillors he devised a plan to test their intentions. The villagers were placed in a cell and were supplied with all requirements to enable them to cook their food. Instead of being given a burning faggot or live coal they were given a box of safety matches. They did not know what a match stick

was and could not cook their meal. They ate part of the rations raw and the rest was kept intact.

When the ruler heard this news through the captain of the guards he was convinced of their innocence. He called the villagers, heard the whole story and had a hearty laugh at their simple faith. He assured the headman that the gift was as good as accepted. In fact he gave them a rupee and received it back as *nazar*. The villagers felt highly gratified. Further, they were treated as guests once again and dismissed the next morning with suitable gifts. In addition, the land rent in their village was reduced. The villagers departed merrily shouting slogans. Back in the village they narrated the tale about how they had been saved from the very brink of destruction. The tale spread to neighbouring villages and to remote ones till it was imprinted on the minds of men.

Eh! Oh!



AWAY from the ocean the sailor is never in his element. He falls a prey to the sharp practices of swindlers and city sharks; he becomes the laughing stock of the townsmen. Likewise is the peasant when he is off his land. Clever people exploit his simplicity, his ingenuousness and his capacity to work. He is the butt of many a jest, or the victim of many a practical joke, and he bears his cross on his ample shoulders patiently.

Owing to the rigour of the climate in Kashmir, the peasant has to pass through a period of unemployment for nearly five months in a year. The well-to-do farmers can afford to enjoy this enforced rest, consuming cooked rice, lentils, turnips and pickled knol-kohl to their hearts' content. Those who are not so well-off supplement their slender incomes by working on cottage looms and turning out woollen blankets. Others, standing at the lowest rung of the ladder, hire themselves out as domestic servants in the larger towns, or the metropolis of Srinagar. Aziz Buth belonged to this last class.

Many, many years ago when the corn was abundant to the extent of superfluity, Aziz Buth could not stretch his harvest so far as to cover the needs of the family all the year round. He was the father of two children, and in spite of the labours of the whole family - even the elder child would sometimes contribute his mite - he ran into debt. He was, therefore, compelled to drift towards the city in search of temporary employment as a domestic servant.

Untutored in the ways of the world as he was, he did not think it would be easy for him to find some employment in the city. He spent the first night in a mosque wrapped in a blanket, for he knew of no secular habitation where he could obtain shelter. He feasted on a couple of dry loaves and sincere prayers rose from his heart. The next morning had a pleasant surprise for him, for he met an acquaintance - a rare experience for him. The man belonged to a village in the neighbourhood of his own, and they knew each other moderately well. Aziz Buth considered his night well-spent when his acquaintance promised to get him the sort of employment he was after.

The acquaintance was as good as his word. Aziz Buth was taken to the house of a man who appeared to be very prosperous. There were already a couple of servants in the house and Aziz Buth made the third. Khwaja Saheb, that is how the head of the house was designated, called him to his presence and said, "Many people proudly seek my service for the consideration of free board and lodging. Will that satisfy you?" Aziz Buth was so overawed by the manner of the Khwaja in his costly shawl and turban that he found words missing from his tongue. With difficulty he seemed to stammer out: "Noble sir, I am a poor man having left little ones in the village."

Khwaja Saheb was thereupon pleased to fix half-*an-ass* load of paddy as his monthly wages besides the privilege of free board and lodging. "But, mind you, if ever one of my servants is not able to complete a task given to him, he is subjected to a fine," said he, half in jest and half in seriousness. Aziz Buth's companion only laughed "ha! ha" by way of taking the sting out of these words and he himself grinned bashfully.

The winter was on and Aziz Buth gave his best to the employer. Late at night before he went to his bed Aziza had the privilege of being admitted to the bed chamber of his employer. He was asked to massage the legs of the Khwaja with his strong muscular hands, for he found sleep evading him until he was subjected to this process. Early in the morning, sometimes even before the cock crew, the Khwaja would shout "Aziza" and the latter was expected to be ready with the hubble-bubble, refilled with fresh water from the river, with tobacco and live coal to enable his employer to fumigate his interior to his fill. He was the favourite of the harem in so far as he would be entrusted with all tasks requiring personal attention. His colleagues - the fellow servants in the house - encouraged him in this belief, for otherwise such tasks would fall to their own lot. This encouragement lightened their own tasks, for Aziza could easily be got into the right frame of mind so as to volunteer to undertake what all shirked.

The winter turned out to be extra severe. Householders, who could afford to do so, avoided leaving their homes as far as possible. But domestics like Aziza had no choice in matters like these. In fact the comforts available in the home of the Khwaja Saheb depended a great deal upon

the exertions of men like Aziza, and the latter was modestly proud of the part he played in this respect.

At the end of a period of about four months Aziza thought of going home. He had not seen his family all the while and soon his farm would claim his attention. He made a request to the great Khwaja, the first of its kind. The latter did not seem to relish it, and with a face beaming with a mischievous smile he said, "Aziza! I shall certainly pay all your dues. But before I do so, go to the market and get me two things, wy (eh!) and wai (oh!). Your wages will be paid to you only when you get the things." "Eh and Oh!" ejaculated Aziza in utter amazement, for he had never heard of such things. However, he had not the face to articulate his suspicions lest it be only his ignorance. So he set out.

Long he roamed and far, but never did any shopkeeper seem to deal in these substances. Some laughed outright, others pricked their ears while some came to regard him light in the head. "Should I fail in this last task?" cried he. "All these months I worked to the utter satisfaction of everybody' and now this last him "

He was walking abstractedly, with these thoughts pressing upon his mind. He went from shop to shop. At the seventh or the seventeenth shop he met with a different response to his inquiry. "And what do you require them for, my good man?" asked the shopkeeper, an oldish man with a rich stubble on his face. Aziza told his tale.

"And if you fail to place them before him you won't get our pay, your hard-earned dues, is that it?"

"Exactly; that is what the man threatens me with."

The old man soon found out that the Khwaja was trading upon the simplicity of the peasant. He was himself something of a sport and he thought of playing the game for the fun of it. "I can give it to you provided you hand it over directly to the Khwaja himself without showing it to any one else. Do you agree?" Aziza agreed.

"It is meant for Khwaja Saheb. Do not spoil it by examining it yourself or fingering it," the shopkeeper insisted. "Not at all, sir; and God bless you

for coming to my rescue. I went over from shop to shop but nobody seems to stock it," said Aziza with a feeling of relief.

"Such precious things are not found with every grocer. Even I keep it in a godown. You will wait here for me."

He returned after half-an-hour and gave Aziza a package covered in an old newspaper bound with a dried weed. He got eight annas for his pains and Aziza was glad that he could now keep his head high in the presence of all the other servants in that he had not failed in his errand.

The Khwaja expected Aziza to return and report failure and crave his mercy, for when God created this universe out of His bounty, he forgot to give a corporeal frame to "eh!" and "oh !". According to the verbal agreement which, of course, was morally binding upon Aziza, the latter's failure to work up to the satisfaction of the master would result in forfeiting his wages. The Khwaja was thus looking forward to a lot of fun; his verdict that Aziza was no longer entitled to his wages would bring Aziza prostrate before him, but that he would stick to his word till, ultimately, he would condescend to release part of the amount

The Khwaja was in a very rosy mood when Aziza appeared before him. The tube of the hubble-bubble passed from one mouth to another. Seeing Aziza he simulated an angry mood. "Where, in the name of God Almighty, have you been all this while," he shouted. "I sent you on a little errand and you seem to have been lazing at your grandmother's. How fat you have grown eating my cooked rice here!"

"Respected sir, I have been roaming from street to street in search of it and my legs are aching with the fatigue," replied Aziza.

"If your legs are so delicate, why did you take the trouble of coming over here for employment? Did you not get the thing?"

"Respected sir, I have got it," submitted Aziza.

The Khwaja relaxed as he now expected to fill the little assembly with theatrical laughter by declaring what Aziza had got as spurious. "What have you got? Let me see it," he said in an over-weening tone. Aziza submitted the little package. The whole gathering was intrigued. The outer chord of dry weed was unfastened and the wrapping removed. Two small earthenware receptacles, no bigger than a medium sized ink pot, were

discovered. Each had a wide mouth closed over with a piece of paper pasted with gum. Their inquisitiveness was piqued.

The paper covering of one of the vessels was broken through and the Khwaja peered into it. It appeared to be empty. While he was about to throw it away out came a bee which buzzed along the hand of the Khwaja who could not help crying "oh!" So far so good.

The paper lid of the other vessel was broken through. But before the Khwaja could say anything, from its interior darted a wasp who perched directly on his brow and involuntarily a painful "oh!" escaped from his lips.

The assembly realized that Aziza had after all not failed to get the rare commodity!

7 *The Inauspicious Bride*

THESE was a village at the foot of the mountains. It comprised a few shanties built of rough-hewn logs of wood notched together to keep them in place. The structure of shanties at once told every stranger that a forest was very close and, in fact, it was so. A stream flowed at a short distance from this habitation. The stream was neither so turbulent as to deserve the somewhat awe-inspiring name of a mountain torrent, nor so tame as to suffer being used for navigation. When the new snows melted in early summer after a pommelling from incessant rain in April, the stream was usually in spate and hundreds of logs and wooden sleepers floated down to centres of value for marketing timber. During this season there was considerable activity up and down the rivulet of people concerned with the lumbering business. They were engaged in felling, clearing away and floating down any logs that got stranded, and sometimes made a little fortune by disposing of a log to needy buyers for practically no more than a song. When, on the other hand, the stream flowed placid, it was made use of as a means of transport. There were no roads linking the village with the rest of the world except the beaten track along the bank of the stream. Other villages were quite far away and not easily accessible.

Considering all these circumstances the habitation deserved to be known as a tiny hamlet rather than by the more imposing name of a village, and yet the last-mentioned description suited it better. The people lived in a corporate organized manner. They had a house of prayer built with voluntary effort; they could boast of a shrine dedicated to a local saint who answered prayers sincerely offered; there was a physician who also did honour to the office of shopkeeper who could sell you anything from medicinal herbs to snuff and dried fish; and there was a priest who described himself as a humble interpreter of religious law and the will of God.

The priest who actually lived in the next village down the river had many ecclesiastical and secular functions to perform. The dying could not give up the ghost safely till aided by him and the dead souls or spirits could with impunity come back to harass their survivors unless laid low by him.

With his amulets and incantations he complemented and supplemented the efforts of the physician to heal the mortal bodies of the villagers. He also maintained some sort of a liaison with the petty officials in and around the village and was feared and respected on this account also. He was also the registrar and censor of marriages which were regarded valid and confirmed only after he gave his blessings. No one dared to hazard upon a matrimonial alliance without the prior approval of the local priest.

At the time to which this story pertains, the priest was a handsome young man in his early forties. He had succeeded to his office on the demise of his father. Not only had he maintained the privileges of his office without suffering any curtailment but had in fact extended them with vigour, sometimes outpacing the dignity usually associated with his status. He loved a good meal and good dress. He was fond of cheerful company, humorous anecdote and sharp repartee. He could exact respect and obedience if not voluntarily forthcoming, and was most jealous of his prestige.

Not long after he assumed the responsibilities of his office, a young man had the temerity to commit an act directly antagonizing the priest. This young man's business frequently carried him to neighbouring villages. By profession he was an itinerant pedlar and was responsible for creating a market in these remote areas for such modern novelties as hair oil, looking glasses, glass bangles, cheap trinkets and toys. His business attracted first the children and ultimately their mothers. Fragrance, even though spurious, is one of the handmaids of Cupid. Is it not often unavoidable for a vendor to fit a glass bangle on the arms of his fair customer? In short, the pedlar fell in love with a maid. He won the approval of her parents who considered him gentle and enterprising as people in remote villages may be. The maid was willing enough to link her life with that of the young man and so were the respective parents. One day the young pedlar returned to his village with a bride.

It is glorious for any young man to be wedded to the maid he loves. In the case of the young pedlar it was heavenly bliss, for his bride was most beautiful by standards old and new. Every one admired her beauty and most young men envied the lot of the young pedlar. Tall and slim, and bright as the moon she was, and who could describe her almond-shaped

eyes, or her fine nose"? Whoever saw this rustic beauty admired her. Everyone was therefore happy.

But the pedlar and his parents had committed one serious blunder. Having a bright prospect for happiness they forgot to get the approval of the village priest. The marriage formalities were actually gone through in the village where the bride's parents lived, and this was outside the jurisdiction of the priest. There was little pomp and blare accompanying the ceremony and in fact, the pedlar's father did not take the trouble to invite many guests to accompany the groom all the distance to the bride's village. But when the bride came home, he thought of making amends for his omission. He invited the priest to his home to grace the wedding feast with his presence and to bless the bride and bridegroom.

The news of the wedding had reached the priest even before the pedlar's father set out from his home. The priest read in it a challenge to his authority which he and his ancestors had exercised for generations. "This might well constitute a precedent for other misguided people to undermine my prestige and to flout my authority," he thought. "A thief can rob my house but once and at night, but if they continue to transgress thus, nobody can check this mid-day robbery. I must act and act at once," he said to his wife.

"And what will the people think of us? Our prestige and our authority will vanish; I shall be dragged down to the level of common rustic women who follow in the wake of herds of cattle and gather cow dung," rejoined his wife.

This provoked the priest still further and he made his plan. When the groom's father reached his house, he was already prepared for his reception. In response to the invitation the priest made no complaint. He made, in passing, an ironical reference to his exclusion. The invitation was accepted with apparent cordiality and the two started for the house where the festivities were going on.

Neither the bridegroom nor anyone else had the shade of a doubt that the priest would readily give his approval to the bride and thus confirm the marriage in the eyes of the village community. On his arrival the priest was accorded a welcome but it lacked the usual ardour and he at once felt

that he did not have the same respect that day as he otherwise had. Anyway, he was the chief guest at the feast and he said the grace.

In due course, the bride was brought to the presence of the holy father and the others withdrew in accordance with the time-honoured village custom. She sat before him with downcast eyes. He had a fair and full view of her face, her long eyelashes, her ruby lips and the dimple on her cheek with the complexion of peach flowers, and a man with a little experience could read from his face complex emotions passing through his mind. In a moment, however, he stiffened his expression and asked them to lead the bride out of the room. She did not receive the usual benediction from the holy father.

The bridegroom and the father waited for his comments. But he simply said, "I cannot congratulate you on this wedding. The bride is most inauspicious for this family. I am not able to invoke God to bless her."

This announcement came like a thunderbolt to the bridegroom. The earth seemed to fall from under his feet. His father too felt much alarmed. He rued his negligence in not having sought the prior approval of the priest. But what had happened could not be undone and it was best to find a means to "domesticate" the bride and to ward off all evil influence. He submitted the case apologetically to the priest.

The latter was nothing if not thorough, and quite bluntly said that nothing in his opinion could attenuate the malicious portents for the whole family as long as the bride stayed under the roof. "You must take immediate steps to resolve this tangle," said he, "otherwise great evil is going to befall this family of honest and God-fearing people." The old man thought it possible still that the priest could devise a talisman or an amulet to afford protection to the family against any evil influence. He humbly submitted his viewpoint for the consideration of the priest. The latter was positive. "Look here, good man! I have all along looked upon my parish as my friends and well-wishers, and I shall be the vilest villain if I am anything else towards them. I have studied her physiognomy and considered it in the light of what little knowledge of the stars I have. The presence of the bride in your house is inauspicious for your wife and yourself, and much more so for your son, the worthy groom who should have been considered the most fortunate young man but for this."

The mother-in-law who was growing fonder and fonder of the bride every minute would perhaps not mind a little sacrifice in her advanced age if it made her son happy. The old man loved life well enough but thought that he had anyhow to make his exit from the stage, and would not be unwilling to risk putting the knowledge of the priest to test. But both of them were stunned when the priest listed their son as the main target of the malicious stars. Neither of them was prepared to take any chances where it concerned the bridegroom. Inevitably they were forced to concur in his opinion that the baneful influences working against their son must be neutralized at whatever cost.

The poor groom was wringing his hands. It was so hard for him. But his mother quoted convincing instances of people who suffered for not having followed the instructions of the priest. "My dear son, I would readily give my life for your happiness only if it could ward off the evil influence," his mother said pitifully with much feeling.

In short, the unfortunate young man had to resign himself to the demand made upon him in the interest of his parents and of his own. But the problem was how to get rid of the bride. They consulted the priest. "It is your affair to get rid of this enchantress," he said with apparent unconcern. But the family felt much concerned and nobody could make any suggestion worth the while. After everybody seemed to be on the verge of defeat and the whole plan was in danger of being wrecked on this account, the priest said, "I can think of one simple solution. Shut her up in a wooden box and let it float on the surface of the river at dead of night. Let her meet her own fate thus."

The plan was agreed upon and the priest took his leave after getting his dues. That night they gagged her mouth, put her in a wooden box and floated it on the river. "It is done and there is an end of the whole affair," said the old man. "Son," he continued, "self-willed children are bound to suffer in the way you have. But don't worry, before the month is out you will have really a good bride wedded to you." The latter only shed tears silently to give vent to his grief.

The poor victim of this melodrama found a most unenviable nuptial chamber for her first night. At first she thought they would kill or smother

her. But obviously she escaped that fate. Her mouth was shut but her eyes and ears were open. She floated down the river quietly, helplessly and expected to meet death, cold and hungry. She felt dizzy for a while but a heaving or a whirling motion would prick her back to consciousness. After some time, how long she did not know, she heard the hooting of an owl and then the current threw the box towards the land and it ceased to float. How this was going to affect her life she did not know. "It might prolong my life and miseries, or throw me into the hands of robbers. People gentle by appearance have used me thus. What can I expect of professed villains and cut-throats?" she thought. She again became unconscious.

When she came to herself she heard some voices outside: "What is this box for? Perhaps kept there by some punter," said one voice. "Whatever it be, let us examine it; may be it contains some treasure," rejoined another.

By this time the total darkness of the night was dispelled and a thin arc of the moon struggled up the sky, where myriads of stars were keeping watch over human actions, blurred here and there by light masses of clouds. A faint ray seemed to filter through a crevice in the lid into the box and the bride felt that the world was not totally dark. With that the two men having waded a few yards tried to lift the box which was neither very heavy nor quite light. They brought it to the river bank and raising the lid they were surprised to see a female form, gagged and bound. "What crime has this frail woman committed?" said one somewhat perplexed. "She has committed no crime but is surely the victim of one," retorted the other while they cut the rope that bound her tightly and pulled out the cloth that filled her mouth almost to the throat. They found her pretty and delicate.

"Have no fears from us. What hard stroke of fate is it that has brought you to this end?" said the first. "We are willing to help you if any human being is so barbarous as to treat you thus," added the other. At first she was dumb and mute. These reassuring words released somewhere in her mind a fountain and she burst into profuse tears. When she stopped, she narrated her tale of woe that brought her to the desolate spot instead of the nuptial chamber. The two were touched deeply. They belonged to the village next to that where she lived and knew her father. They even knew her pedlar husband who, they said, was gentle and affectionate. She heaved a long

drawn out sigh. They attributed the whole mischief to the priest who they said, looked harmless but was really callous. They said he was a downright villain.

The two men earned their living with the help of a bear. They had along with them a bear tamed in the usual way. The bear was required to display his tricks every now and then for a few coppers or corn. In particular the bear was much taxed after the harvesting season. The two men felt there was some promise in their trade and that their income would double if they had two such brutes, one for each. They had come to this place, on the outskirts of a forest in search of the cub of a bear who was reported to have his lair somewhere in the vicinity. The tamed bear was to act as a sort of "go-between" or bait.

Having heard the pitiful story they decided to teach the priest a lesson. They knew that he lived in a village on the river bank a couple of miles below and by some sort of intuition expected him to be waiting for this boxed beauty. "The rascally priest is highly lascivious and if you don't find him waiting for the box, shave off my moustache," said one with an assurance which the other was in no need of as he also knew the priest well enough. They hatched the plan and implemented it swiftly. They put the bear into the box, put the lid on and closed it as had been done in entombing the bride. The box was then floated again.

At the other end the priest was indeed waiting hungrily. When he saw the bride he coveted her for his own harem. His advice that the bride should be left to drift on the stream in a box had, therefore, a double motivation; to deter people from such weddings in future and secondly to get her for himself. He, therefore, kept a vigil on the river bank along with a couple of trusted confidants. He had even thrown a hint to his household that he had been commanded to take another wife to fulfil some higher purpose for which God had created him.

He felt somewhat anxious when the box did not come to him in time and he began to think what steps he might take if his first plan really failed to materialize. While he was brooding thus he felt a thrill of delight to see the box. "There is my little bride," he said. "May I enjoy the bliss of her company!" He alerted his men, the box was stopped, pulled ashore and

lifted. They carried it quietly to the house of the priest and deposited it in his room.

It was still night. The moon hid her face behind a gigantic screen of clouds. With a feeling, perhaps, that it is never too late the priest dismissed the men, lit a lamp and bolted the door. And then with something like a feeling of gratitude to his creator who had let him see this blissful hour he approached the box, undid the chain and raised the lid, ready to take to his bosom the fair inmate. Out sprang the bear with its hideous feature and took the initiative in wooing the priest. The priest had no time to think. The bear played havoc with him. No doubt, it was a tamed bear, but they say that "if a monkey falls from a height of eighty yards, he is still a monkey by breed." The priest shrieked and cried for help. The bear, on the other hand, had a little free play after years of bondage, and all his suppressed instinct of vengeance upon human kind was having its expression at the moment. He no doubt derived immense enjoyment from his dalliance with the priest which lasted quite a long time till the neighbourhood was alerted and a host of people came along rubbing their eyes to help the priest in fighting the "devil in the guise of a bear" who had come on a visitation in this form to have his revenge for winning people to the ways of God!

Not long after, the bear reached back to his masters who restored the "inauspicious" bride to her parents and then to her husband. They would tell the tale as far as they knew it and gave the cue to the bear to pantomime his part which he did with some vigour. Wherever the bear went after harvesting, people asked them to enact this piece and amply rewarded a good piece of acting.

Himal and Nagrai



LONG long ago there lived a poor Brahman in Kashmir named Soda Ram. Fortune had yoked him to a wife who was ambitious and discontented. She always grumbled for lack of the many requirements of material prosperity and called her husband a foolish drone. She had a terrible tongue which was used to a devastating effect against her husband and became sharper and progressively vitriolic in that exercise. Soda Ram was sick of her and would very much have liked to get rid of her but found no way out. One day when his wife asked him to go to a not distant place to receive alms from a king, he jumped at the proposal, as that would give him a welcome respite for a few days.

He left his home carrying a little food in a small wallet. Travelling some distance in the hot sun he felt tired. Luckily, he came to a shady grove of trees near a spring. He put down his small bundle, took his rough meal and lay down for a little rest. Before Soda Ram resumed his journey, he saw a serpent come out of the spring and enter the little wallet he carried. An idea flashed across his mind he would carry the serpent home to sting his wife and thus get rid of her. With trembling hands he closed the mouth of the wallet with a string and returned home with a light heart.

“I have got a precious gift for you,” Soda Ram shouted to his wife when he reached home. At first she would not believe it as her husband was the last man to do things that pleased her heart. However, having persuaded her that his bag held the gift, he gave it to her, stepped out of the room and closed the door from outside. When the Brahman lady opened the bag the serpent popped its head out. She shrieked and ran to the door. But it did not open and Soda Ram said, “Let it sting you for aught I care!” The serpent apparently spared the woman and a miracle occurred. A brilliant radiance lit up the whole room and the serpent changed into a little male baby. Even Soda Ram was wonderstruck against his better knowledge. It was a piece of good fortune beyond the wildest dreams of his wife.

In course of time the baby grew into a boy, the beloved of his foster parents to whom he brought great prosperity. He came to be known as Nagrai, the king of serpents. One day he asked his father to take him to a

spring of pure water where he wanted to take a bath. His father told him that there was only one such spring but that belonged to the princess and was surrounded by lofty walls. It was so heavily guarded, he told him, that not even a bird was permitted to take flight over it. But Nagrai's curiosity was fanned and he persuaded his father to take him to the outer wall. Reaching there the boy turned into a serpent, crept in through a crevice into the wall, satisfied his craving for a bath in the limpid spring and returned quietly unobserved.

The next day the illustrious Himal, the daughter of the king, observed that someone had taken a bath in the spring as she had heard the splashing of water. But neither the maids nor the guards had seen anyone. Nagrai repeated his visit the next day undetected; but on the day after, Himal caught a glimpse of the intruder and was enthralled by his looks. She at once set a maid servant after him and came to know that he was the son of the Brahman Soda Ram. She was delighted to know that the young man who had won her heart belonged to the same city as she herself and made up her mind to marry no one except the Brahman boy. Discarding her modesty and the traditional good manners she approached her father in trepidation and broached the subject to him. Her father did not mind her marrying the young man of her own choice but it was ridiculous and humiliating for him to have a poor Brahman for his son-in-law.

"How can I show my face to the fellow princes of my caste, or to the courtiers and wazirs?" he reprimanded her. But she was dead set on it. She refused to touch her food or make her toilet till the king granted her the boon. In a few days, realizing the futility of his resistance her father sent for Soda Ram.

The latter was already appalled when he stepped into the palace but was utterly perplexed when the king mentioned the subject of the alliance. "I am a poor Brahman, Sire," he said, "and how can I be worthy of such a peerless daughter-in-law." But even he found himself helpless as Nagrai compelled him to give his consent to the alliance which he did reluctantly.

As the wedding day approached Soda Ram was enveloped in gloom. "What a sorry figure shall we cut," he told everyone "when we lead the wedding party into the palace!" But Nagrai told him not to have any anxiety on this score. On the wedding day he gave him a piece of

birchbark inscribed with a message and asked him to drop it in a spring. When Soda Ram returned home he felt dazed as he saw a gorgeous palace where he expected his poor hut. He felt convinced that he had lost his way. He also heard the beating of drums and the skirting of pipes inside, and saw caparisoned horses and elephants, guards with glittering uniforms and retainers. From inside came Nagrai befittingly dressed as a princely bridegroom and assured him that all was ready. The whole city was agog with music, feasting and revelry in honour of the wedding of Himal and Nagrai. A new palace was built for them on the river bank where they lived happily.

They were, however, not destined to enjoy their happiness for long. The serpent wives of Nagrai felt forlorn in his absence in the nether world and made efforts to trace him out. One of them assumed the human form and made inquiries after her husband and learnt of his marriage with Himal. To remind him of his attachment to his serpent-wives she had carried with her a few rare golden vessels of his.

Approaching the mansion of Himal she began to hawk her wares. Himal was attracted by her curios and purchased them at a throw-away price. When Nagrai returned she displayed to him the curios. He at once understood the mischief of his serpent-wives, broke the vessels to splinters and warned Himal not to succumb to the tempting talk of such women again. She was puzzled but kept quiet.

Another serpent wife tried a different trick when the first failed. Disguising herself as a cobbler-woman she approached Himal and asked her if she knew of her husband Nagrai the cobbler. "Nagrai is my husband," replied Himal, "but he is a Brahman, son of Soda Ram." "I don't know about that," said the other, "what I know is that Nagrai is my husband and is a cobbler by caste." She saw from Himal's face that her words were beginning to have effect. She added, "You may ask him his caste. But to make sure you may set him the trial. Ask him to plunge into a spring of milk. His body will sink if he be a Brahman. A cobbler's body will float on the surface."

When Nagrai came home Himal asked him to state his caste. He understood that she had been befouled by the serpent-wives and told her so but she insisted that he should undergo the trial to convince her of his

caste. All his arguments failed to convince her that it was a trap laid down by her enemies. Ultimately he was induced to face the trial to allay her misgivings. He dipped his feet in a spring full of milk and was pulled down by his serpent-wives. He resisted their pull in the hope that Himal might be satisfied but to no avail. When his knees were immersed, he said, "Himal, are you satisfied?" She was not. When his thighs were also immersed, he repeated the question but she said nothing. He appealed to Himal again and again when the surface of milk reached his navel, his chest and his chin but her misgivings about his caste were not cleared yet. She realized the gravity of the situation when he was immersed to his forehead. She sprang and tried to pull him out by the tuft of hair on his head. But it was too late. Nagrai disappeared under the milk and Himal was left only with a tuft of hair in her hand.

Himal was left forlorn. Her grief was beyond words and nothing could console her. She was in dismay and sorrow. The worst of it was that her own folly led to her undoing. To expiate her stupidity she decided to give all her wealth in charity. Every day she relieved the distress of scores of men and women and gave away everything she had in silver, gold and jewels till only a golden mortar and pestle was left with her. Once an old man and his daughter came to her for alms. She served them food and he narrated to her a tale that filled her with excitement. He told her that one night he and his daughter lay under a tree near a spring. At midnight they heard a great noise as of an army on the march. Then came a number of servants out of the spring who cleaned the area and cooked a large feast which was served to many guests including a prince. They all disappeared within the spring except their chief. He left a little food under the tree saying "This is in the name of unlucky Himal" and disappeared within the spring.

Himal persuaded the old man to take her to the spring and rewarded him with the remnants of her wealth, the golden mortar and pestle. At night with her own eyes she saw the series of events narrated by the old man. Her nerves were tense and her heart was racing. When Nagrai came out of the spring she prostrated herself at his feet. Nagrai was overcome with emotion but he was afraid that his serpent wives would kill Himal if he took her to his abode. He consoled her and advised her to wait for a month or so till he could make some arrangement for her stay. Himal would brook no further separation from him and coiled herself round his legs.

Nagrai was in a pretty fix now. At last he turned her into a pebble, hid her in his turban and went back to his home in the serpent world. His wives began to look askance upon him and accused him of the smell of human flesh in his company. He could conceal the secret no longer and reconverted her into the human form after they had solemnly promised that they would not molest her. They were highly impressed with her beauty and tenderness and could not help being jealous. As they had solemnly promised Nagrai not to do her any harm they had their revenge by imposing all the culinary drudgery upon her. This princess brought up in a palace with maids and servants to carry out her every whim gladly undertook to look after the kitchen of the serpents. But she had no experience of these affairs and revealed herself to be a clumsy and uncouth cook. One day, while pouring boiled milk into basins to cool it for the serpent children, her ladle accidentally struck one of the vessels. The serpent children mistook it for the usual breakfast gong. They rushed to the kitchen and gulped the hot milk. As a result they died of burns. The serpent wives were overcome with grief. They stung Himal and she died immediately.

Nagrai was overwhelmed with grief but he was helpless. He washed the body of Himal and under pretence of cremating it carried it through the spring. He was so moved by his affection for Himal that he could not stand the idea of consigning it to the flames. Instead, he embalmed it and stretched it on a bed which he placed in a tree nearby. Now and then he would come out of the spring and remorsefully look on the beauty of the dead form. Not long after, a holy man happened to come to the spring and saw the dead body. He was so impressed by the beauty of Himal and the devotion of Nagrai that he gave the body the gift of life. He then carried Himal to his home where the holy man's son was fascinated with her beauty and not knowing her story set his heart on marrying her.

A couple of days later Nagrai came once again out of the spring to draw consolation from a sight of Himal's body. He was grieved to find the body missing and sought to solve the mystery before retiring. He traced her ultimately to the holy man's hut where she was lying asleep and was delighted to find her living once again. He did not want to disturb her while asleep and, therefore, coiled himself near the bed of Himal till she would wake up. In the meantime, the holy man's son entered the cottage and was alarmed to see the snake. He at once killed the snake. Himal woke

up in this commotion, realized the significance of the snake and bewailed its unnatural death. “Once again has he suffered for my sake”, she mourned. She had the dead snake cremated and ascending the funeral pyre committed herself to the flames as *sati*. Everyone was moved by their devotion and the sacrifice they made for each other.

The holy man was especially remorseful because it was in his hut where Nagrai out of love for Himal had lost his life and this had led to the self-immolation of Himal also. He felt deeply concerned. One day, while he was brooding over this question he heard two birds talking about the love, devotion and sacrifice of Himal and Nagrai. The female bird said to her consort, “Can they ever regain their human form?” “Verily so” replied the latter, “if their ashes are thrown into the spring.” The holy man realized that the two birds were none else than Shiva and Parvati. He at once threw the ashes into the spring. Himal and Nagrai came to life in their human form once again and lived without further mishap ever after.

18 *Shabrang*



IN THE long past a king of Kashmir one day went out hunting. The chase was long and the quarry eluded his arrows. He missed his way in pursuit of it and came to a garden where he saw a lovely maiden. No longer able to restrain himself he approached the maiden thus without knowing who she was:

“How beautiful you are! You are fit to adorn a palace and will make a pretty queen for me.”

The maiden did not feel embarrassed in the least on being complimented thus. She retorted, “Yes, I too should like to marry someone like you and then my son will marry your daughter.” The king was intrigued by this answer and did not know how to deal with her as he was obviously outwitted.

Soon after he returned to his capital, but he could not shake the image of the maiden from his mind, nor indeed the words she had spoken. He sent men round to trace her out and learnt that she was a princess. He sent match-makers to her father proposing his own suit and prayed to him to assent to the princess becoming his queen. After due deliberation her father communicated his acceptance of the match. The date was set for the marriage which was later celebrated befittingly with illumination and feasting, music and dancing.

The princess came to live in the palace right royally and was attended upon by a suite of pages and maid servants. But she was never visited by the king, her husband, nor did he ever talk to her. The princess felt disgusted in a few weeks and made an excuse to visit her father after a couple of months. She did not report her secret to any one except her mother. The latter was very much grieved but as no remedy suggested itself to her she advised her daughter to wait patiently.

Two or three years passed and yet the king did not even make a pretence of remembering his wife. Not to speak of visiting her personally, he did

not even send a messenger to ask after her welfare. But the princess expressed no surprise nor made any complaint.

One day, however, she begged her father to grant her a boon to travel beyond his own State. "I am now fully grown up and yet," she said, "I know so little about the world. Travelling abroad will add to my knowledge of the world and of the marvels of creation."

Her father gave some thought to what she said but declined the permission. "You are not a man," he observed, "and I cannot make sufficient arrangements for your protection outside my principality." But the princess insisted and expressed her resolve to go unescorted, all alone, if he did not grant her boon. Hard pressed thus, her father made all arrangements for her journey, appointing wise and gallant men to escort her.

The princess's sojourn was leisurely. She was well-provided with money and travelled in a befitting state in different directions. At last she reached the borders of her husband's State. She sent word to him that a princess from a distant land had arrived and wanted to make her obeisance to His Highness. The king was so highly impressed with the wording of her letter and the etiquette of her plenipotentiary that he came personally to receive her. She was, of course, in disguise and the king failed to recognize his wife. Overwhelmed, however, with the beauty of her looks and with the charm of her personality he invited her to live as his guest in his palace which she graciously agreed to.

This was the plan of the princess herself. She used all her cards -and her arts- so well that the king lost his heart to her. She too professed to have fallen in love with the king and they developed an intimacy. After a couple of months the princess sought his leave which he was very reluctant to give. Ultimately, before she took her departure the princess got from him his ring and his handkerchief besides many valuable presents.

Within a few months of her reaching her father's palace the princess gave birth to a son. Her father was furious and said that his daughter had made him lose his face and slash his nose. But the princess explained everything to her mother and her parents admired her cleverness. The child was dark

in complexion and was named Shabrang which means ‘of the colour of night.’

As the child grew up he was given instruction in various arts befitting his station. But his mother wanted him to learn all the tricks of a thief. She, therefore, asked a clever and experienced thief to train him up in his trade. After some time the thief reported the successful completion of his assignment.

The princess wanted to assure herself that it was so and set him a couple of tests. In the first instance she asked him to get an egg from the nest of an eagle without disturbing the king of birds. Shabrang went nimbly up the massive trunk of an ancient chinar. He put his hand into the nest while the eagle was in and came away with an egg so neatly that the bird was not at all aware of the loss. His mother was satisfied with his training when he came out with flying colours from another stiffer test.

“Now you are fit for the task for which I have got you trained,” said his mother to Shabrang. “All these years,” she added, “I have been smarting under an insult and humiliation I have suffered at the hands of your father. It is now for you to avenge it.”

Then she explained in as delicate a manner as possible that her husband had slighted and deserted her. She directed him to the State of her husband and asked him to commit daring burglaries till the king, out of helplessness, would be compelled to win over the captain of the thieves by offering him his daughter in marriage. “When this stage is reached you should send for me before accepting the offer,” she concluded.

Shabrang reached Kashmir. His dark complexion marked him out to be an uncommon man. His well-developed physique, his sharp looks, his agile body and his polished and courteous address created a good impression wherever he went. He made friends with the captain of the palace guards and in a few days he was himself offered a situation on the bodyguard of the king. He made a survey of the capital, took note of the important and well-to-do people, and studied the situation of important thoroughfares, canals and bridges. Within a couple of months of his employment he committed the first burglary and hid the stolen property in a hole under a tree in the fields. The news of the burglary spread

everywhere. Though people felt concerned, they could not help admiring the unknown thief for his daring and his cleverness.

This burglary was followed in the next few days by several others, each surpassing the previous one in astounding cleverness and daring. The citizens had never been harassed thus and the guardians of law never knew a time when they had been similarly teamed. When the king heard of these outrages he reprimanded the *kotwal* and charged him to be on watch and patrol the streets personally. That same night the *kotwal* went round the city but not a mouse was stirring. He saw a woman drawing water from a well in a vegetable garden.

“Who are you?” he asked. “I am a poor woman working here on this vegetable farm and came here to draw water,” she replied.

“Why couldn't you do so earlier?”

“My baby is ill and was crying all through the day. It has just gone to sleep and I rushed here.”

“Did you happen to see any thief?”

“Yes, he came here last night to steal my turnips and threatened to smother me if I raised any alarm. He is likely to come again tonight.”

“Then I may keep watch here and seize him,” said the *kotwal* who vividly remembered the admonition that had been administered to him earlier that day.

“By all means,” said the woman, “but he is hardly expected to come here when he sees you in your uniform. You had better exchange your clothes with mine and sit perched on the pole aloft to avoid detection.”

The *kotwal* accepted the advice which appeared to be sound. Dressed as a farmer's wife he sat on the heavy end of the shaft. The woman pulled down the rope to raise him up and tied it to a peg on the ground. “I'll let you down,” she said, “the moment he appears,” and went towards her mud hut in a corner.

Early in the morning the king received the news of other burglaries during the night. He sent for the *kotwal* but he was nowhere to be seen. The report gained currency all round that the *kotwal* was missing, for he had not been seen since the previous evening. Search parties were sent round and the whole city was combed. The *kotwal* was finally discovered perched on the shaft which lifted water out of the well.

He was overcome with shame and mortification at his gullibility and the predicament in which he was found. All his prestige was gone into dust. "Sir!" he addressed the king broken hearted, "I deserve to be whinged and imprisoned for my folly." The king, however, consoled him and asked the *wazir* to take in hand the arrangements for the next night's watch.

The *wazir* confident of his wisdom and experience set about his task in all earnestness. He patrolled the streets and found everything in order. Going towards the outskirts of the city he heard a grinding sound and saw a dim light coming out of a doorway. On reaching the spot he saw an old woman grinding corn.

"Why are you working so late?" he asked.

"What else can we do, protector of the weak?" she replied. "I should have been asleep in bed had not that incarnation of the devil come and beat me. He gave me this corn to grind and threatened to kill me if I do not finish it by the time he returns this way."

The *wazir* could not let go this opportunity and decided to change places with the old woman. "But your clothes?" said the old woman as she accepted the proposal of the *wazir*, "your clothes will at once scare him away. He will come later and beat me." Accordingly the *wazir* exchanged his clothes with the old woman and started grinding corn.

Meanwhile, having donned the *wazir's* garments Shabrang committed more startling burglaries. In the morning reports were again made to the king about the thief. He sent for the *wazir* but he was nowhere to be seen. Inquiries were made, search parties were sent round and the *wazir* was found disguised as an old woman in a state of utter mortification. "Sire," he said to the king, "time was when people considered me wise and clever enough for the exalted post at the feet of your majesty. It no longer holds true now, for obviously I have been baffled, outwitted and defeated. The humble prayer of your worthless servant is to relieve him of this charge and to appoint a really wise man in my place who can rid the state of this pestilence"

The king, of course, realized that the *wazir* was speaking under the stress of his humiliation and tried to comfort him. He consulted other wise and

venerable citizens as to how the menace could be countered. They offered various suggestions but the king was not inclined to accept any. "This is an extraordinary emergency," he said, "and can be tackled in an extraordinary way." He said that it could not be a common thief or cut-throat who had set the police and magistracy at defiance and given an affront even to the illustrious *wazir* himself. He suggested an unorthodox plan the novelty of which staggered the whole assembly; it was to be made known by the beat of the drum that he would give his daughter in marriage to the thief if he surrendered himself and took an oath to abstain from such deeds subsequently.

Accordingly the State was agog with excitement on hearing this startling news. Kashmir has a fertile soil for rumours which have a substratum of truth and wildest fantasies were built on the proclamation which spread all over the State in no time. "Who is the thief?" "Will he accept the offer?" "He is surely some foreign prince," was what the people asked and said.

The king held a public audience on the third day in accordance with his proclamation and awaited the hero of the burglaries to make his appearance public. On both sides of the king were seated his courtiers and the wise men of his realm. The atmosphere was tense with expectation and for some time it appeared as if the thief had spurned the offer.

The public crier once again renewed the offer on behalf of the king. There was a stir at the gate and walking past the guards Shabrang stepped forward and made obeisance to the king. "What could this foreigner have to say to his majesty on this occasion?" thought the prince. In the meantime Shabrang stood erect gracefully and declared in all solemnity that he was responsible for all the burglaries. It was as startling a piece of news as any of the exploits he had been responsible for and nobody could have associated him with a theft. But such is the love of people for taking credit for prophecies that everybody began to whisper into the ear of his neighbour. "Did I not say that this young man appeared suspect?" "Did I not say that only a foreigner could have done it?"

The king himself was surprised and when he demanded proof Shabrang took him to the spot where all his booty was safely buried. Everything stolen was recovered including the uniform of the police *kotwal* and the

robes of the *wazir*. The king was satisfied and made an offer of the hand of his daughter in marriage to Shabrang. The latter declared that his purpose was now fully served and no more burglaries would occur. The citizens heaved a sigh of relief and the *kotwal* and *wazir* gave gifts to the poor and the holy by way of thanksgiving.

Shabrang now sent for his mother intimating to her every detail. She was accorded a warm reception due to the would-be mother-in-law of the royal princess and was lodged in the palace. In due course the king, true to his proclamation, came to pay a call on his female guest and made an offer of his daughter in marriage to Shabrang. She said that she would have accepted the offer gladly but that could not be. "Shabrang can no more marry the princess," she said, "than a brother can take his sister for a wife."

The king was puzzled by this answer and frankly confessed it. Shabrang's mother then produced the ring and handkerchief that she had got from the king when she visited him in disguise before Shabrang's birth. She also reminded him of the occasion when they first met in a garden and the words they had exchanged then. What had appeared as a puzzle then had actually happened now and the king felt that he had really been outwitted by the clever lady. The king and his queen were reconciled to each other and Shabrang was acknowledged not as the king's son-in-law but as the heir-apparent.

19 Counting Ripples



EVERY community has its predilections and prepossessions. The American businessman is preoccupied with the interest on his investments. The retired British soldier bores his club-mates with anecdotes of his years in active service. Waking or asleep, the Japanese manufacturer can never divert his attention from how to lower costs of production and capture foreign markets. The Indian peasant talks tirelessly not so much of his wife and children as of his lands, his bullocks, his landlord and the moneylender. The average Kashmiri of the past, on the other hand, regarded government service in whatsoever capacity as the choicest profession. Times have changed considerably since the age to which the following tale belongs and the new breezes have blown lofty ambitions into the minds of men and women; nevertheless, many Kashmiris still love to picture themselves living in an atmosphere of grade promotions, privilege leave, clerical mischief and executive authority.

Several generations ago there was a young man of a respectable family. In those good old days it was not necessary for all male members of a family to earn their living. This particular young man, therefore, spared himself the discomfort of burning midnight oil in pouring over his books or the toil of apprenticeship in a profession. His family had inherited enough land for sustenance and with a ‘devil-take-the-rest’ air he felt that rudimentary literacy was enough for his purpose. Nor did he have any occasion to resent his choice.

In course of time he grew maturer in the fullness of experience. He realized that though government employment carried very little by way of salaries or emoluments it carried a great deal of prestige. People spoke to a government employee much more respectfully than to one outside the pale of that privileged circle, and with a little cleverness even the humblest of such employees could earn a good deal without doing any serious harm to anybody. This young man, therefore, made up his mind to seek government employment not so much to make money as to command greater respect, to cut, as it were, a figure in public who would say, “Here goes - who wields considerable authority.”

While he had come to this conclusion independently, an incident occurred just about that time which in his view made it imperative for him to seek

employment under the government. It appeared that his wife picked up a quarrel with a neighbour whose husband was an accounts officer. This lady taunted her adversary with the words that while her husband was a do-nothing drone she was the wife of a respectable and trusted officer of the government and added that she would realize the consequences of being discourteous to her when her husband (the officer) would set into motion the machinery of law and justice against her.

Pompous words these! But the smaller wheels of law and justice somehow got into motion and on several occasions her husband was asked to depose evidence or to explain matters and it squared ill with his own notions of self-respect. To secure a post in the State administration, therefore, became his greatest concern.

Having thus made up his mind he set about currying favour with the high-ups of the time. In those days of bureaucratic rule the modern practice of looking into budget provisions and securing financial concurrence was entirely unknown and the ruler, or his viceroy, could confer any office on anybody or give the sack even to the highest minister. But most rulers were conservative and therefore slow in accepting suits for offices. This young man made use of a number of agencies with this end in view and when at last he was able to make his request known to the ruler, the latter appeared to him to be unreasonably strict. What he could gather was that there was no post to which he could be appointed.

He waited and renewed his prayer to the head of the provincial administration, but with no better prospect. Meanwhile, both he and his wife were burning with the feeling of humiliation which had been heaped upon their heads by their neighbour. The cold sighs of his wife were unbearable to him but obviously there was no help. At last he approached the high-ups once again and explained that his intention was not to secure necessarily a lucrative job; all that he wanted, he elucidated, was to command greater prestige and respect and that he would be satisfied even with a post that carried no salary. The authorities who wanted to satisfy this young man were well pleased with his offer to work without a salary. He had, however, little experience of working in offices and it was found desirable to entrust him with a task where he would not be in a position to interfere with the working of other government agencies. They gave some thought to the problem but could come to no definite conclusion. The

young man renewed his suit and offered to do anything, even "to count ripples on the surface of the river" if he had the patronage of the government. They jumped at the suggestion and at last the young man was offered a situation: his duty was to *count ripples*. He welcomed this opportunity of gaining a foothold in the world of officialdom and was well-satisfied for his pains.

When the offer was first made it was done with the intention of filling his mind with disgust. Who had ever heard of any gainful employment which comprised counting ripples? And yet so eager was the seeker that he welcomed the offer. The nature of his employment did not seem to dampen his enthusiasm even though wags made fun of the nature of "august duties" entrusted to him. They roared with laughter. "We have heard of star gazers," they admitted, "but 'counting ripples' is an addition to the tasks of a civil government." Among those who made ironical references to the new officer was his neighbour the accounts officer.

Despite all this the young man assumed his duties seriously. Armed with a warrant of appointment bearing the royal seal and equipped with a ledger and an encased pen-tray-cum-inkstand (*qalamdan*) he posted himself in a *doonga*. In those good old days the only conveyances on the roads were the pony or the palanquin. Those who make use of cars or *tongas* today had their own *shikaras* and the river was the main thoroughfare of traffic. The young man, therefore, moored his boat near a bridge at the busiest centre of this traffic, and he began to "count ripples."

In a few days this news spread all over the valley. His business of "counting ripples" was wildly talked of and people were left guessing as to the purpose behind it. Meanwhile, the particular official felt his stock rising and began to command greater respect. His wife at home regarded herself as respectable as her neighbour. To this extent the mission of securing government employment was fruitful. He recorded his observations in his books in the manner of all clerks. But his ingenuity encouraged him to extend his authority to fields about which his charter of appointment was silent. He urged all boatmen to propel slowly without "disturbing the ripples." This was something which they had never learnt all their lives, and they propitiated him, for obviously he could get the movements of their boats stopped for quite some time on the pretext of recording correct observations. Soon he found that though his post carried

no salary he was no loser. In fact, he made a tight little sum every month and thanked the stars that made him "count ripples."

Then came his turn to flaunt his official authority in the face of his overweening neighbour. The latter was proceeding along with his wife and children in a *shikara* to participate in a wedding. They were dressed in their finest and the "counter of ripples" got a brain wave to pay them in their own coin. When this particular *shikara* was within hailing distance of the bridge, he had it stopped.

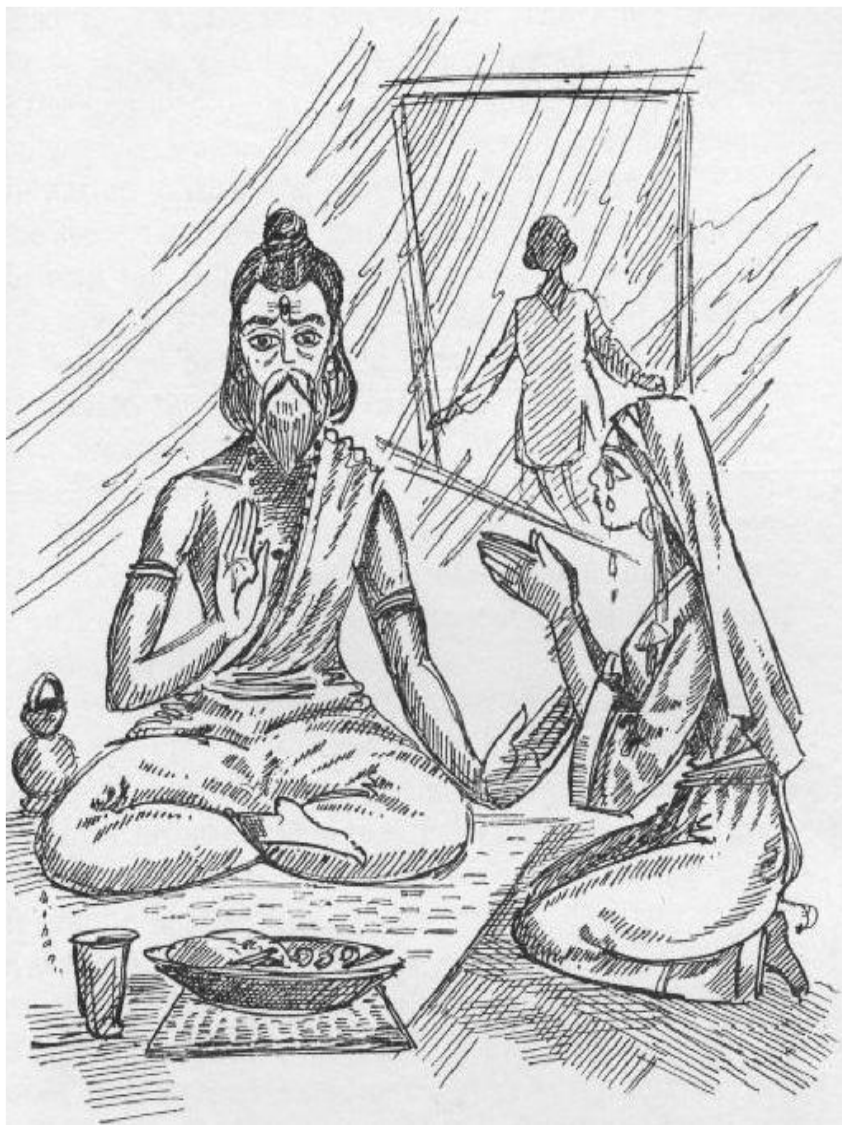
"What is the trouble?" the accounts officer puckered his brow.

"Nothing much," replied the other, "only that I want to discharge my duties correctly."

He started counting ripples and recording his counts; recounting, checking and rechecking. He took a really long time and yet his urgent government duty was not over. He could not allow any boat to move and the wedding guests were hard put to it. Time was galloping fast for the accounts officer, for both he and his wife had to attend to important ceremonials at the wedding.

Equally important, however, was it for the other officer to make correct observations and the nature of his duties would not brook the least disturbance of the surface of water! The wedding guest here beat his breast. Ultimately, however, he saw into the whole business of counting ripples at that particular moment. Both he and his wife took leave of their vanity, made up their differences with their neighbour and lived at peace with the "counter of ripples."

21 *Akanandun*



LONG long ago there lived a king. His principality comprised seven towns and his capital was called Rajapuri. He was a kind and conscientious ruler and dispensed justice with an even hand to high and low alike. He maintained peace and his subjects lived happy and content under him. He was a god-fearing man and his subjects held him in reverence as their father. He punished with a severe hand all those who dared to trouble his subjects in the least. He took measures for the welfare even of the birds and animals living in his country. Ponds were dug to store drinking water for the quadrupeds and troughs were placed on perches to enable birds to quench their thirst. In all this he was assisted by able, honest and hardworking ministers.

His subjects had but one longing and that was for the birth of an heir-apparent. The king had but one queen who had borne him seven daughters. The king and the queen were highly devoted to each other but craved for the birth of a little brother to the seven sisters to gladden the hearts of the subjects and their own. The Prince would shoulder the responsibilities of the kingdom in time to come. Even his subjects begged God Almighty in their matins and vespers to grant their ruler the gift of a little son, and the royal couple did all in their power to secure such a coveted fruit. They gave lavishly in charity which included gifts of land, garments, corn, livestock and gold. Holy men from far and near came to Rajapuri to give their benedictions to the queen who also met the expenses on the weddings of many destitute girls and the maintenance of orphans and widows. Still the heir-apparent of their dreams was as far away as ever.

The king, except when busy with the affairs of the State, was always melancholy. "What good is it for me to rejoice in my palace," he would brood, "when the line of my illustrious ancestors will come to an end with my demise? Happy are the poor beggars in my kingdom who look forward to the day when their sons can relieve them of their burdens.... Were it not better for me to renounce my throne and take to the life of an ascetic in the forests of the vast Himalayas or in the cave of Shri Amarnath Ji. . . ?" He did not reveal this corner of his heart to his consort lest she feel hurt.

She, however, had not given up hope and retained faith in holy men and ascetics.

One day the queen was sitting as usual in her chamber when she was startled by a call for alms. It was nothing new for her who satisfied hundreds of such calls every month, but this time there was a peculiar lure and a strange tone in the voice of the caller which demanded the personal attention of the queen. She at once rushed to the courtyard. She beheld a *jogi* invested in an expression of ecstasy. He had long locks of curly hair running down to his back, his bare body was smeared with ashes and he had a clattering wooden sandal under his feet. He had rings in his ears and his eyes were sparkling. He carried a beggar's bowl in his hand and a wallet hung from his shoulder. The queen requested him to name what would please him.

“Give me anything in the name of God,” replied the *jogi*. The queen told her consort that the *jogi* was the very person whose aid should be enlisted in seeking fulfilment of the age-long craving. She gave him a handful of precious stones which he received in his wallet. The queen explained to him how she was pining for a son. She said, “God gave us a kingdom to rule and many rulers acclaim our suzerainty. But what is the good of all this splendour when we have no male issue to look after it on our demise? Our seven daughters will go their own way and bless the homes of young men unknown to us. Would that they had a brother to shine in their galaxy as the sun!” she concluded with a sigh.

The *jogi* listened, apparently unmoved. “With your permission may I say something more?” asked the queen.”

The *jogi* nodded and the queen proceeded, “Only a few days back I saw in a dream a care-free man resembling you. He patted me on the shoulder and assured me that my longing would be fulfilled after nine months. O *jogi*, you alone can interpret this dream.”

Cutting the matter short the *jogi* said that he would give them a son provided they returned the child to him after twelve years. “The child will be yours for twelve years if you promise that I can have him at the end of that period,” he said firmly. The king and his consort held consultations and ultimately gave their promise that he could have the child back after twelve years. On this solemn promise the *jogi* gave them the assurance

that their barren land would soon turn green and their longing for a male child would be fulfilled even before their expectation. “Call the baby by the name of Akanandun,” he added, took a few strides and was lost to view.

In due course the queen was conscious of motherhood once again. At first she kept it a secret. When her consort made persistent inquiries she shared the secret with him on the condition that he kept it to himself. “It is none else but Akanandun” said the king and rejoiced in his heart. “Was it God or man who granted us the gift?” he added complimenting the *jogi*. “Don't count your chickens before they are hatched,” cautioned his wife.

Nine months being over the queen was in labour pains and was delivered of a male child. “The *jogi* has indeed made his word good,” said the king. There were immense rejoicings in the whole country on the birth of the heir-apparent. Thanks-giving services were held in temples and shrines, and people came in large numbers to the ruler to offer their congratulations. Inside the palace everyone was mad with joy. The king who already possessed a stout heart for giving gifts was bountiful like a river. God had fulfilled his heart's desire and he tried his utmost to see that nobody went away disappointed from his door.

The baby was brought up right royally. There were seven wet-nurses to feed him at the breast. Their lullabies chanted melodiously sent him to sweet slumbers. They rocked his cradle which was draped in velvet and cloth of gold, and inlaid with gems. The baby was the dearest little creature ever born. His eyes and eye-brows, his nose, his lips and chin, his forehead and complexion— each in its own way betokened an extraordinary heredity for the little infant who shone as the light of the palace. His sisters fondled him in all affection and he was the apple of the eyes of his parents who were ever grateful for his birth.

The baby grew fast into a child and then a strong, handsome and intelligent boy. His parents arranged for his education in a befitting manner. Akanandun, for that is how they named the new-born as advised by the *jogi*, went to school with his satchel and drank the learning deep according to the fashion of the time. His teachers were not a little surprised at his acute intelligence and sharp wit. The boy imbibed all that was worth knowing.

While everyone looked hopefully to the future when the boy, in the fullness of his physical strength and the maturity of his wisdom, would relieve his father of the burden of ruling the State, there was one day a wild uproar in the streets. "What is all this hue and cry about?" asked the passers-by and heard back in whispers: "Twelve years are over and the *jogi* has returned to claim the child." People talked with trepidation. "Was all this a dream?" "And is the *jogi* really so callous as to deprive us of the young prince?" "Will he blow out the lamp which is the only source of light in the palace and abroad?"

Meanwhile the *jogi* made his call at the palace and the ruler and the queen rushed out to welcome him within. Their hearts were full with the debt of gratitude for the *jogi* for the invaluable gift and they were only too eager to do something to repay the debt to whatever extent. They solicited him to take a seat of honour and to indicate what would please him.

He replied, "I have come to seek fulfilment of the promise you gave. I have not seen Akanandun for more than twelve years. Get him to my presence now."

"The child has gone to the seminary. He will be here presently," said the queen.

"If you but name a precious gift I would deem it a privilege to place it at your feet," submitted the father.

The *jogi* promptly replied, "I have nothing to do with gifts. I simply want my Akanandun."

The parents made many subtle attempts to beguile his mind, but to no purpose. These attempts only enraged him. He called the child by name and the latter was on the spot immediately. They submitted that he was the one who alone sustained their lives and that their very existence was impossible without him. The *jogi* was harsh and stern, "I have to kill Akanandun and you will rue it if you try to dissuade me."

Everybody who heard it burst into tears except the *jogi*. He divested the child of his garments and ornaments. Warm water was got for cleansing his body to which his mother had to attend. The child had a bright and radiant body and the *jogi* had him dressed in bright new clothing. He had

the soles of his feet dyed in *henna* and applied collyrium to his bright almond eyes. The child looked like a fresh-bloomed flower, but the *jogi* had no time to waste. Proceeding forthwith to kill the child, he got a butcher's knife. Everybody there cried but the *jogi* was entirely remorseless. He laid Akanandun sprawling on the ground and asked his sisters to catch hold of his limbs severally. There was a tremendous intensification in the hue and cry raised. The king tore his tunic to shreds and his wife rolled herself on the dust. But the *jogi* was remorseless and reminding them of the promise given warned them of the inevitable consequences if they tried to shirk the fulfilment of the promise.

The *jogi* passed on the knife to the king and asked him to behead the child. Even demons and monsters would fail to comply with such a commandment. But when the king betrayed hesitation the inexorable *jogi*, overawing him, pushed the knife into his hand. Finding that there was no escape the unlucky father cut the innocent throat and scarlet blood welled out. The house was turned into hell. Who was so petrified as to resist sobbing and crying? There was beating of breasts, gnashing of teeth and pulling of hair. The blood stained the walls, coloured the floor and dyed their clothes.

The involuntary movement of the child's limbs having petered out, the *jogi* severed them, had them washed and began to hack the flesh assiduously like a butcher. When it was over he asked them to put the flesh into an earthenware vessel and to boil it. Akanandun's mother attended to it smothering her sobs and hiccoughs. The *jogi* warned her, on pain of dire punishment, not to lose even the least particle of flesh. When the faggots were burning bright, the *jogi* asked her to put the lid on. He also got oil poured into several cauldrons which were put on fire. The flesh was thus cooked as if it were mutton, salt and spices being added according to need. The *jogi* asked the queen to make haste as he was getting hungry. The lady could suppress her feelings no longer and burst out upon him: "Which is the faith that permits thee to eat human flesh? O stone-hearted *jogi*, how have I ever offended thee? Aren't thou afraid of the curse of the innocent sufferers?"

The *jogi* replied, "O lady, I am indifferent to all the human weal or woe. You may take me for a goblin or an ogre, but I have to fulfil my promise.

So, without prolonging the matter please attend to your cooking and tell me how it tastes.”

In spite of her protests the unfortunate lady was forced to taste the soup. The *jogi* asked her to pick out the flesh and to cool it as it was his wont not to eat steaming dishes. He also asked for seven freshly baked earthenware bowls. The bowls were got and he distributed the flesh evenly among them all. The queen asked him what for he was dressing up seven bowls with flesh. He replied promptly, “Four are meant for the female folk, two will suffice us, two males, and one I am keeping for Akanandun.”

This was a blow which cut the queen deep in her heart. “How preposterously the fellow speaks,” she thought.

Meanwhile the *jogi* passed on the bowls to the people for whom they were meant and turning to the queen, said, “O lady, go and call Akanandun upstairs. I shall feel really glad to see him and I can't taste a bit in his absence.”

This was obviously too much for her and she could not help saying, “O *jogi*, I completely fail to fathom your mind. I have suffered the loss of my son, but have not lost my wits yet.”

The *jogi* returned, “I'm not what you take me for, O lady; I constantly change my deceptive appearances,” and with that he gazed at the queen so that she seemed to have been held in a vice.

When he again asked her to call Akanandun from below she could not help going downstairs. And when she called him by name she was surprised to hear, “Coming mother.” Anon he came to her as before, was held in fond embrace and carried upstairs where another pretty bewilderment was in store for her. The *jogi* was nowhere to be seen and the seven bowls of cooked flesh had disappeared.

23 *The Hydra-Headed*

IT WAS a hot summer's day and the sun was shining bright in a blue sky. The people in the village had already done a good deal of the day's work and yet the morning was not really past. They could judge by the position of the sun that the hour for the mid-day prayer was yet far off. Presently a man trotted into the little village market on his pony covered with a pack-saddle. His own hamlet was a couple of miles distant yet. But he stopped at the shop of a friendly shopkeeper, letting his pony free for a little while to browse on whatever it could in the nearby camping ground. He himself began to eat a loaf of bread got from the shopkeeper. There were other men sitting on the shop-front, smoking.

"Yes, what is the news from the city today?" said one of them to him. The man had obviously returned from the city on his pony, having sold a *khirwar* of wheat flour to a baker there.

"Things are pretty bad over there in the city," he replied. "Is it some epidemic that has raised its head or some drive for *begar*?"

"It is neither of these, but something more dreadful. The city has been invaded by a mysterious monster."

By this time more villagers gathered round the speaker and he related what he had learnt in the city. A monster had been found prowling about at night which played havoc among peaceful citizens. It lifted babies off their mothers' laps, tore men's eyes and women's limbs. The whole city was panicky and nothing had been found possible to give people protection against the monster.

"And what is the monster like?" asked a young man.

"Look at this offspring of a fool! Did I not say that it is mysterious and works in the darkness of the night?"

The villagers were left in bewilderment as the traveller from the city resumed his journey home. The only guess they could hazard was that the monster might be an instrument of justice sent by God to punish the sinners who were increasing in number.

* * *

The boat was moored to the landing site at Rainawari. It was packed to capacity with passengers, men and women, who shouted at the boatman to push off. But he was unmindful. In another ten minutes he got three more passengers, accommodated them inside somehow, lifted his long pole and pushed off. The passengers felt some relief now and relaxed mentally.

“Where are you bound for, mother?” said a Muslim to an elderly Hindu lady.

“Worthy son,” she replied, “I am going to Ganpatyar. The daughter of a cousin of mine who lives there, I am told, has been wounded by this monster. Once I heard it I could find no peace nor rest.”

“The fruit of our sins! But who told you about it?” joined another passenger.

“A neighbour of mine had been to a place nearby at Ganpatyar which had suffered a visitation of the monster. My relation does not live very far from the place, naturally I was filled with fears and misgivings.”

“What evil times have we all fallen upon!” said another passenger. “A cousin of my brother-in-law met a friend from Sowra who told him that the monster had appeared in that locality also and wounded a woman. When an alarm was raised it had disappeared.”

“Brethren, what shall I tell you!” said a white-bearded man. “Thanks be to God Almighty that we in Rainawari have been spared this punishment. Yesterday a man came to us from Zainakadal who said that several women and children had been dragged out of their beds and left with pads of flesh missing. He had heard a religious preceptor say that this menace was bound to grow for several months according to the indications of the stars.”

“Is it a fact that it lives under water?”

“That is what they say, but who can be sure? Nobody has seen it coming out, not even the boatmen who always live on water.

* * *

The same evening, scores of Hindus had assembled as usual in the temple hall at Ganpatyar for their evening prayers. Before prayer-time, however, they exchanged the day's gossip.

“Did you not hear it? They say that the monster entered a house at Rainawari through the skylight in the roof. The mistress of the house was sleeping on the second floor. It tore her breasts before she could wake up. She shrieked. Others woke up and seized tongs, sticks, smoking pipes and even ladles. They struck doors, windows, utensils and boxes so as to frighten the monster away with the rattling sound.”

“And you should know that another man was sleeping under the shade of a tree not far from the river near Chhatabal yesterday. The monster chopped away his big toe and left him lamenting. A man who came to our office from Chhatabal told us the story.”

“Did he see the man deprived of his big toe?”

“No, not he himself. It was his uncle who told him about it and the latter had gathered the information from his brother-in-law.”

“Brothers, have you seen the monster?”

“How could we see it? It has not made its appearance in this locality. But they say it has its abode in water and resembles a monkey in all respects except that it has several heads like Ravana.”

“This locality is under the benign influence of Lord Ganesha and no harm will come to us as long as we are sincere in our worship,” said an elderly man as he got up to sound the gong for evening prayers.

“Come, brothers, let us offer our prayers,” and the groups broke up.

* * *

Zainakadal was for long considered to be the storm-centre of gossipers and rumour-mongers. It was believed that on the flimsy foundation of dropping his spittle into the river a Zainakadal gossip could create quite a stir throughout the city. With the wild-fire of reports pouring in about the depredations of the monster all round the place Zainakadal gossips made their own contribution to the main theme. Groups of people were standing on the bridge that same evening, each of them pregnant with news.

“The cousin of my father's brother-in-law reported this morning that the Zaindar Mohalla locality suffered last night from the depredations of the monster. Two babies have been torn limb from limb while their mothers had been tackled first”

“I have been told that in Muniwar it bit the nose and the earlobes of a man.”

“Who told you so?”

“I have a friend who learnt it from his wife's second cousin.”

“My cousin knows a *shikari* who had gone to the forests beyond Shopyan with an Englishman. This Englishman showed him a strange animal with several heads in a lake in those mountains. He says it is the same monster who has come down to the city, but it is that very Englishman who could capture or kill it.”

“Why doesn't the administration do anything to capture it?”

“They have asked the police to patrol but they have so far failed. It is said that the Resident has asked the Viceroy to send that very Englishman who saw it first.”

“May be it is this very Englishman who got it to the city to trouble us. They want to take Kashmir and will do so by showing that the Maharaja is weak and inefficient.”

“Whatever it be, Shah Hamdan Sahib and Mahakali protect our locality which has been safe so far.”

* * *

Every house, every street and every locality was bursting with reports about the monster. Old ladies exchanged experiences of their childhood while talking about the monster and school boys recalled the tales of jinns and dragons they had read. The currency of reports was so astounding that even young men found it difficult to disbelieve. The sceptics appeared to have gone underground. There was panic everywhere, especially among women and children. Even in hot summer people slept inside their rooms with windows and doors closed and bolted.

One day a young woman was sitting by the window late at night waiting for her husband. The day's heavy work induced sleep over her and she fell adoring. The monster took advantage of the loneliness of the lady and advanced its paws to molest her beautiful face and her earlobes. But fortunately the lady woke up at once before anything serious could happen and an alarm was raised in the neighbourhood. A babel of noises, “the monster is here,” “the monster is there,” “the monster has stalked this way,” “it has hopped over the roof,” “beware brethren,” “take care sisters,” together with the rattling and drumming of wooden windows was heard everywhere. People rushed to their roofs and strained their lungs and throats in warning fellow-citizens all round. A few had whistles while many used their conches to good effect. From the neighbouring mosque the gong was struck while a bugle came handy on this occasion to a young lad who had secured it.

The whole city was thus roused up to excitement and panic. Before long the police and magistrates were on the spot. To their inquiries about the monster they were told "it came this way," "it went in this direction," "it sprang over the wall here." But none of these statements could stand even a single cross-question. The whole neighbourhood was ransacked but not a trace of anything abnormal could be detected. Judicial inquiry into the matter came to the conclusion that it was all due to excited imagination. The immediate cause was that the golden ornament hanging by a chord from the lady's ears got momentarily caught up in the iron hook on which the window turned and exercised a pull on the earlobe.

The next day an inquiry was held in all the reported causes of molestation by the monster; of breasts torn, noses chopped and big toes lopped off. None of them could be traced. Finally, swimmers and divers were put into the river and the adjoining streams who kept stroke to the beating of drums and the blare of bugles. Thousands of people saw them struggling with the element so dear to the monster and felt reassured.

Thus was the hydra-headed monster exorcised away.

24 The Physician's Son



EVERY age has its Christ in the person of the physician or surgeon who is able to cure ailments wonderfully, nay, miraculously. In fact, in every country people always confer the title "the Messiah of the age" on somebody. The valley of Kashmir has been no exception to this general rule.

Nowadays latest developments or researches in the art of healing become internationalized in a few weeks. People can, besides, personally approach the greatest authorities in Moscow or New York, Vienna or London. In the past every district or group of villages had to be self-contained and self-sufficient in the matter of healing, consultation with an authority from outside the unit being unthinkable. This was true in a stricter sense of a country like Kashmir girded all round with high mountains leading to still higher ranges. Masters of the art of healing had, therefore, to draw on their own resources, intellectually or intuitively, though nature came to their assistance by providing them with a unique wealth of medicinal plants and herbs.

In this country there was once an eminent physician. He had not taken to the profession for making any sordid gains but because the art of healing had come to him in his heritage from his forefathers. He had thus the advantage of the experiments and researches of several generations, and his books were enriched with formulae of specifics for ailments in forms peculiar to this country. These formulae were the choicest possession of his family, the fruit of the brain-racking of his father and grandfather, which he would never be prepared to alienate for any price. Every day he came to his consultation room at a fixed hour to find it packed with patients, coughing or moaning with pain, shivering or burning with fever. In a few minutes they would start going to the apothecary with their prescriptions. The physician charged no fees. Most the patients would, however, place at his feet a few coins out of gratitude for the pains he took to heal them. Some would make this payment in kind: a fruiterer presenting him a case of fine apples or a fisherman a good *mahseer* fish. Wherever he went people offered him a seat of honour.

On his part he was no ordinary physician. People suffering from grave ailments also came to him and very few of them failed to secure relief. Once they got to his presence a young man who was reported to have lost sanity all of a sudden. He had been under the treatment of several physicians but no one could cure him of his malady. Even amulets from the adepts and sacrifices to the saints had proved of no avail. Eventually they had come to seek his advice. After a careful examination of the patient and consultation of the treatment he accompanied the patient to his residence and got him held at a certain spot on the ground with the help of pegs and ropes. Then he got a few pitchers of water dropped on his head in a continuous stream from the third storey of his house, a height of about thirty feet. This treatment was repeated every day for a week or so and ultimately the patient got round.

On another occasion a patient came to him complaining of an intense itch all over his trunk. He was tired of scratching his skin over and over again. "Even an ass could not stand all that scratching," he said. Of course, he *had taken pitchers of decoctions which take heat off the blood and purificatory drugs based on sulphur. Every Tuesday he offered libations to propitiate Mars. But nothing gave him relief and he grew pale and anaemic. So, at last, he came to the "Messiah of the age." The latter confessed that he had never come across a patient of his type. Itch was the symptom of several ailments but they were entirely different. He consulted his books and examined the patient once again. He prescribed a combination of oils for massage as an interim measure but asked the patient to report after two days.

When the patient called on the physician again, he prescribed a remedy that was startlingly odd even for those comparatively primitive times. He asked the patient to go to the slaughter-house early in the morning and get the warm skin of a goat freshly flayed. The patient was to wear the warm skin on his bare back and bask in the sun for an hour or so. Though the patient had grown somewhat disillusioned about the capacity of physicians to heal him, he was drawn by the novelty of the remedy suggested, to give it a trial. The physician actually found him basking in the sun with a fresh goatskin on his bare back. After an hour or so when the goatskin was removed from his back it was found covered with hundreds of lice rejoicing in the taste of goat's blood. The patient found relief at long last.

Once a prosperous butcher came to the physician and complained to him of some unaccountable pain in one of his eyes. The physician examined both his eyes and prescribed fomentations. The butcher left his presence with the satisfaction that his eyes would be all right in a couple of days at the utmost. He, however, made the present of a pound of sheep's kidneys to the physician.

After a couple of days the butcher came to report his condition to the physician again.

"How are you feeling now?" asked the physician. "I trust your pain is assuaged."

"Pretty bad," replied the butcher, "there is hardly any improvement." He gave the physician to understand that he was finding it difficult to attend to his trade and if no definite improvement set in immediately, his livelihood would be affected.

"Have no fears, my friend, you will soon get well. I can assure you that your eye will be purged of the affectation as surely as a fly is thrown out of milk," replied the physician. The butcher presented him a couple of pounds of sheep's brains before taking his leave.

The butcher continued to come to the physician daily for fresh instructions and every time he got for him a present. He did feel some improvement but not quite. He felt pain off and on but had the confidence that he would be cured completely in a few days. He had a feeling that the affliction had been caused by some chronic imbalance between humours and would ultimately disappear. However, he continued his visits to the physician with appropriate presents ranging from a sizable quantity of bone marrow to finest mutton embedded in layers of fat.

One day the butcher was busy at his shop longer than usual and the physician had been called to attend to an emergency case some distance from his residence. The butcher was, therefore, disappointed not to find him in the consultation room. Instead, he found the physician's son who was his father's assistant. Though unwilling to entrust his case to the comparatively less experienced hands of the junior, the butcher ultimately approached the younger physician on the plea that half-a-loaf is better than none. The young man examined the eyes of the butcher carefully and

detected the presence of a particle of bone under the eyelid. He removed it and the butcher found relief almost immediately.

The next day the physician found the dinner rather uninviting. It consisted of the *sag* and rice of the average Kashmiri. It made his mouth water to think of the savoury meat delicacies he had been enjoying for the few days immediately preceding.

“I say” said he, “did that butcher with a swollen eye come to you?”

“Yes, father,” replied the son, “I got out a fine particle of bone from under his eyelid and he has no more pain now.”

“Is that so?” said the elder, “a fine physician you are indeed! Did I not know that there was a particle of bone under the eyelid? You deserve that diet of coarse hard-fibred vegetables for your skill as physician and you will regret you had not enjoyed those savoury delicacies a little longer!”

30 Mahadev

ONCE while Mahadev was sitting amongst his friends who belonged to the same trade as he, the conversation centered on the peculiarities of dress among different people. The Kashmiris never weary of the loose tunic *pherans* which keep them warm. The people of Jammu, both men and women, have referred for ages trousers fitting very tight on their legs. These trousers are pretty long and the wrinkles can be made to add grace and give an artistic appearance to the wearer's legs.

The degree of tightness of the trousers was being discussed with some amount of earnestness when somebody hazarded the opinion that no pickpocket could steal a valuable if hidden inside trousers of this kind. Though the general opinion was more or less favourable to such a view, Mahadev's vanity was hurt and he desired the remark to be qualified with an exception in his favour. The company was not prepared to concede it, and thereby provoked Mahadev to contest it hotly.

"The test of your ability, Mahadev," said a veteran comrade, "to pull a thing out of one of the wrinkles of the trousers lies in your hand reaching the object without the wearer being aware of it. Do you say it is possible?" "Why not?" retorted Mahadev.

The company laughed, and but for his reputation would have ridiculed Mahadev for subscribing to such a view. Mahadev, however, was not put out. He put forth a new theory: "If your hand can't reach the object, what prevents you from pulling the trousers out quietly?"

This was regarded to be equally absurd, considering that the garment is close to the leg almost as another layer of skin. Mahadev was challenged to demonstrate it, for nothing short of that could satisfy his comrades. The test of the operation lay in accomplishing it quietly without disturbing the man wearing it. "You may, for ought we know, draw it out of a man at the point of the knife," said his comrades.

“How could such a possibility be obviated?” Yes, it flashed across somebody's mind: the ruler himself wore such trousers.

“Mahadev, you will have to prove it by pulling the trousers out of the legs of no less a person than His Highness himself,” said they.

Mahadev agreed.

“And the wager?”

“I'll surrender my leadership, shave off my moustaches and pick up a new trade.” They accepted.

Anecdotes of thieves breaking into the palace of a ruling sovereign, though rather rare, are not entirely unheard of; but there is perhaps no instance of a ruler being deprived of his trousers while asleep. It was an impossible task that Mahadev had undertaken; at least some of his comrades felt so and they were looking forward to the day when Mahadev would surrender his leadership on oath and expose himself to the banter of his comrades on the loss of his moustaches. Was it a joke to enter into the bedroom of His Highness while all the guards were alert with their rifles and their bayonets? According to the proverb, even birds are afraid to fly over the residence of a ruler, and who was Mahadev, after all?

Probably even Mahadev himself had no idea of the gravity of the task he had volunteered to accomplish, for he found no key to the problem for several weeks. He eagerly pursued the task as an intellectual rather than a physical problem. His task was particularly difficult because the whole retinue of His Highness consisted of his own clansmen of Jammu and others had no access to his private chambers. Mahadev was found by his comrades frequenting the surroundings of the palatial residence of the ruler and they would exchange a significant wink as much as to say, “where are you with your boasts?”

There was a long and narrow street which led to one of the palace entrances. Guards and other retainers of the ruler who lived in the servants' quarters of the palace usually passed along this street to and fro, and a few shops had been set up there to meet their requirements. When off their duty, these retainers would usually come to these shops in business, have long-drawn pulls at the *narela* or the bigger *hubble bubble*, give their teeth exercise with gram coated with jaggery and exchange gossip. Among these was a class of servants engaged for massaging the

body of His Highness, and gently pressing his limbs before he went to sleep.

Members of the unofficial guild to which Mahadev belonged possess sharp intelligence, quick judgement and a well-developed faculty to win the sympathies of most people. By cultivating these retainers on these shops Mahadev stored his sharp mind with the usual trend of events inside the palace: the time His Highness ate or slept or enjoyed the company of his friends; what upset his temper or what humoured him; how he spent his day and his night. He carried a small *narela* and a pouch of tobacco, and the offer of a pull at its tube would easily draw out of these simple hill people their knowledge of the palace.

The ruler was devoted to his faith in the orthodox fashion. It was soon given out that he was proceeding to the shrine called Khir Bhawani so well-known in Kashmir. This shrine was situated on the bank of a tributary of the river Sindh which joined the Jhelum at Shadipur, twelve miles below Srinagar. His Highness' camp moved to the shrine by houseboats, *doongas*, etc. He freely gave in charity on this occasion and fed every one who came to his kitchen. Having observed a fast and offered worship on the due date, i.e., the eighth day of the bright fortnight of *Jeth*, and having exercised his charity to his heart's content, His Highness proceeded down the Sindh towards Srinagar.

However, it was usual with him to camp at Shadipur for a few days on his return, and on the occasion to which the story refers, he did not let slip this opportunity for enjoying a little respite from his strenuous duties in the capital.

Mahadev was equally unstinting in showing himself off as a devout follower of his faith and people said that though his means of earning his livelihood were despicable, he seemed to have the heart of a devotee. He fasted on the eighth day at the shrine of Khir Bhawani and even served pudding, milk and fruit to the hungry, and this made something of a stir at the sacred spot. He greeted his acquaintances among His Highness' staff with a smiling face.

The next day his boat also halted at Shadipur. The vast State camping ground was covered with many tents pitched for His Highness over whom

the majestic chinars stood guard. The ruler here renewed his acquaintance with many of his subjects of this region who came to pay their respects to him and honoured many others by asking their names and other particulars. His subjects were surprised at his sharp memory, for he remembered the names of many of them and, in several cases, of their fathers too. Of course, there were perfect police arrangements, but he was rather friendly, unassuming and merciful, and his camp never developed the "hush-hush" atmosphere. He gave large sums by way of charity and *bakhshees*.

Mahadev felt at home among the retainers of the ruler and even he came to the camp to offer his respects. He invited one of them to his boat where meat dishes were cooked, the ruler being a strict vegetarian. The man ate to his heart's content.

It was the duty of this man on this particular day to massage His Highness' limbs and lull him to sleep. Mahadev secured a set of the garments worn by the retainers with a turban dyed in bright yellow saffron colour. Boldly and cleverly Mahadev managed to slip past the sentries in the disguise of a retainer and got into His Highness' tent when the latter was already dozing. He began to press his limbs so tenderly that the ruler did not feel any difference in the hands or their movements. He was soon fast asleep.

The servant whose place Mahadev had taken had had a full repast with his friends. To avoid the envy of his comrades he had kept the invitation and its consummation a secret. But soon his mind became deliciously befogged and before he was aware of it, he fell sound asleep. As no need of his service was felt by His Highness, he continued in the earthly abode of bliss for several hours.

Meanwhile, Mahadev made sure that His Highness was fast asleep and that nobody had suspected his presence there. He quietly unpacked a small piece of a wooden tube and directing one end towards the ankles of the august sleeper, one by one, gently blew into it. Several ants who lay imprisoned inside the tube found a welcome release into the tight-fitting trousers of the ruler and gradually made their way into the warm interior. They ran up and down the legs, and who can sleep so sound as not to be disturbed and irritated by such movements? "Damn these misbegotten

insects”, said the ruler scratching his legs with his toes, “pull out the trousers”.

Mahadev, his life in his hands, was waiting for this golden moment. Smoothly and artfully he pulled the trousers off His Highness' legs. The august sleeper was once again soothed and lulled to deep sleep. Being reassured of his safety, Mahadev slipped out with the prize. His Highness changed clothes every day. The servant who had fallen asleep marked the absence of the trousers but did not report the matter to the high-ups lest his absence from duty be brought to light.

Mahadev went triumphantly to his comrades with the prize. His Highness' trousers were identified, and the outstanding leadership of Mahadev was re-affirmed.

32 *Glossary (as appearing in the original edition)*

Amarnath Ji Cave The famous cave about 80 miles from Srinagar where images of ice symbolic of Shiva wax and wane with the moon. Oppressed by the demons the gods prayed to Shiva who appeared before them here and gave them nectar.

Bakhsheesh Tips

Basmati A fine variety of rice.

Begar Forced Labour.

Bhand Itinerant actor of the traditional type.

Bishta Sound made to drive away a cat.

Bostan, Gulistan well-known poetical work in Persian of Saadi of Shiraz, for long favourite with the intellectual classes in Kashmir.

Chakaldar Official entrusted with the collection of land tax in the past.

Doongha A commodious boat used in the past as a convenient means of transport.

Durbar Audience held by a ruling chief.

Girdawar An inspector of land under whom patwaris work.

Gulistan See *Bostan*.

Gundam Norma Jao farosh One selling barley for wheat.

Hakim A physician.

Hakim-e-ala Head of a provincial administration.

Jagirdar One enjoying the revenue of an estate either conferred upon or inherited by him.

Jogi A master of the science of yoga; a *sanyasi*.

Kabab Roastmeat.

Kabargah A choice meat dish.

Kamraz The northern half of the valley of Kashmir.

Kangri The portable fire-pot used extensively in Kashmir consisting of an earthenware bowl set in a wickerwork case.

Kanji Fermented preparation from gruel rich in vitamins.

Kapas Cotton.

Kardar Official entrusted with the collection of land tax in the past.

Khatumband A style in ceilings made of small pieces of wood set in grooves in geometric patterns.

Khirwar A measure of weight about 166 lbs., literally an ass-load.

Khwaja Saheb Title prefixed to the name of a bourgeois Mohamman.

Kotwal Head of the police station.

Kuvera In the Hindu pantheon the treasurer of the gods.

Ladhaki chat Brick-tea formerly imported from Ladakh or Tibet.

Maharaj ki jai Victory to the great ruler.

Mahakali The consort of Siva in the fierce form in which she killed a demon.

Mahseer An uncommon variety of fish.

Maktab A school of the traditional type.

Malmal Muslin turban made of muslin.

Manut Literally a measure of 3 pounds of weight.

Maraz The southern half of the valley of Kashmir.

Maria A measure of area, about 1/160 of an acre.

Mashir-i-mal Revenue minister, head of the revenue administration.

Mengan Sheep or goat-dung.

Munshi A clerk, a confidential clerk.

Mushkabudji A fine and choice variety of rice.

Nalamar A canal in Srinagar.

Nambardar Village headman.

Narela A small handy smoking apparatus of the Indian pattern.

Naat Hymn in praise of the Prophet of Islam.

Nazar A gift or tribute offered to a ruler, etc. as a token of allegiance.

Pampur The famous plateau, eight miles from Srinagar, where the finest saffron is grown.

Pandit The title prefixed to the name of a Brahman of Kashmir, a learned man.

Pashmina Cloth made of the finest wool of Ladakhi and Tibetan goats.

Pathwari The accountant of land tax at the village level.

Panzuv Literally a measure of six pounds of weight.

Pheran Long, commodious apron worn by Kashmiri men and women, especially in winter.

Pilau A delicious dish of rice, butter, meat, etc. highly relished.

Purdah Veil.

Qualamdan A small but artistic pen-tray-cum-inkpot formerly very much in fashion.

Qawali A religious song sung in chorus.

Qazi Judge.

Resident British political officer in States in India ruled till 1947 by Indian princes.

Rakh A game-preserve.

Ravan The many-headed king of Lanka killed by Rama.

Rogan josh A dish of meat fried dark brown and highly spiced.

Sati Self-immolation by Hindu widow on the funeral pyre of her husband.

Sag Cooked green leaves.

Shabrang Dark in complexion, of the colour of night.

Shamzana A large canopy over a gathering or assembly.

Shawl A fine fabric of pashmina wool for which Kashmir is famous, used by the upper class Kashmiris.

Shah Hamdan A religious leader of Muslims who came to Kashmir from Hamdan in Central Asia in the fifteenth century. His name is held in great reverence in Kashmir.

Sheikh Headman, nobleman.

Shikar Hunting.

Shikara Light skiff used for quick transport over the waterways in Kashmir.

Shivaratri A festival of the Hindus celebrating the wedding of Shiva and Parvati. It is of great importance in Kashmir.

Shradha Oblation to one's ancestors on his or her death anniversary.

Somavar Tea-kettle of Russian origin found in every Kashmiri home.

Tehsil A sub-division of a district.

Tehsildar A sub-divisional collector.

Thug A swindler.

Toh Paddy husk.

Toshakhana State reception department.

Tumboknari An earthenware pipe mounted with sheep skin on the wider head and used as a drum in Kashmir.

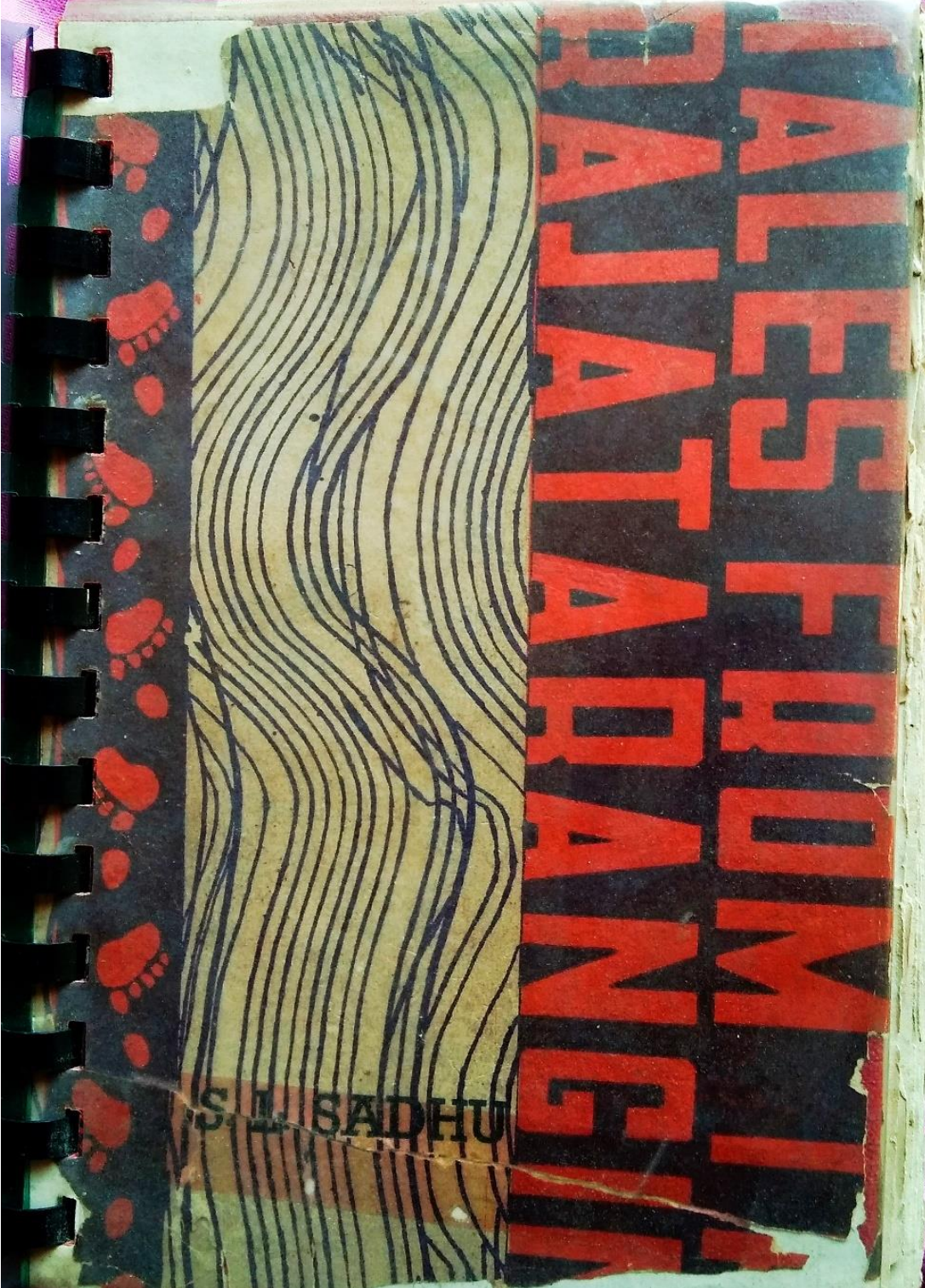
Wazir A minister or head of the State Administration.

Wazir-i-wazarat Deputy commissioner or collector of a district.

Zamindar A big land owner engaging tenants or cultivators.

Tales from the Rajatarangini

S L Sadhu



S. L. SADHU

Ati-kates-wakan
TALES FROM THE
RAJATARANGINI

by
S. L. Sadhu

With a Foreword by
Mr. G. M. Sadiq
Chief Minister, Jammu & Kashmir

KAPOOR BROTHERS,
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By the same author

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- BIRBAL (KASHMIRI)

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Zain-ul-Abdin and Shri Buth

Habba Khatun

The Pathans Annex Kashmir

The Afghans are Ousted

Appendix (Notes and Rulers of Kashmir)

Foreword

It is a matter of pleasure for me to write this foreword to the Tales from the Rajatarangini.

The Rajatarangini is a unique work amidst the literature of its kind. Originally composed in Sanskrit verse nearly eight hundred years ago, it chronicles the rise and fall of kings whose sway, with a few exceptions, did not go beyond the valley of Kashmir. Yet Kalhana's work fascinates readers far and wide. One of the reasons is that the work is not merely a record of revolts, invasions and battles which, at their best, make a sad commentary on our sublunary civilisation, but also presents events, anecdotes and experiences of basic human interest which form the foundation of literature. The present author has seized upon the latter and thus placed before the reading publica fairly large number of tales which are usually missed by the student with an eye trained for historical facts, dynasties of kings, dates and the like.

Kashmir has recently been the cause of a considerable output in books. Most of them take sides in a controversy. It is like discussing waves on the surface while the deep ocean remains unfathomed. The present work, I am glad to say, gives us a direct glimpse of the brooding depth and the complex subconscious of the people here.

Kalhana concluded his chronicle in 1149 A.D. But the present author has, for the purpose of this book, extended the Rajatarangini to the early nineteenth century to include works of the same name by Jonaraja, Srivara and Prajabhata, and Twarikhi Kashmir in Persian by Pir Hassan Shah Khoihami. The decision is correct and extends the range of the tales chronologically as well as qualitatively.

The Rajatarangini is voluminous and not many have the leisure or the facility to pore over its pages. The present author has, therefore, done well to spare the reader the effort needed to go through verse after verse in translation. The pith and marrow of the chronicle thus becomes accessible to the reader in a form that is lucid, crisp and enjoyable, eschewing all that is controversial or transient. The tales have a refreshing variety, ranging from the *paisacas* and *nagas* to saints, warriors and kings, and roll together folklore and legend, historical facts and witchcraft, human

ingenuity and supra-human intercession. Such is the stuff that goes into the making of Kalhana's chronicle and the cultural mosaic of the people of the region reveals traces of these influences. I regard the Tales from the Rajatarangini not only as an important addition to the literature on the subject but as a commendable work too. Judging from the welcome accorded to the author's earlier book Folk Tales from Kashmir it would, I believe, be read widely and, may I say, profitably. I hope the book stimulates its readers to further literary endeavour in different fields of allied interest.

Jammu

G. M. Sadiq
(Chief Minister)

Preface

The Rajatarangini has been referred to as ‘the only history of its kind in India’ and the ‘last great work in Sanskrit literature’. It is a work that fascinates equally the antiquarian, the student of history and the explorer of literary beauty and poetic ornament. Sultan Zain-ul-abdin, who ruled Kashmir in A. D. 1423-73, was so impressed by it that he not only got it translated into Persian but also created a department for the continuation of this chronicle in Sanskrit verse. This is a rare tribute in the history of our civilized progress and Kalhana is perhaps the only writer to claim it. In accordance with the Sultan’s commands Jonaraja, Srivara and Prajabhata recorded in succession the events from A. D. 1149-50, when Kalhana completed the 7826th verse of the Rajatarangini to the time when, after annexing Kashmir, Akbar, the great Moghul, came here on his imperial visit and ‘gladdened the hearts of Brahmin boys with gifts of gold’.

Kalhana’s chronicle is, however, voluminous and not everyone who desires to read it has the leisure or the facility to accomplish the task. Those who undertake it are confronted with accounts of intrigues, treacheries, murders and battles that make no edifying reading. The dust and din raised by the march of troops and the clash of arms as recorded in the chronicle subsided long ago and the reader can withdraw his mind from this display of animality to feed on much else that is fortunately salted to last for ever. An attempt has been made in the following pages to present some of this stuff, keeping in view the interests of the average reader.

The present work is based mainly on the Rajatarangini of Kalhana, along with its complements which bring the account down to 1587 A. D, and the Twarikhi Kashmir by Pir Hassan Shah published by the Research and Publications Department of the Jammu and Kashmir Government. The title at first proposed for the book was “Historical Tales from Kashmir” which would perhaps not go ill with an earlier work of the writer, Folk Tales from Kashmir (Asia). But that title appears slightly inappropriate; for, apart from the fact that Kalhana has recorded them, some of the anecdotes and events, especially those pertaining to earlier ages in which the borderline between the actual and the mythical has disappeared, do not fully satisfy the requirements of a sceptical age. Hence the title Tales

from the Rajatarangini. Three or four chapters of this book deal chiefly with major political revolutions which have had far-reaching influence on the valley and India as a whole. The replacement of the Hindu dynasty of rulers by the line of Sultans through a bloodless revolution is as phenomenal an occurrence as ever in history. The dynasty founded by Shahmir petered out and the sultanate of Kashmir succumbed to the Mughal invasion in 1587. The Mughals themselves lost ground to the trans-Khyber Afghans who were in turn ousted by the Sikhs. In all these cases, as in others, the downfall of the ruling dynasty was heralded by misgovernment and completed by internal dissensions. Kashmir is a state on the most important strategic border of India and the lessons of these chapters should not be lost on any reader either within the state or outside.

The present work is, however, not meant to be a contribution to the study of history. Its interest is different. Besides being a chronicle of great celebrity, the Rajatarangini is a composition in poetry. Kalhana regarded himself more as a poet than a historian, and his work as *kavya*, an exercise in poetic composition. Says he, “Worthy of praise is that power of true poets, whatever it may be, which surpasses even the stream of nectar, in as much as by it their own bodies of glory as well as those of others obtain immortality.” Again, “We pay reverence to that naturally sublime craft of poets without whose favour even mighty kings are not remembered. Without thee, O brother composer of true poetry—without thee the universe is blind ...”

History survives in our minds through poetry and the tales herein set down add spice to the narrative of monarchs. The basic motives and urges for human action are always interesting, especially when the web of action spreads beyond the individual and gives rise to reactions and complications. The deeds related in the following pages are based on common human urges and motives, ambition, greed and lust, love, affection and faith, revenge and rivalry, tenderness and humility, the ingenuity of a king, the wit of a statesman, the devotion of a wife or the loyalty of a servant. With the instinct of an artist, Kalhana has adorned the pages of his chronicle with tales and anecdotes; and even though the institution of kingship has virtually passed into oblivion, the tales, like those of the prudence of Durlabhavardana, the sacrifice of Mitrasarma for Jayapida or the flood control measures of Suyya remain. Some of the tales, as of Bombur and Lolre, Shri Bhat and Zain-ul-abdin, and Habba

Khatun have already passed into the imagination of the community and are part of the stream of our consciousness.

Projecting the customs and traditions in the valley from the days of *Nagas* and *Paisacas*, these tales enable the reader to catch a glimpse of the rich tangle of life in Kashmir. Witchcraft and prayer, cults of animal sacrifice and non-violence, Brahmin *parisads*, *Damaras* and *Tantrins*, use and abuse of the weapon of hunger-strike, and complaints for justice in several baffling cases expose the skeins of our belief and culture. Each tale has, however, been selected for its own interest as a passing scene in the vast drama of life and stands by itself irrespective of its importance in its proper context in the chronicle. In almost every tale an event of deep human significance and dramatic intensity has been seized and allowed to reveal its development through the sharp mind of the poet-historian. Thus the tales are not very far from imaginative literature and it is hoped that the reader finds them of more than passing interest.

It is my pleasant duty to acknowledge my indebtedness to the translations of the Rajatarangini into English made severally by J.C. Dutt (1879-87), Aurel Stein (1900) and R. S. Pandit (1936). Throughout these pages the three sources have been drawn upon for quotations and otherwise without reservation and acknowledgement. Twarikhi Kashmir by Pir Hassan Shah is a reference book invaluable for all those interested in Kashmir. It has helped in shaping several chapters of the present work and has to that extent been regarded as a complement of Kalhana's magnum opus.

It is a privilege to express my gratitude to Mr. G. M. Sadiq, Chief Minister, Jammu and Kashmir, who, even in the midst of a strenuous election, spared valuable time to honour this book by contributing the 'Foreword' to it. Thanks are due to the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Languages and Culture for the contribution made towards the cost of printing this book. I have also to acknowledge my gratitude to Miss Enid Howe and Mr. David French who read these pages in typescript and suggested many improvements.

Baramulla
S. L. Sadhu
March, 1967

Men Settle in Kashmir

Long, long ago when the earth was overrun with aboriginal waters, Vishnu adopted the form of a fish to draw a boat into which the goddess Sati had changed herself. The ship was moored to the top of a mountain to the south-west of the valley of Kashmir at a spot which came to be called *Naubandhana*. The boat turned into land, but a very large lake was left in the middle. A great demon, who was given the name of *Jalodhbhava* i.e. ‘water-born’, grew up and lived in the lake. After great penance he earned the boon that he would never be vanquished as long as he remained in water.

Meanwhile Nila, son of the sage Kashyapa, was appointed king of the *nagas* who had, through the favour of Vishnu, taken shelter here against the persecution of Garuda. He was much upset when Jalodhbhava devastated lands all around, even as far away as Gandhara and Jalandhara¹. Nila and his father Kashyapa approached the gods who repaired to the hills surrounding the valley. Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva spotted three lofty peaks near Naubandhana - which explains the names Vishnupad for the Konsarnag lake and Brahma Shukal peak. Not even the gods could match the prowess of the water-born demon. But they knew of the secret of his strength, viz., the boon, and they planned to sap it. With a mighty plough the bed of the lake was struck not far from Naubandhana, the water was drained out and the demon deprived of his power. He was overcome at the end of a futile struggle and exterminated. The gods were pleased to see the beautiful valley emerging after the water was drained and each selected for his haunt the spot that he fancied.² Goddesses took the form of rivers in the valley.

¹ By Jalandhara it is meant the Kangra district rather than the district of that name in the Punjab plains.

² According to this version based on the *Nilamatapurana*, Vishnu is said to have struck his ploughshare near the Nilanaga, the present Verinag, to drain the water of the Satisar, and by a stroke of Shiva's trident there Parvati assumed the form of the Vitasta or Jhelum. Another legend, however, maintains that the lake Satisar was drained when the gods struck the bed of the gorge at Khadanyar, below Baramulla. Jalodhbhava continued to offer resistance till goddess Durga appeared in the form of a bird and dropped a pebble on the errant demon. The pebble assumed the form of the hillock Hariparvat in Srinagar and the demon was crushed. Chapter XXII refers to a blockade of the gorge once again in the ninth century of the Christian era.

Kashyapa, through whose intercession the land of Nila and his *nagas* had been freed from the depredations of the ‘water-born’, addressed Vishnu thus: “This land is fit to be inhabited by human beings, and thus it will be lovely and blessed.” The *nagas*, however, refused to dwell together with human beings and consequently Kashyapa pronounced the curse, “You shall dwell with the *paisacas* (goblins).” He declared that every year in the month of Chaitra, the overlord of the goblins, Nikumbhu, went with a large host to fight the wicked goblins dwelling on an island in the midst of the Ocean of Sand far in the north. After fighting the goblins for six months he returned on the fifteenth of the bright fortnight of Asvayuj to repair to the Himalayas for six months. Kashyapa decreed that the land was granted to Nikumbhu for his abode in winter and that men would dwell here in summer.

Nila was upset at the prospect of having to dwell with goblins and with great humility submitted that the *nagas* would dwell with men rather than with cruel goblins. At this stage Vishnu interceded and limited the curse of Kashyapa to only four aeons during which the goblins would live here for six months in winter. The *nagas* in this land would dwell with human beings thereafter. He also pronounced that the land would be famous as *Kashmir* after the name of the sage Kashyapa and that the people living here would perform rites and ceremonies advised by Nila* for their own happiness and prosperity.

For four aeons thereafter men from surrounding lands came to Kashmir in the month of Chaitra. They tilled the land, raised crops, gathered the harvest and departed to Darvabhisara³ leaving the valley to the flesh-eating goblins. Once an old Brahmin, Chandradeva by name, being weary of life, declined to accompany his fellow-countrymen on their trek out of the valley. When Nikumbhu returned to the valley in Asvayuj, his goblins pounced upon the Brahmin and began to play with him mischievously, much to his distress. Extreme cold, to which he was as yet unused, almost benumbed him. However, he managed to slip away from the stranglehold of the goblins and running for life he came to the abode of Nila, the lord

³ Darvabhisara is identified as the hill tract just outside the valley of the Jhelum between this river and the Chenab. It includes places like Poonch and Rajauri.

*Editor- Many Kashmiris are performing some of these rituals even now.

of the *nagas*. It was at the very ‘spot where the bed of the lake Satisar had been struck by the gods with the plough and the water drained out.

When he reached the spot, he found the lord of the *nagas* being worshipped by the chief of the goblins, Nikumbhu, and hundreds of *nagas* and *naga* maidens were in attendance upon him. Chandradeva, the fugitive Brahmin, thought it opportune time to open his case. He fell on his knees before the lord of the serpents and pronounced a hymn of praise preluded with a benediction. Nila felt pleased and addressing the Brahmin in suitable words he invited him to dwell in his (i.e. Nila’s) abode. He also bade him choose any boon dear to his heart.

Chandradeva was awaiting just such an opportunity. He portrayed the difficulties of the people of Kashmir in having to vacate their land in winter and ardently prayed that they be permitted to live in the valley permanently. “Let it be so”, replied Nila in an expansive mood “O most exalted among the Brahmins, let your people abide here for ever, faithfully carrying out the rites and observances necessary for the purpose”.

The Brahmin took his abode with the lord of the serpents and passed the happiest six months of his life thus. The people began to return from the plains in the month of Chaitra. A few days later came their king, Viryodana. They never expected again to set their eyes on Chandradeva, for they thought he had fallen a prey to the goblins. Great was their astonishment and delight when he greeted them and made obeisance to the king. He related to them all that had happened, giving details of the rites⁴ to be observed so they could live in the valley permanently. On hearing this the people rejoiced. They built dwelling houses and temples, villages and towns, and took a vow to celebrate festivals in honour of deities and other superhuman beings. Some of these festivals and rites continue to this day. The Chaitra festival was celebrated as late as the reign of Zain-ul-abdin (A. D. 1420-70) and the king joined his subjects in the festivities.

⁴ Among the rites prescribed where that (i) the people should drink new wine on the first fall of snow every year and (ii) they should celebrate the birthday of the Buddha, as Vishnu’s avatar, on the fifteenth day of the bright half of Baisakh. It will be recalled that in his *Dashavatara-charita*, Kshemendra of the 11th century A. D., mentions the Buddha as the ninth of the ten incarnations of Vishnu.

A King Enjoys Killing Elephants

DURING the fourth century A.D. India was invaded by a foreign race called the White Huns. These west-Asian horse-men had earlier invaded Europe but were finally defeated in 451 A.D. In India also they were not allowed to rule for long and were finally over-thrown in 545 A.D. One of the last rulers was Miharkula⁵ who, defeated by Yasovarman about 530 A. D., had thus to flee India. While on his flight he changed his mind and persuaded the king of Kashmir to grant him asylum. But he soon repaid the debt of gratitude when he disposed of the ruler and usurped the throne. "His approach became known," says Kalhana, "by the sight of vultures, crows and the like, eager to feed on those being massacred by his encircling army."

In those far off times Kashmir was remote from the plains of India and there was, of course, no system of highways in the modern sense. Even as late as the reign of Aurungzeb, it took the king several months to undertake a sojourn to Kashmir and he reached the valley in the month of May/June when he had left Delhi in December of the previous year.

Twelve hundred years earlier Mihirkula wormed his way into Kashmir through these mountain paths. His baggage train included elephants. While ascending the Pir Panchal the foot of an elephant slipped and the tusker went hurtling down the mountain. Life is dear to the beast no less than to man and the unfortunate elephant trumpeted distressfully appealing, perhaps, to the king for help. But "Mihirkula of violent deeds" enjoyed the fatal moaning in the spirit of the supernatural beings inimical to mankind. So much did his ears feel tickled by the sound that he caused another elephant to be hurled down in order to cater to his enjoyment. He became intoxicated with it, his appetite for 'monstrous music' grew and a hundred elephants found their death that day in the gorge of the Pir Panchal to satiate the perversity of the king⁶. Truly could it be said of the incident reminiscent of Nero:

*As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods.
They kill us for their sport.*

⁵ There is considerable disparity in the chronology of Kalhana but the historians have no doubt as to the identity of the White Huns.

⁶ See Appendix

The spot where the elephant slipped has acquired the name of Hastivanj. With all that Mihirkula founded a shrine in Srinagar, built a town, gave grants to Brahmins and re-established pious observances.

This king once decided to divert the river Chandrakulya.⁷ The labourers confronted a rock in midstream and could not remove it even with all their combined might. The presence of the rock caused an obstruction and the king's plan was thus being wrecked. But the latter was dead set on accomplishing his desire though he found no way out immediately.

At night he had a dream and the gods spoke to him about the problem which was hanging heavy on his heart. It was not a mere rock, they told him, that thwarted his efforts; his men were striking against the citadel of a mighty *yaksa*. They were bound to fail, for not even an army of labourers could dislodge the *yaksa* as he was an ascetic wedded to celibacy and was bound to repel any efforts to overthrow him by physical might. But, continued the celestial beings, the yaksha was vulnerable to chastity and were a chaste woman to touch the rock, he would not have the power to obstruct.

The king was delighted, for he had been provided with a double-edged weapon. He could now have the rock removed and, what was perhaps more amusing to him, prick the bubble of the much-vaunted chastity of the nobility and the elite. The next morning he revealed his dream to his courtiers and commanded that a chaste woman be asked to touch the rock. It was the privilege of the ladies of the palace and of high families to approach the rock in the order of priority and each of them returned with a stain on her fair name when the rock stood still. The reputation of so many ladies became suspect that people came to regard the dream as another whim of the king to harass his subjects.

When the ladies of the noble stock had failed to move the rock, the turn to try her luck fell to the lot of a poor woman. Chandrawati was the wife of a potter. Those others who had endeavoured in vain sneered at her when she approached the rock: "This woman who can be tempted by a tinsel toy to forswear her gods!" But the potter's wife trod with confidence and

⁷ "I am unable to identify the Chandrakulya of the above story" —A Stein. Some people identify Candrakulya with the present Tsuntikul.

touched the rock. Lo! the wonder of wonders! the rock did move eventually at her touch.

The king was full of wrath and had all those women of high families slaughtered who had failed to move the rock. Truly has Kalhana compared him to the God of Destruction.

How Srinagar was Founded

SRINAGAR shares with very few cities the distinction of being one of the oldest capitals. It was originally founded by Asoka more than two thousand years ago. The site of Asoka's city was on the outskirts of the present city, about one mile to the south of the hill of Shankaracharya. The present city was founded by Pravarasena II around the hill of Sharika or Hariparbat. How it happened is told by the historian.

Pravarasena ascended the throne after the abdication of Matrgupta, protege of Vikramaditya. After having attended to the affairs of the state for about ten years he felt that he could give material shape to his ambitions. The greatest of these was to build a city that would defeat time and immortalise his name. The existing city was subject to floods frequently. He surveyed several sites but none of these came upto his expectations.

The anxiety to find the right spot and to lay the foundation of the city at an auspicious moment did not let him rest. His mind was occupied with the thought during the day and at night his sleep was disturbed by dreams about the city he had set his heart upon. In one of his dreams he got a clue that the city he was looking for was to the north and that he would learn about it only at night. One dark night he left his palace and strolled further down along the bank of the Jhelum.

He reached a place which was a crematorium and the king saw the area lit up with funeral fires. The place was probably the island of Maisuma and the flames from the pyres near the present Kavji Mohalla projected the shadows of the trees in different directions. The king's attention was drawn to a mighty form across the river. It was obviously a giant extraordinary even for those hoary days, his eyes were hideous flames and his tongue was a brand of fire directed towards the king. In stature he rivalled the loftiest trees and his girth was commensurate with it. All in all, the giant was an embodiment of terror magnified beyond human conjecture.

The giant extended his arms and with a guffaw unimaginably dreadful he tried to draw the puny human towards himself. Even with all that he failed to disturb the equanimity of the king. In fact the exercise of all his powers

to strike terror into the heart of the king provoked laughter from the latter. The giant was happy to note the lofty courage of the king and told him that he was the third individual to whom he had made himself known, the other two being Vikramaditya and Shudraka, both celebrated kings. Of the three he considered Pravarasena to be endowed with utmost courage and daring, as not a trace of awe had entered the heart of this king when he first encountered the giant. Feeling pleased with him he said, "If you come to me I shall answer all your questions and disclose to you anything that you find veiled in mystery. If you find it difficult to cross the river wait a moment till I extend my leg to your side". Having said so the giant bridged the river Mahasarit (the present Tsunti Kul) with his leg and the king strode along the shin, steadying his steps with the help of his dagger, till he reached the other side near what is now called Khudbal.

"Who are you ?"" asked the king when he reached the other side.

"I am the Bhairva, Vetala by name, a slave of the Almighty Shiva" was his reply.

The Bhairava told the king that it had pleased his heart to meet so valiant a man as he. He told him that it was his (the king's) ambition to found a city which would exist as long as the mountains. "If you," he continued, "go in the direction of the north the next morning, you will reach a spot spread over with reddish clay. You should lay the foundation of the city at that very spot at the propitious moment, and the city would last through the vicissitudes of time." The Bhairava indicated the propitious hour for the purpose, caused the king to recross the river and disappeared.

In an age when large cities which have survived the onslaught of centuries are numerous, anxiety to build a city that would last appears to be superficial. Over a thousand years ago, however, small cities appeared to be as fragile as breath and very few of the famous cities of the age have actually survived. Only a well-built and well governed city could stand the buffets of time in the shape of conflagration, invasion, epidemic or famine besides the calamities of a geographical nature like floods and drought. The valley of Kashmir is dotted with the remains of ancient capitals that lasted a few generations only.

The next day the king surveyed the land to the north as advised by the Bhairava and came to the hill of Hariparbat which was a few miles from his palace. Here he observed all the indications mentioned by the Bhairava, including the colour of the clay. He drove away a mighty demon who haunted the place, laid the foundation of his city at the propitious hour and gave it the name Pravapura.

The king made arrangements for building the new capital. He entrusted the task to Jaya who was a well-known architect. At the centre of the town he built a temple dedicated to Shiva. Some people believe that the temple existed by the [current] site of Ziarat Bahaud-Din Sahib. It is said that the Dal Lake did not exist then and a meadow called the Vetalinimarg stood where the placid waters stretch today and it was only later that a mighty earthquake filled the meadow with water and converted it into a lake. The city of Pravarasena, therefore, suffered from a scarcity of water. The king circumvented the difficulty by diverting the course of the Vitasta or Jhelum. A barrage was raised by sinking boats laden with earth and stones into the deep river bed and the place has come to be known as Nawapora or the abode of boats, from *nav* meaning a boat. A canal therefore flowed near the foot of Hariparbat. He also had a causeway built to facilitate communication.

Hariparbat became the radial centre of the city and from its summit could be commanded a panoramic view of the lofty and magnificent buildings, gardens and moors, hill and dale stretching all around to the distant hilly ramparts of the valley. There were few cities in India to compete with it. Having taken pains to make his city magnificent the king was anxious to take all steps to protect it from any harm. He invoked the aid of gods and other powers unseen by man and therefore raised numerous temples and shrines to these deities and endowed land for their upkeep. Five of the temples built by him were unrivalled in magnificence. They were (1) Maheshwari near the foundations of which [later] Sultan Sikander built the Jama Masjid, (2) Lokeshwari which was [later] converted into a burial ground for the Sultans of Kashmir and is now known as the tomb of Badshah. (3) Parvateshwari near Pokhribal, (4) Kalishwari, dedicated to the goddess Kali which was later pulled down and close to its foundation was raised Khanaqahi Muala and (5) Sadbhavashri which is now the tomb of Sultan Qutub-ud-din. He also consecrated eight shrines to eight Bhairavas or inferior deities charged with the protection of the city.

Besides this, holy men approached by him in all humility were requested to give their benedictions. They included Vardhamanswami near the hill of Shankaracharya and Sangramswami at Harwan. In the course of his visits to Harwan to have the benefit of conversing with the holy man he frequently stayed at a place a couple of miles on this side and built a mansion which came to be known as Shalamar. Gradually a village developed there and later on the garden of unrivalled beauty was laid out in the form in which it exists there today.

Among the better known kings of ancient Kashmir, new capitals were founded by the illustrious Lalitaditya, Jayapida, Avantivarman and Shankarvarman. Time has effaced their cities; Parihasapura, Jayapura, Avantipura and Shankarpatan. But Pravapura, the city of Pravarasena has withstood the ravages of time and continues to be the city of lofty buildings and gardens, canals and meadows. The only effect of the centuries is that the name of Pravarasena has ceased to be associated with it and the city continues to be called by its original name Srinagar.

The Plebeian Son-in-Law

THE Rajatarangini opens with an account of Gonanda I, the founder of a house of kings who ruled Kashmir for hundreds of years. Gonanda participated in the Mahabharata war wherein he embraced the earth in an encounter with Balarama, the brother of Sri Krishna. The last ruler of the house of Gonanda was named Baladitya. He is referred to as 'Baladitya of glorious power', the terror of hostile kings.

Baladitya was gifted with a beautiful daughter but had no male issue. Anangalekha, the gazelle-eyed princess, was the 'shimmering moonlight on the ocean of love'. Once when she was seated by the side of her father an astrologer, reading the indicative marks on her person, declared that after the death of the king, Baladitya, the sovereignty would pass from the house of Gonanda and kiss the feet of his son-in-law, the husband of Anangalekha.

Much though he loved his daughter, Baladitya did not react favourably to the prediction of his astrologer. In fact he took it as a timely warning and decided to make sure that his son-in-law had no chance of succeeding to the throne. He wanted to turn the course of destiny with human endeavour. To secure this end he decided to give his daughter in marriage to a young man who had no blood tie with the royal family or any ruling house.

The king had it broadcast that he would give his peerless Anangalekha in marriage to the most handsome young man. He thus kept the door open for the rejection of princes and members of ruling families. His choice ultimately fell on a young man named Durlabhvardhana who was an official in charge of horse-fodder. It was a rare distinction for the petty official in the army remount to be raised to the lofty position of the son-in-law of the king. Nobody, however, knew why the king had thus deviated from the long standing tradition and bestowed his daughter on a plebeian. Meanwhile Durlabhvardhana, who was gifted with a rare charm of appearance and wit, came through his wedlock to possess wealth and fortune that he had never dreamt of.

Baladitya's plans succeeded so far and he went about his business in peace, thinking that his son-in-law did not stand a chance to claim his throne after him and that the rule of the house of Gonanda was bound to

survive his death. On his part Durlabhvardana was conscious of the shortcoming of his birth. The idea of his securing the throne did not take root in his heart and he was content with the good fortune that befell him.

But his good fortune was not absolute as he soon discovered to his dismay. Anangalekha, his wife, was not faithful to her husband. Being the only child of her parents she had grown into a spoilt child. The intoxication of youth and the meekness of her husband made it more difficult for her to restrain herself on the slippery path. Detecting her indifference to him and her absolute lack of affection, he was consumed with sorrow and his body grew thin.

One night when he could no longer bear the pangs of sorrow on account of the corruption of her soul, Durlabhvardana ventured to slip into the interior chamber of his wife. The sight that met his eyes there petrified him at first and next sent his body aflame with wrath. He discovered his wife relaxed in slumber and her state convinced him that she had enjoyed intimacy with her lover who was lying by her side. Who had succeeded the most handsome young man in the affections of the princess, Anangalekha? He was Khankha, the minister of Baladitya. Two other brothers of Khankha, named Satrughna and Malava were also ministers and the three had founded a convent and a temple and built an embankment. Notwithstanding that, Khankha cast longing eyes on the princess, his master's daughter. He gained access to her chamber by offering bribes to her attendants or by conferring honour upon them. He had thus come to possess her mind completely and enjoyed her company unmindful of any rival or risk.

When Durlabhvardhana found his wife thus, the gnawing pangs of jealousy urged him to seek relief by beheading her Paramour. A little reflection made the unfortunate husband restrain his hand. Women, he came to think, who were pursuers of physical love, pulled men downwards. "Why should a sense of ownership of gazelle-eyed women possess sensible men?" he ruminated. Ultimately he overcame his passion for vengeance. But before leaving the chamber he wrote on the edge of the scarf of Khankha, "Remember that you have not been slain though you deserved to be killed."

The little piece of writing helped Durlabhavardhana to gain the throne. After he had left the chamber of his wife, Khankha woke up and read the sentence. He was overcome with gratitude for the generosity of the King's son-in-law who had spared his life and forgetting Anangalekha he resolved to requite him. In course of time Baladitya, the king, passed away and having no male issue his throne remained unoccupied for some time. There was a wide diversity of opinion among the courtiers and the elders as to the successor. Khankha took the loose-ends of this political and diplomatic activity into his own hands and, having won the support of the principal leaders, he had Durlabhvardhana anointed king in accordance with the rites. Thus did the minister requite his gratitude and thus was the prophecy of the astrologer fulfilled. Karkota Naga whose offspring he really was had begotten⁸ him for the crown when his mother had taken a purificatory bath at the spring, though the people did not know it.

⁸ "Durlabha", says Cunningham, "is said to have been the son of a Naga, or Dragon. By this appellation I understand that his family was given to ophiolatry, or serpent worship, which had been prevailing religion of Kashmir from time immemorial. *The Ancient Geography of India*.

Jayapida Persecutes Brahmins

The reign of Jayapida (A. D. 746-81) was eventful to the highest degree. He led many expeditions in pursuit of adventure and conquest, and vastly added to his reputation as a conqueror. He founded new cities, built palaces and temples, dug canals and set up a strong administration. Truly had his grandfather predicted a great future for him. The king respected Brahmins and men of learning who adorned his court like a galaxy. In fact some of them came from distant places to enjoy the bliss of his patronage.

Towards the close of his reign, however, the king did all he could to tease and harass his Brahmin subjects. He imposed heavy taxes on them and hated them. What was responsible for this sudden change in the policy of the king?

On his return from one of his expeditions Jayapida did not find his favourite queen who was a paragon of beauty. He was told that the queen had died a sudden death. The king was stricken with grief but being helpless sought diversion in the affairs of state. It was his practice to leave the palace in disguise and see for himself how the people fared under his rule. One night, while he was on one such round, he observed a concourse of people standing in front of a goldsmith's shop listening to a tale, told in doggerel verse in the vulgar tongue, about the love of a Brahmin youth with the queen who was dead. The people laughed and whistled and clapped their hands as the tale of love was unravelled. The king joined the bystanders and learnt all the details of the unfortunate death of his queen.

He learnt that on one occasion while the queen was on a visit to a temple, her beauty and grace deeply wounded the heart of a young Brahmin. This silly lad grew so infatuated that he began to languish and the physicians lost all hope of his living unless his craving was satisfied; and yet how could that be? One day the mother of the lad entreated the queen for a boon to save her only son from certain death. When the queen expressed willingness to save the lad for the sake of his afflicted mother, the latter told her what the lad was sick of and what could cure him. The queen was astounded but could do nothing as she had rashly given her word to a distressed Brahmin woman. She sought the advice of her preceptor if anything could expiate a grave sin incurred in saving a man from certain death and was told that distribution of largess was the remedy. The queen

sent word to the Brahmin lady and the lad was one night admitted to her chamber secretly. He was beside himself with joy on the attainment of the well-nigh impossible object on which he had set his silly heart.

The next morning the queen took the preceptor into confidence and confessed her sin. He shook his head gravely and declared that earlier she had not even remotely hinted at infidelity which was so great a sin that expiation could be made for it only if the queen immolated herself on a burning pyre. The queen did so. The narrator of the tale invested the narration with a satire and humour which cut the king to the quick.

Jayapida returned to his palace. The next morning he sent for the narrator of the tale, the goldsmith and the others, and had all the details corroborated. The Brahmin lad, the preceptor and many other Brahmins including courtiers, noblemen, officials, astrologers, and scholars were put to the sword. He had their books and manuscripts consigned to the waves. Officials were encouraged to devise new ways of persecuting Brahmins and, in fact, of exterminating them. He imposed fines on his subjects and Shibdasa, the head of the finance department, endeared himself to the king by devising new taxes on the subjects. This vindictiveness grew on what it fed on. For three years the officials seized the harvest together with the cultivators' share. Thousands were deprived of life, for the king called for a report if on any day less than a hundred Brahmins were put to death.

On their own part the Brahmins faced the persecution with exemplary conduct. Many of them died and some fled the country, but tyranny emboldened the others to put up resistance. The gifted poets amongst them reversed their eulogies and wrote satires. One day while he was encamped on the bank of the Chandrabhaga (i. e. the Sindh) he ordered the resumption of the lands attached to the sacred shrine of Tulamula. Ninety nine Brahmins were also drowned in the river nearby but that did not satiate the vindictive frenzy of the king. Soon after the Brahmins from the village of Tulamula approached him to protest against the king's chamberlain who had insultingly struck them in accordance with the instructions of the king.

"Sire!" they added, "Brahmins have not experienced insults to their honour even from such exalted beings as Manu, Mandhatr and Rama of

the illustrious Raghu clan. To insult a Brahmin is to play with fire, for when inflamed with anger he is able to burn down in a moment the paradise with Indra". In his arrogance the king pooh-poohed the Brahmins saying, "How impudent on the part of the beggars living on almsgrain to talk so big as if you were *rishis*!"

The leader of the Brahmins was one Ittila who made bold to say, "In the age which tolerates you as a ruler why are we not *rishis*."

The king laughed hilariously, "Ha! ha! are you then Visvamitra, Vasistha or perchance Agastya?" Ittila was stung with the sarcastic hilarity of the king and overcome with anger hit back, "If you are Harischandra, Trishanku or perchance a Nahusa, then I am Visvamitra indeed".

The king was unmoved by all this rhetorical repartee and was by no means in a mood to have any sympathy with the tyrannised Brahmins. He addressed the victims in his arrogant, sarcastic hauteur, "If it is so," he said, "wherefore this inordinate delay? Let the punishment the Brahmins desire to inflict fall immediately." "There it falls, you miscreant", rejoined Ittila, stamping his foot significantly.

The moment he uttered this curse, one of the golden poles supporting the canopy which stretched over them slipped and hit the vain king. He fell into a swoon. When he came to, he saw a deep wound on his body caused by the pole. The wound would not heal for all the treatment it received. It turned into running sore and nursed worms which had to be removed with pincers.

Jayapida saw the lowest depth of pain, misery and helplessness till in the fullness of time death came to his rescue. According to Birbal Kachru's unpublished *Twarikhi Kashmir*, prolonged agony at last humbled the king's arrogance. He sent for the aggrieved Brahmin Ittila and appealed to his mercy in all humility for instantaneous death or relief. He took an oath that he would not be the cause of trouble to anyone else. Ittila took pity on him. Burning his grass sandal he put a little of the ash on the sore and prayed to God for the king in agony. The sore was cured. The king sent his servants round to Brahmins requesting forgiveness. Ittila was installed in the royal palace with honour and Jayapida kept the promise not to trouble Brahmins.

An Engineer is Discovered

THE dynasty of the illustrious Lalitaditya, descendants of the divorced wife of the merchant of Rohtak, failed in the course of time to produce a ruler strong enough to hold the land together. The feudal lords raised their head and at last in A. D. 855 Suravarman, the prime minister, placed on the throne a young man named Avantivarman. Avantivarman did not belong to the royal family. His grandfather Utpala had gained favour at the court through his sister Jayadevi, a courtesan married to Lailitapida, Jayapida's son, and his great grand-father had been a spirit-distiller; but the minister found some promise in Avantivarman and exalted him to kingship.

Avantivarman was a good and strong ruler. He suppressed rebels and anti-social elements, and respected scholars and learned men. Kailata Bhata, the well-known exponent of Shaivism, Ratnakar, the predecessor of Kalhana who wrote the history of Kashmir from the earliest times down to his own day, Shivaswamin, poet, Ramata, an authority on grammar, Anandvardhan, poet and rhetorician who gave us *Dhavanyaloka*, all enjoyed the patronage of the king. They proceeded to the Sabha of the king in vehicles (litters) worthy of kings. He founded Avantipora and built there the temples dedicated to Avantishvara and Avantisvamin, the ruins of which are seen to this day by everyone travelling by road to Srinagar.

During his reign the country suffered a terrible visitation. One night a mighty earthquake occurred, and a hill below Baramulla crumbled into the narrow bed of the Jhelum below and blockaded the river. The people, however, came to attribute the landslide to a mighty demon and fled far away from that direction lest any evil befall them.

The real demon was, however, alive and active, working every minute to the detriment of the whole country. It was the Jhelum which, finding its course impeded, turned its bed into a lake. The water rose higher and higher, the river sprang out of its bed and made inroads on the areas in its vicinity. Every hour the river extended its empire till a vast lake was formed. What were fields flourishing with paddy became a part of the bed of this vast lake or formed its backwaters. Cultivable land shrank and the produce dwindled. Famine began to stalk the country and a *kharwar* of paddy was sold for 1050 *dinnars*. People began to die of starvation.

The king was greatly distressed. He wanted to do something for the people but did not know what would save the situation. Everybody dreaded the 'demon inside the river who had caused the blockade' and none was prepared to risk 'certain death' by approaching the site. How could the king save his people ?

At last he received tidings that a certain wise man named Suyya was willing to place his services at the disposal of the king to fight the famine caused by the accumulation of water. It came to the king like a ray of light in a dark dense forest and he wanted to meet the man and discuss the problem with him. His courtiers advised him against it, for Suyya was known as a *chandala* and what would anyone expect of one belonging to that caste? Suyya was actually a foundling picked and brought up by a *chandala* woman. She had very much been struck by the appearance of the infant whom she found sucking his thumb when she first saw it. He grew up to be precocious, surprised everyone with his intelligence and came to be called after his mother.

In spite of his ministers, however, the king sought the help of Suyya and accepted both his conditions, viz., gave him pot full of gold and allowed him a free hand.

Of course, Suyya did not share with the ignorant the belief of existence of the demon and his first aim was to drive away the water-wraith from its abode in the hearts of the people. He got it proclaimed that he was going to drop pot-fulls of gold coins into the river and anybody who recovered a coin could keep it. The courtiers at once reported the matter to the king pointing out how the *chandala* was out to waste the precious metal when the state was already impoverished on account of the scarcity of food. But the king had confidence in the ability of Suyya and he paid no heed to this complaint.

On the appointed day Suyya found that hundreds of people had come far and near to see him drop the gold coins into the river. This place near Khadanyar was called Yakodar or the cleft of the demon. It was a spur projecting into the river bed nearly three miles below the Baramulla gorge. Rocks and boulders rolled down the hill and obstructed the river. He placed himself in a boat which was punted to a place near the blockade

and, repeating his promise that whoever got a coin from under water could keep it, he emptied the contents of a pot into the river. Some people were amazed at the futility of his efforts, others thought that he was mad while many more wished he had given them the gold instead of dropping it into water.

Such people had grown sick of life on account of the scarcity of food and the exorbitant prices they were called upon to pay. Finding bright gold coins disappearing in the river the people were filled with a craving for them. Some of them thought of plunging into water to reach out for them irrespective of what might befall. A few of the bolder spirits actually dived into the river after the coins, demon or no demon. The bystanders watched their fate with bated breath. They expected the divers to form a delicious morsel for the demon but no such activity appeared anywhere. The people were astounded when the divers returned to the surface, each of them with bright coins. In doing so they threw up stones, mud and sand and the bed of the river was deepened. The spot came to be known as Dyaragol or the entrance of wealth.

This was the first indication of the success of the plan of Suyya. He had more gold coins dropped into the river with the result that people literally left no stone unturned in recovering them from beneath the water. Having thus exorcised the hobgoblin of fear from the hearts of the people, Suyya was sure to enlist their participation in the task of clearing the obstruction in the course of the river. That was accomplished without any hindrance. A stone dam was built above Dyaragol and the dried-up bed below cleared of all obstruction and deepened for seven days. The dam was then removed. The channel of the Jhelum being thus clear, water was drained out and the artificial lake from Bejbehara to Baramulla disappeared in a few days. He had dropped a potful of money in an unfathomable depth of water at Nandaka near Bijbehara and recovered it from dry land when the village of the same name emerged from the flood. The adjoining land was reclaimed and the alluvial soil raised a bumper harvest. Embankments granted further protection to cultivable land. He caused the Sindh to meet the Jhelum at Shardapur, modern Shadipur, and raised training embankments for it for seven *yojanas* till it fell into the Wular and thence to Baramulla till it entered the adamant mountain walls. The price of rice fell to thirtysix *dinnaras*.

Suyya was able to reclaim from under water a vast area in the vicinity of the Wular. Because of the fertility of the soil it attracted many a settler and grew into a populous village. It came to be called Suyyapur after the illustrious engineer and has been shortened into Sopore. Thus did his countrymen express their appreciation of the efforts made for their well-being by Suyya, the son of a sweeper woman.

A Soldier's Stratagem

THE Central Asian Mongol hordes of the early centuries of the second millennium of the Christian era made themselves notorious by destruction and massacres. Wherever they went, they left behind a trail of blood, bones and ashes. So ruthless were these hordes that the very mention of their visitation struck panic in the hearts of the people. They swept like a whirlwind over vast areas in Asia and spread devastation.

On one occasion one leader came to Afghanistan and conquered it without much effort and anxiety. Kashmir was at that period ruled by Jaisimha (1129-59 A.D.). After decades of misrule, internecine fighting and political instability, Jaisimha had been able to bring into existence some sort of order and cohesion in the country. Jaisimha belonged to the line of Sahi princes who had ruled various principalities in the Panjab, trans-Indus states and Afghanistan. On the arrival of the *Yavanas* or Mongols in the country last named, all these princes felt alarmed and they began to form plans to meet this new danger just outside the door-steps of India. They had, however, not long to wait. The invader soon sent one of his generals across the western mountains to knock at the gateway to the plains of India, and there he stood like a hobgoblin for the people and the princes of India.

The latter had already had a foretaste of the benignity of foreign invaders when by their conduct they had encouraged Mohamad of Ghazni to exercise his lust for power and wealth in the hospitable sub-continent of India. The news of the arrival of the Mongol alarmed them and many princes joined hands to resist his advances. One of the princes who offered himself for the patriotic defence of the country was Jaisimha of Kashmir. During the many years of feud in his family for the possession of the throne of Kashmir, his troops had not allowed their armour to rust nor their bodies to grow palsy. With their characteristic agility they proceeded to the Panjab and arrayed themselves along with others near the bank of the Indus.

This was not the first time for Kashmiri troops to face foreign enemies. Nearly a hundred years earlier they had been rushed by queen Didda to aid Trilochanpal in resisting the invader Mohamad of Ghazni. On that occasion they were led by the minister Tunga, originally a cowherd of

Poonch. Tunga had fought bravely but had not followed to the letter the instructions of the generalissimo with the result that had to cut a sorry figure and lost face. Jaisimha was wiser of this historical fact and he wanted to make his strategy fool proof. The foremost requirement was military intelligence. Jaisimha asked the commander of his forces, Mulchander, scion of the ruling family of Nagarkot, Kangra, to nominate some scouts for the purpose of spying round and within the enemy's lines and report. Mulchander was as wise as he was loyal to his master. There could be no dearth of scouts, but knowing full well that the loyalty of individuals to a master was only skin-deep, especially in Kashmir, Mulchander did not want to entrust the responsibility to any half-penny two-penny fellow and run the risk of betraying to the enemy the secrets of his own army. He pondered over the matter, long and deep, but could spot no one to his own satisfaction. Convinced that there was no alternative, Mulchander decided to undertake the hazardous mission personally.

He put on disguise and when the night spread its dark awning he ventured out. There was not much activity in the camp of the enemy and the Kashmirian spy had no difficulty in fulfilling the purpose he had come for. Using his eyes and ears effectively he made a mental note of everything of any significance throughout the lines. When he was satisfied that his task had practically been accomplished, Mulchander stole into the tent of the Turkish commander himself. This was done with such great ease that his success came to be attributed later to the power of incantations and charms. He was amazed not a little at the complacency of the invading forces, for he found the commander blissfully asleep and there was no one about who could be supposed to be keeping guard over him. Mulchander had a look round and regarded everything with the sharp eye of the experienced soldier that he was. He did not want to kill the adversary in his sleep for fear of incurring sin. It was also against the code of chivalry inherited by him. But to apprise the Turk of his feat he placed his pair of shoes at the pillowed head of the snoring captain and slunk away quietly so that no body in the enemy's camp was any the wiser about the nocturnal visit of the Kashmirian commander.

When the Mongol leader got up in the morning, the pair of shoes in an unfamiliar place caught his attention. He also found a letter the contents of which amazed and alarmed him. It ran, "Mulchander, commander of

the army of Jaisimha, sovereign of Kashmir, reached here when thou wert drowned in the ocean of sleep. It occurred to me that I should sever thy head from thy body and thus rid humanity of thy tyranny and cunning. But I did not deem it befitting either my sense of hospitality or my chivalry to kill an enemy in his slumber. In view of this I desisted from giving thee short shrift. Creatures unwary and careless, as thou art, should not risk confronting men of valour and prowess which is tantamount to seeking the mouth of the python”.

The Turkish commander was so overawed that he sought peace with the ruler of Kashmir and beat a retreat. Jaisimha returned to Kashmir where Mulchander was rewarded with a fief in the valley of the Sindh and exalted to the highest dignity. He built a castle at Gaganger and enjoyed prestige and power throughout his life. His office was inherited by his descendants for several generations.

Kota Hani Meets Her Love

Towards the beginning of the fourteenth century A. D., Kashmir was subjected to an invasion by a Mongol named Zoulqadr Khan. The visitation was one of the worst in the long history of the valley. The Mongols swept over every village and hamlet, carrying bloodshed, death and destruction wherever they went. Sahadeva, the representative of the effete Hindu ruling dynasty, was so completely demoralised that instead of fighting the invader he decided to tax the people and pay a heavy ransom to the invader. But the Brahmins resisted the imposition of a tax and threatened to resort to a hunger strike. The king, therefore, ran for his life to Kishtwar even before Zoulqadr had actually set his feet in the valley. Ramchandra, the commander of the Kashmir army, regarding open conflict futile, took refuge in his castle at Gaganger on the route to Leh where he granted protection to many people. Other nobles similarly sought personal safety wherever they could and the people were left to their own fate. They suffered so badly at the hands of the invader that they betook to hills and forests leaving their hearth and home to the enemy. Thousands met their death in this manner and the presence of the enemy in the midst of this land prevented the survivors from cultivating their lands. Famine took its own toll of the helpless people of Kashmir. On the departure of the Mongol, who met his death along with his troops and 50,000 Kashmirian slaves while on his way back, hardly one person out of ten was left.

After the darkness was dispelled, the people started making efforts to rehabilitate themselves. Ramchandra, the commander-in-chief, emerged from his castle to find his country utterly devastated. As a descendant of Mulchandra, Commander of the armies under Jaisimha (1128-55 AD), he belonged to an illustrious family of warriors who for generations were entrusted with the defence of the country. In the absence of the sovereign the people looked up to Ramchandra for protection and he shifted his headquarters from the hilly Gagangir to Andrakot, a castle near the Manasbal lake in the valley proper. Taking advantage of the destruction caused by Zulqadr Khan's invasion, Khasa tribesmen from the hills to the northwest made skirmishes to extort what they could from the debilitated victims. But Ramchandra took measures to ward them away. He had under him two foreigners who had been driven to the valley by destiny which had in store for each of them a glorious role. One of them was

Renchen, a Tibetan nobleman who had been granted refuge in Kashmir against persecution in Tibet. The other was Shahmir, a Muslim from Swat in the territory between India and Afghanistan. Ramchandra dispatched both of them to meet the Khasas who were thus repelled successfully. For some time peace prevailed. Both the foreigners thus attained eminence and prestige.

This was a situation when anyone enjoying the status of Ramchandra would have ascended the throne to put an end to all uncertainty and given the country a stable administration. But the accredited leader of the people did not do so either out of a sense of loyalty to the sovereign who was alive or because of a feeling of diffidence or modesty. He did not come to Srinagar but continued his stay in his castle at Andrakot. Thus he let the situation get out of hand. The Tibetan refugee Renchan was more shrewd and planned carefully to take advantage of the fluid state of affairs. He could not win over the populace easily to himself because he belonged to a different race and country. But he showed the capacity of satisfying the nobility with a fait accompli and he thus won the throne of Kashmir which was a rare feat for an individual under similar circumstances.

Renchen deceitfully sent some pony loads every day into the fort of Ramchandra under pretence of selling cloth. About this time many Tibetians had come to Kashmir with pony loads of grain because Zulqadr Khan's invasion had led to a severe famine. Conspiring with the Tibetan muleteers, Renchan had small arms concealed in their panniers filled with cloth and grain, and escorted them to the castle of Ramchandra at Lar in response to the latter's demand. These sacks of small arms were kept under lock and key in a godown and Renchen assumed submissiveness and humility to disarm all suspicion. At night he gave the signal. His men got up, grasped the arms and murdered Ramchandra. His son Ravanchandra was held in custody and whoever offered resistance was given short shrift. Having accomplished this task at Andrakot, Renchan hastened to Srinagar where, with the assistance of some nobles and fighting classes, he ascended the throne in A. D. 1320. He met with little resistance.

To consolidate his hold upon the throne, Renchan secured the hand of Ramchandra's daughter Kota Rani in marriage. Her brother, Ravan, was exalted as the prime minister and the fiefs of Lar and the region beyond

were conferred upon him. He also made use of the service of the other foreigner Shahmir who became his envoy and the tutor to his son. In the words of the historian Jonaraja, “Renchana dried the tears in the eyes of the Brahmins whom the King had fined.”

Renchana wanted to make his occupation of the throne inviolate. Being a Buddhist he wanted to be admitted to the privileges of Hinduism in order to bring about solidarity and unity in the country. The Brahmins under their head Devaswami turned down this request. Aware of the handicap of his race and religion, Renchan declared that he would adopt the faith of the person upon whom he set his eyes first at dawn. The next morning his curiosity was aroused when he heard the words “Allah O Akbar, Allah O Akbar” (God is great). He got up and saw Syed Sharaf-ud-din alias Bulbul Shah, a devout Muslim, offering his prayers by the river bank. Renchan was so impressed by him that he embraced Islam and came to be known as Malik Sadr-ud-Din (or Renchan Shah). Whether the conversion was planned in this fashion by Shahmir, who was eager to strengthen his own position, is not clear. Apparently nobody took it ill and in fact people in high places felt induced to embrace the faith of the sovereign. The members of the king's household were followed by Kota Rani's brother, Ravan Chandra, into the fold of Islam. Many noblemen and officials followed suit and there appeared to be no organised revolt or resentment in any quarter against this conversion. A revolution of far-reaching consequences took place silently and imperceptibly, not through the instrumentality of a Muslim conqueror but a Tibetan refugee who was born a Buddhist.

Malik Sadr-ud-Din (or Renchan Shah) died after a reign of about three years in A. D. 1323 as a result of fatal wounds he received while fighting in a revolt by Tukka, the dismissed prime minister. Sahadeva's brother Udyan Deva had taken refuge in Pakhli, the hilly region of the northwest when Zulqadr Khan had subjected Kashmir to his visitation. Finding the time ripe he returned and ascended the throne with the support of the nobles and Renchan's widow Kota Rani whom he married. He made Shahmir his prime minister. He had enjoyed the throne hardly for three or four years when a Turkish invader, Urden, entered the valley at the head of a large force and Udyandeva fled the country to seek shelter in Ladakh. His queen, Kota Rani, was made of a sterner stuff. Scion of a family of warriors, she directed Shahmir, the prime minister, to organise resistance

against the invader. Shahmir who also was tutor to Haider, son of RENCHANA and KOTA RANI, rose to the occasion and united all the feudal chiefs against the invader by reminding them of the consequences of their disunity against ZULQADR KHAN. KOTA also played her part tactfully. She wrote to the invader that as the country was without a king he might govern as if he were the head of the dynasty. He was deceived and sent his troops away. On pretence of celebrating festivities the nobles detained and ultimately defeated him. Shahmir was thus the acknowledged leader of the nobility and UDYANDEVA, who returned to his country, entrusted the administration entirely to his hands. UDYANDEVA passed away after a few years in 1339 A.D. KOTA RANI his widow spent fifty days in mourning over his death in the castle of ANDRAKOT which being an island could be defended.

When Shahmir lived in his native village of Swat, his grand-father, who was credited with considerable spiritual powers, is said to have prophesied that his grandson would become the king of Kashmir and that his descendants would occupy the throne for several generations. This had prompted Shahmir to migrate to Kashmir along with his family in A.D. [130]. SAHADEVA had conferred upon him a fief in KRUHIN near BARAMULLA. Shahmir had kept his real intention a secret but found himself moving towards the goal step by step. Finding the throne without a sovereign and the royal family deep in mourning, he felt that the opportune time had arrived for him to attain the exaltation in his destiny as prophesied by his ancestor. He left KOTA RANI and her family to their mourning at ANDRAKOT and came to SRINAGAR and entered into a conspiracy with many nobles and fighting classes like the LAVANYAS (LONES). He had already won over several feudal lords with suitable matrimonial alliances. The lords of PATTAN, BHRINGHI and BHANGIL were married to Shahmiri daughters while the daughters of others entered his own household. Those who were won over were promised a share in the spoils of his adventure while seeds of dissension were sown amongst those who still appeared to be loyal to the family of the deceased sovereign.

KOTA was aware of the adverse possibilities in the fluid situation and, for fear of Shahmir, kept the death of UDYANDEVA a secret for four days. She even discarded Haider, her eldest son by RENCHEN, lest Shahmir raise him to the throne under his own guardianship. Out of the same fear KOTA bestowed honour on the commander-in-chief BHATTA BHIKSHANA who

brought up her younger son. Shahmir was however, determined to outwit her and her nobles. Seeing a strong rival in Bhatta Bhikshana, he acted quickly. Out of a stratagem, he pretended illness and it came to be known that his end was near. Kota wanted to make sure and sent Bhatta Bhikshana to him along with others. They found Shahmir's palace overcast with gloom on account of impending death and people were discussing whether perspiration was good for one suffering from biliousness.

In view of this turn in the health of Shahmir, Kota's emissary agreed to see him alone. When he came into the presence of the so-called patient, the latter sprang up and killed him. Hearing this news Kota determined to besiege Shahmir but was deterred by her ministers, who were favourably disposed towards Shahmir, from taking such a step. "It is the decree of fate,"⁹ they said.

Shahmir proclaimed himself king with the support of his feudal allies in A. D. 1339. He took several steps to rally the people round him. The nobles who helped him were amply rewarded and he fixed the land rent from the farmers at one fifth of the produce. In spite of that he felt that he could not be secure as long as Kota Rani was not reconciled to his sovereignty. She had egged him on to fight the Turkish invader Urden and she could as well inspire others to revolt against his own accession to the throne. Deciding upon nipping in the bud this evil to his throne Shahmir rushed to Andrakot and sent to the bereaved queen the offer of marriage. Mindful of his antecedents and his status as the protege of her family she promptly spurned the offer. His first plan having failed, Shahmir laid siege to the castle. Her commander-in-chief Bhiksanabhata had been foully killed by Shahmir and many of her supporters, having shifted their allegiance advised her to submit to the usurper. Being thus hard-pressed Kota Rani could not offer any resistance and reluctantly agreed to his proposal of marriage. Shahmir raised the siege and Kota Rani

⁹ In 1947 Jawaharlal Nehru and other Indian leaders passed through a similar emotional experience when circumstances compelled them to accept partition of the erstwhile Indian subcontinent. In the words of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad in *India Wins Freedom*, "Jawaharlal asked me in despair what other alternative was there to accepting partition. He recognised that partition was evil, but held that circumstances were inevitably leading in that direction. He said that it was inevitable and it would be wisdom not to oppose what was bound to happen."

accompanied him to Srinagar after the marriage ceremony was solemnised.

That night Shams-ud-din awaited his last-wed queen in his bed chamber. She was to be more than a wedded woman and queen, for with her acquiescence all the apprehensions of revolt against his rule would end and immense political power would accrue to him. Bedight in resplendent garments and scintillating jewels she stepped into his chamber. As each of her legs moved forward her anklets yielded melodious notes and a cascade of perfume was unleashed. No emperor could have desired a more rapturous climax to his quest for love and power. But when Shahmir advanced to receive Kota in his arms, she drew out a dagger from under her garments and thrust it into her chest even before the dazed king caught its significance. "This is my acceptance of the proposal for sharing his bed," she declared as blood spurted from her breast. Shams-ud-din stood aghast for a while. He had not bargained for such a consummation. Having seized the coveted throne and founded a ruling dynasty he had failed to win over the coveted lady of the land. Thus a political and dynastic revolution with far-reaching consequences took place without a bang. The invasions of Zolqadr Khan and Urden created conditions favourable for a change, a rupture with the past, but the revolution was accomplished with comparative quiet primarily because of internal dissensions. The people of Kashmir who claimed descent from Kashyap and other sages moved towards a new synthesis of their cultural heritage enriched with the Islamic stream.

Zain-ul-abidin and Shri Buth

The dynasty of kings founded in Kashmir by Shahmir, the migrant from Swat, ruled the valley for nearly two hundred years. During this period the bulk of the population of Kashmir and the surrounding hills embraced the Islamic faith, generally either for reasons of a political or social nature, or sometimes under persecution. Cases of conversion motivated by sincere feeling were not ruled out, especially because of the affinities between the *sufism* of Islam and Kashmir *Shaivism*. Lavanyas of the earlier generations became 'Lons', Margesas turned into 'Magres' or 'Maliks' and Damras flourished as Dars. People changed their religion but followed their own calling. Proselytising from Hinduism to Islam was carried on by the hundreds of Syeds who had sought asylum here from oppression by the Turks and the Mongols in Central Asia and enjoyed the patronage of the kings of Kashmir.

Sikandar, usually called *But-shikan*, or the iconoclast, ascended the throne in A. D. 1381. On account, partly of his own predilections and partly under the advice of his prime minister Suhabhatta, a neo-convert, he resorted to fanatical persecution of the non-Muslims. Temples and shrines were demolished, idols broken to pieces and scriptures and manuscripts thrown into the Dal. The Hindus were asked to accept the religion of the ruling dynasty or flee the country and naturally became the victims of oppression. The *jaziya* or poll tax and other discriminatory imposts were levied on them. Consequently many of them either became converts or migrated to the plains. Quite a number of them preferred death and those who survived could be counted on the finger-tips. It is said that only eleven families of Brahmins were left in the valley.

The Hindus naturally felt harassed, oppressed and downtrodden. Their hearts were lacerated. A little over fifty years earlier the Brahmins were so strong that they successfully resisted the attempt of Suhadeva to impose taxes in order to propitiate Zulchu or Zulqadr Khan. Now they had been reduced to a handful in their own country and suffered persecution at the hands of those neo-converts to Islam whom they had dominated and commanded. In the name of proselytisation the state encouraged the lawless elements rather than grant the law-abiding Brahmins protection against persecution. Those handful of Brahmins who stuck to their faith and their land of birth against all these odds were possessed of a

commendable spirit indeed, verily like those Christians who bore the sign of the cross in their hearts.

The cycle of time and circumstances does not, however, stand still. In the course of time Sikandar, the iconoclast, and Saifdin, the former Suhabhattacha, succumbed to death and after a spell of civil war and uncertainty Zain-ul-abdin ascended the throne. It was like granting the gift of sight to a person born blind; it was like the restoration of the sovereign reason and balance to a mind distracted by fiendish nightmares and idiotic fancy; it was, indeed, like the return of fertility to a land abandoned to the growth of cactus.

Zain-ul-abdin was not an ambitious conqueror. He set his heart upon far different ambitions. He sought to overcome anarchy and disorder. Wherever there was a chance of lawlessness breaking out or revolt raising its dreadful head, he promptly suppressed it and awarded dire punishment to the offenders. Having rid the land of misrule or revolt against the central authority, Zain-ul-abdin embarked upon a programme to develop the productive wealth of the country. He had many canals dug to make vast areas cultivable. He also revived several industries and introduced others, some of which have won name and fame for the nimble fingers of the skilled workmen of Kashmir.

This adds on to an excellent testimony for any king. Even with this record Zain-ul-abdin would have won a unique place in the edifice of the history of Kashmir. But this king's claim to immortality rests on qualities and achievements that are far more important. He had a truly catholic outlook on life and, unlike his father, looked upon the Hindu and the Muslim with the same regard. He was gifted with tolerance and held the scales even between all communities and sought the company of learned men who came to his court from distant lands. The Hindus who had suffered at the hands of Sikandar heaved a sigh of relief as the social, religious and political disabilities that had been imposed upon them were lifted.

How was it that the policy of Zain-ul-abdin was quite a contrast with the tradition of his predecessors? How is it that while Sikandar laid the foundation of the causeway running across the Dal with the manuscripts of ancient lore in Hindu houses, Zain-ul-abdin not only sought their sacred books from outside the state but made pilgrimages to Hindu shrines like

Gangabal, Sushramnag and Vishnupad and had scriptures like *Yogavasishth* and *Gita-Govinda* read to him by Srivara? Catholicity and tolerance were an integral part of his nature from the very beginning, but an incident in his life helped to bring about their sublimation.

Once the king had a boil on his body. It was attended to by the physicians in the routine way but it did not respond to their treatment. In a few days it developed into a running sore in spite of the poultice and ointments prescribed by the experts. The king began to suffer agony on this account, for the poison spread towards other parts in his body. As physician after physician confessed his failure in checking the growth of the poison-infected sore, the king grew progressively emaciated, and lost all peace and rest. Many people felt certain that the sore would end only with the death of the king who felt helpless and in despair.

One day news reached the king that a good but practically unknown physician was willing to try his remedies on the running sore. In spite of the obvious reluctance of the physicians in attendance upon Zain-ul-abdin, Shree Buth, the unknown apothecary, was sent for. Shree Buth observed the king's ailment minutely, took into consideration all its aspects and finally submitted his advice regarding its cure. His advice was followed and the remedies suggested by him were tried on the royal patient. As good fortune would have it, the ailment began to respond to the new measures and in a few days everybody felt convinced that the remedy had proved efficacious. Sleep and rest were restored to the Sultan, and cheerfulness and confidence returned to him. The running sore dried up gradually and the wound was healed. The secondary ailments to which the sore had led were got over too. Nobody could deny that what Shri Buth had accomplished was little short of a miracle. The king and his loyal subjects were highly pleased with him and even the court physicians who were, no doubt, jealous of their new rival felt that Shri Buth had added lustre to their profession.

When the king held his court after taking his bath betokening his return to perfect health, he expressed his appreciation of the services rendered to his person by Shri Buth and offered to pay any reward that he asked for. But the physician did not appear to be moved by the offer of this blank cheque. The Sultan tried to make his offer specific and asked if the conferment of a large estate would please the physician. He repeated the

offer of a befitting reward in terms of gold, wealth and precious stones which lure all mortals, and yet the heart of Shri Buth made no more response than the running sore of the king had responded to the remedies of ordinary physicians. Everybody at the court was puzzled and most of all the king, for all his life he had met none who would not jump immediately at the mere mention of such an offer. Shree Buth sat silent, apparently unfathomable, deep as the ocean. When he felt that his silence might be misconstrued, he submitted, “Your Majesty, I am a humble man and my needs are few. Whatever little I want for myself and my family, through the grace of God and the protection granted by Your Majesty, I get all that. I have no liking for estates, gold or jewels

The words of Shri Buth seemed to imply that he wanted to say something more but hesitated to express. The Sultan himself could understand the significance of the hesitation on the part of the physician and he proceeded to reassure him “We feel that Shri Buth has something on his heart which he hesitates to express,” said the Sultan. “He has granted us a fresh lease of life,” he continued, “let him accept the word of the Sultan that no harm can come to him if he speaks straight and speaks true”.

“Your Majesty, my life is in the hands of my liege. Assured of safety by the Sultan I humbly seek a boon. Let the Hindu subjects of your majesty be permitted to enjoy the same liberty as their Muslim brethren. At present they suffer from several disabilities; they are required to pay a poll tax; they are not free to offer worship in their temples; they cannot put on dress in accordance with their customs and traditions; they are not permitted to educate their children as they used to do in the past”

“Enough, Shri Buth, thou hast spoken enough of the disabilities suffered by our Hindu subjects. We recognise it as a sin to deny them the same rights as are enjoyed by the Muslims. In future they would be free to worship God as they please, to dress as they please and to educate their children as they please”

The king was as good as his word. He issued commands that the poll-tax on the Hindus be abolished and they be granted the same rights as the Muslims. The commands were carried out and the Hindus began to thrive under the patronage of the Sultan. Some of them rose to the highest positions. Shri Bhat himself became Zain-ul-abdin’s minister for

education. The king invited many scholars learned in Hindu scriptures from India and one of them got with him a copy of the *Atharva Veda*, which later came to be regarded as the only authentic copy of this scripture. Jonaraja, and on his death his pupil Srivara, became the official chronicler and on the request of the latter, the king abolished the last disability on the Hindus, viz., the cremation tax on the Hindu dead. Not content with this he encouraged Hindus to live their lives in accordance with their traditions and customs. He participated in their festivals, especially the feast of lamps when they celebrated the anniversary of the birth of the Vitasta,¹⁰ the river which gives life to the valley. He also went on pilgrimage to such shrines as Susramnag, Gangabal and Konsarnag where Srivara, the chronicler, accompanied him. By such deeds the benumbed spirits of his Hindu subjects were set to blossom and the Sultan came to be known as 'Bud Shah' or the Great King.

Zain-ul-abdin is the only ruler of Kashmir whose memory has been cherished thus. He owes it not a little to Shri Buth.

The physician won for his brethren an incalculable boon and for himself undying fame. A locality near the palace of Zain-ul-abdin is still named "Shri Buth" after the physician who helped the king's growth and enlightenment.

¹⁰ The Vitasta, or Jhelum, according to a legend, is a manifestation of Parvati's, the consort of Shiva. Shiva is said to have struck the earth with his trident near the abode of Nilnag when the Vitasta gushed forth on the 13th of the bright half of Bhadun (i. e. September).

Habba Khatun

In an earlier chapter mention has already been made of Harshdeva, a prince devoted to fine arts like music and dancing. Kalhana has lavished a good deal of sympathy over him and has been equally severe with him on account of his folly which brought about his downfall. About five hundred years after Harsha another king, who was infatuated with music, dancing and the fine arts, succeeded to the throne in Kashmir. Yusuf Shah Chak, as this king was named, lives in the popular imagination for two reasons. He mismanaged the state so badly that it became possible for the Mughal king Akbar to conquer and annex Kashmir to his vast empire and, secondly, he married a woman who has attained fame under the name of Habba Khatun.

Zoon, the name which Habba Khatun bore before fortune dawned upon her, was born in a petty village near Pampore, famous for its saffron. She was gifted with extraordinary beauty and had cultivated her voice so well that people felt spell-bound at the enchantment of its melody. This was especially so when she sang the tune *Araq*. Her father was, however, a poor peasant and could not find for her a husband who could value either her looks or the bewitching sonorous-ness of her voice. She was married to a man who was no better off than her father and who, blind to the extraordinary dowry nature had given her, reduced her to the drudgery of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. The tender and refined nature of Zoon could not stand such a life, the marriage broke and she returned to her father's house.

Zoon had not only the voice of an angel but also the sensibility of a poet. The frustration in her emotional, domestic and social life deeply wounded her soul and to seek relief from this pain she made the world – the world of man and nature, of bird and beast, of flower and tree, of the stars, hills and waterfalls – her confidante and uttered her grief aloud. Unwittingly she had grown into a poet and whoever heard her sing spontaneously in her native tongue, found in her strains a poignancy of feeling almost unknown to them before. Her songs which sprang from the depths of her soul still strike chords of sympathy among all those who hear them. When they were sung in her own mellifluous voice, they either moved the hearer to tears or disembodied the spirit. Many of her songs even now generate

a mood of melancholy brooding. They take the form of an address by the lovelorn woman to the husband who has discarded and slighted her. The most popular of them all is :—

‘Who was the jealous rival (co-wife) of mine who has enticed you away and why has aversion for me grown in you.’

One day she was singing such a song oblivious of the ups and downs in capitals, palaces and courts when Yusuf Shah Chak, the ruling prince, happened to pass that way. His ears were assailed by her mellifluous strains and he stood enthralled. She had outlived the period of misery and frustration in her destiny. The king, having never seen such a harmonious combination of good looks and sweet voice, was at once overcome by the charm of her personality. He sent precious gifts to her father Abdullah alias Abdi Rather and exalted Zoon to the honour of his sweetheart and queen. Thereafter he spent all his time in the company of Habba Khatun, the name adopted by the erstwhile Zoon, in song, minstrelsy and sportive dalliance even to the detriment of his kingly duties. He was perhaps the first man to discover the enchantment of the hill resorts and meadows Gulmarg, Sonamarg, Achabal and Ahrabal.

The exaltation of the queen from her distracted life in the peasant's hut and hovel to the palace led to the fulfilment of the hidden needs of her soul and brought about a sublimation in her nature. Lyrics and songs poured forth from her lips which have won a permanent niche for her not only in the literary history of the country but also in the national imagination. Several anecdotes have been recorded by historians which stand as a tribute to her wit, intelligence and magnanimity.

In her own life time she became a celebrity for her beauty and her attainments in music and poetry and many people, doubtless, took a fancy to her. One of them, an unsophisticated youth, somehow developed a longing for her person but dared not express it for fear of dire punishment. He was artless and naive, yet there was a degree of intensity and truth in his passion which consumed him from within and he began to languish for the beloved of his fancy. It could not pass unnoticed for all his secretiveness. He had a wife devoted to him and she felt alarmed at the deterioration in his health and spirits. At last after persistent appeals she

wrung the secret out of him that the canker lay in his incurable longing for the person of the queen.

The good woman was dumb-founded at the morbidity of her husband and the audacity of his passion. Apart from the pangs of jealousy that the revelation of this knowledge kindled in her, she could not breathe the secret lest it recoil upon her husband's head as well as on her own. Yet the state of health of her silly husband was growing progressively more precarious, and she felt that unless she took some steps to find a solution, the life of her husband appeared to be in danger. She was so devoted to her husband that she would face any ordeal to save his life from danger or his mind from distraction. She held out an assurance to him that she would do everything to help him.

According to a plan she sought employment in the retinue of the queen as a maid. This made it possible for her to free access inside the palace. In the course of time she became attached to the person of the queen and lost no opportunity to impress her with her zeal and devotion, selflessness and humility. When honest labour had gained for her a degree of regard in the queen's heart, one day she made hold to lay bare her own heart to the august lady. Before doing so, however, she sought and obtained a promise that no harm would come to her or any one related to her on account of what she was going to say. Having proceeded so far the maid, with as much of tact and art as she was capable of, revealed the secret of her husband's longing for the person of the queen.

Habba Khatun was filled with frenzy beyond description. She was astonished to learn that any humble man could so play with his life as to engender a mortal fancy for the august person of the queen which even the sun and the moon were ashamed to touch. The maid with object humility reminded her of the promise of mercy to which she was already committed. After her fury had slightly been composed it struck her that it was an extraordinary request to come from a woman. Whatever the crime of her husband, she felt that the devotion with which the maid pleaded his cause deserved consideration and appreciation. The temper of the queen cooled down and she reassured her maid that because of her devotion and fidelity no harm would come to her or her husband on account of the nature of the request which would have driven any other person to the gallows.

The incident passed off without any adverse consequences to the maid. But she began to sigh and languish because what she had banked upon had failed her. Habba Khatun understood it quite well and admired her deep attachment to her husband. One day the queen asked her, "Maid, how goes it with your husband now?" To which the other submitted, "Worse and worse, your majesty," and she began to sob. "I would do anything for his sake," she continued, "but to my ill luck this is a matter obviously beyond my means." The queen was touched by this statement and warming up towards the maid told her that she would like to talk to her husband the next day.

At the appointed hour the man made his obeisance to the Queen in her audience chamber. The two were all alone. She conceded at once that a feverish imagination had truly consumed the fellow and reduced him to a shadow, and that only a bold gesture on her part could restore him. Out of regard for her maid she was prepared to go more than half way to help her moonstruck husband.

She treated him with kindness and heard from his lips an account of the infatuation which had seized his spirit and gnawed into his flesh insidiously. Not once did she frown or falter in her indulgence towards the unfortunate petitioner. She appeared to have softened towards him and willing to grant his boon. At last she said with her own tongue, "I shall admit you to my bed-chamber tonight provided you agree to the conditions that you keep the matter absolutely secret, that there is to be not a single light and that no word is to be exchanged between us then". A blind man does not seek the gift of sight with greater eagerness than the man agreed to all the conditions set by the queen.

At the appointed hour of the night the infatuated man was admitted to the palace and led to the bed-chamber of the queen. As agreed upon previously, there was no light, nor was a single word exchanged by any one near abouts. But the nostrils of the man on his errand of love were assailed by a fragrance all extraordinarily delicious. Strains of music, soft and voluptuous, came from some far off chamber and, all in all, the whole atmosphere was enchanting. He had not had much time to imbibe the aroma of the royal bed-chamber when his attention was arrested by a soft jingle of feet. The intruder felt convinced that the august person of the queen dressed in the splendour of silks and velvet, had deigned, in

accordance with the promise given to him, to respond to his longing for her. He was in an ecstasy.

The silly lover, through an exercise of the queen's wit, had found peace. He had to leave the palace, as stipulated previously while it was still dark. At dawn the maid came out of the ceremonial bed-chamber of the queen where she had spent the night in company of her husband who was completely imposed upon by her make-up and unsuspectingly took his own wife for the person of the 'moon-faced and silver voiced queen'. Habba Khatun's wit not only won the hearts of the husband and wife, but also gave her own name a glow till eternity.

Pathans Annex Kashmir

THE Mughals conquered Kashmir in 1587 A. D. Many leaders of the Kashmiri people had accorded to Akbar an invitation to rid them of misgovernment at the hands of the Chak rulers. Even then it was no walk-over for the veteran generals of the Mughal emperor to establish their suzerainty here. The Kashmiris put up a strong resistance under Yaqub Chak and the Mughals had to pay heavily till chance finally stamped the shame of defeat on the forehead of the last Chak sovereign.

Successive Mughal emperors, princes and noblemen were proud of Kashmir. But when the central authority in Delhi became feeble, the governors and viceroys of provinces on the periphery came to have second thoughts regarding their loyalty. Accordingly, when Nadir Shah led an invading force from Iran to India on the pretext that Shah Tahmasp, his ancestor, had loaned a large sum of money to Humayun which had not been repaid, many noblemen wielding authority on behalf of the Mughal emperor welcomed him. Among them was the viceroy of Lahore who presented the Durrani invader thirty lakhs of rupees and continued to hold his office on his behalf. A similar offer of allegiance was made to Nadir Shah by Fakhr-ud-Doula who had just then (i.e. 1717) been relieved of his office as viceroy of Kashmir on behalf of the Mughal emperor.

Nadir Shah accepted the proffered allegiance and conferred upon Fakhr-ud-Doula the warrant of appointment as viceroy of Kashmir on his behalf. The latter enlisted the support of the people of the surrounding hills and entered Kashmir with a view to fighting the Mughal viceroy Anayat Ullah and having the khutba read and coins struck in the name of Nadir Shah, but the native masses reared up in revolt against the invader from across the Indian frontier. Fakhr-ud-Doula was helpless and felt humiliated when Mohammad Shah and Nadir Shah buried the hatchet. In spite of this, however, the unrealised ambitions of the Durrani caused considerable bloodshed, arson and rapine, particularly in the city.

The next attempt made by the Afghans to annex Kashmir to their kingdom also proved abortive. After the murder of Nadir Shah Durrani in 1747 A.D., Ahmad Shah Abdali secured suzerainty over Kabul and cis-Khyber territory. His viceroy in Peshawar made fervent overtures to the Mughal viceroy of Kashmir and to many nobles to transfer their allegiance,

knowing full well that the Mughals had grown effete and emasculated. Several nobles of Kashmir were only too glad to get this opportunity of welcoming a different ruler and they wrote encouraging letters to Abdali. They assured him that they would deliver the Mughal viceroy with his handful of troops into the hands of the Afghan viceroy the moment the latter arrived.

Encouraged by these secret overtures the Afghans sent invading forces under one Asmat Ullah Khan in H.1161 (i.e. 1747 A.D.). He was assisted by Mahadus Khan who was eager to avenge the death of his father Mahtavi Khan, a former Sheikh-ul-Islam. After several fierce engagements which led to varying results, the Afghan leader was shot dead and the invaders were routed.

Four years later, in 1751, Mir Muqem Kanth, a local nobleman, became the head of the Mughal administration in Kashmir. He made a good start. Before long, however, he interfered with the organisation of the troops. A revolt flared up, he lost his office and began to wander. Later in the same year when Ahmad Shah Durrani came to Lahore, Mir Muqem Kanth approached him with an invitation to conquer Kashmir. The Durrani king was waiting for just one such opportunity. When his general Abdullah Khan Aeshaq Aqas entered Shopian at the head of an invading force, Mir Muqem welcomed him. An engagement was fought for fifteen days without any conclusive result. Owing to the defection of his general to the Afghans and the dissensions of the nobles, the Mughal viceroy had to surrender and Kashmir became a part of the Durrani kingdom beyond the Khyber pass. For the first time Kashmir formed a part of an empire which was ruled from a place beyond the frontiers of the Indian sub-continent. Abdullah Khan returned to Kabul after six months' vice-royalty with a crore of rupees.

Afghan rule in Kashmir unleashed oppression and tyranny condemned by historians of the period uniformly. The Afghans were assisted by some nobles of Kashmir, especially Mir Muqem Kanth. Soon another chance occurred for the people of Kashmir to shake off the tyranny of the Durrani and link themselves once again with the Mughals. Of the three parties concerned, viz., the Durrani, the Mughals and the Kashmiris, the Durrani were oppressively hostile to this move, the Mughals paid no heed and the Kashmiris were divided. As a result the revolt ended in

smoke and the Durrani only strengthened their stranglehold. It happened thus.

In 1748 Sukh Jewan Mai succeeded to the viceroyalty of Kashmir under the Durrani. He was intelligent and capable and was ably assisted by Abul Hassan Khan Bhandari who became his minister. He suppressed all attempts at revolt and his minister Abul Hassan successfully combated a severe famine. People were apparently happy and prosperous, for even now they talk wistfully of 'wakti Sukh Joo' or the good old times under Sukh Jewan Mai. Those nobles who did not enjoy power or authority felt unhappy and wanted to foment trouble to grind their own axes. Among them was Mir Muqeeb Khan.

Just then Sukh Jewan withdrew his allegiance from the Durrani and directed his people to read the khutba at the Friday prayers in the name of the emperor of Delhi. In order to precipitate matters, Mir Muqeeb is said to have weakened the home front by sowing dissensions between Sukh Jewan and his minister Hassan which led to the incarceration of the latter and Mir Muqeeb became the minister instead. Events took a series of turns in which Mir Muqeeb and Abul Hassan shuttled between the prison and the ministry. The fabric of the society was weakened in these conspiracies and dissensions. A punitive expedition arrived from Kabul which received the active cooperation of the dissidents. In the battle that ensued Sukh Jewan's general Bakht Mai defected to the Durrani. Sukh Jewan was defeated, captured, blinded and trampled under elephants in Kabul. The Mughals made no show of sympathy or assistance to their ally Sukh Jewan and Kashmir relapsed into a colony of the Afghan empire of Kabul till 1819 A. D.

The Afghans are Ousted

In an earlier chapter it has been indicated how some nobles of Kashmir invited the Afghans who replaced the Moghuls as rulers of the valley. Considering the subsequent crumbling of the Mughal empire, it will easily be conceded that Kashmir was bound to secede from Delhi. The local nobles helped the Durrani to step in.

In the course of time the authority in Kabul grew weak. Ahmad Shah was succeeded by Taimur Shah. At the death of the latter in 1792 A.D., a fierce struggle for the throne of Kabul followed between several of his sons who were seven in number. At first Zaman Shah had the upper hand. He was later over-thrown and blinded by Mahmud Shah who himself had to yield place to Shuja-ul-Mulk. In this struggle for power the Durrani kingdom weakened while Ranjit Singh was growing progressively stronger in the Panjab. Historians are of the opinion that Kashmir was, under these circumstances, bound to pass out of the Durrani net and come under the suzerainty or tutelage of the Sikhs. The people of Kashmir, however, became the instruments of historical forces and drove the Afghans out of the valley which hastened their exit from the sub-continent of India.

That good government is no substitute for self-government is an old edge. The Kashmiris, eager for self-government, resisted the Mughals pretty long. The Moghul rule was very benevolent in comparison with that of the Afghans. The latter ushered in an era of tyranny and oppression. They imposed fresh taxes and every Afghan viceroy returning to his homeland at the end of his term carried treasures worth millions of rupees. A tax was imposed on fruit trees and hundreds of orchards fell under the axe owing to the inability of the owners to pay the tax. Every suitor was required to deposit a fee equal to one fourth of the value of the property under dispute. On another occasion a new viceroy on his way to Srinagar spied a coffin being borne by a few men to the graveyard. The viceroy had the party stopped and getting the body out of the coffin shouted in the ears of the dead man: "Convey to the land where you are going that they should keep enough accommodation for the people I, the new viceroy of Kashmir, may despatch there." When one Afghan viceroy Azad Khan was replaced by another Madad Khan, the Kashmiris coined an epigram 'jor-i azad ra madad raseed', meaning that the tyranny of Azad has been intensified (by Madad). Needless to say that Kashmiris suffered under oppression, were

far from happy and would not let go an opportunity to revolt against the aliens. The first attempt made by Sukh Jewan Mai in 1762 A.D. was ultimately quelled. But at the turn of the century with shift in the balance of power between Kabul, Punjab and Kashmir, events appeared to be more favourable

The developments that took place outside Kashmir have already been hinted at. In 1814 A. D. Atta Mohamad Khan, the revolting viceroy of Kashmir, escaped to Kabul with the help of Dewan Mohakam Chand, Ranjit Singh's general. While Fateh Mahammad, the prime minister of Kabul under Mahmud Shah, was able to retain Kashmir in the Durrani kingdom, he had been obliged to make the commitment to pay eight lakhs of rupees annually to Ranjit Singh. The latter had also managed to secure the Kohinoor from Shaja-ul-Mulk and the fortress of Attock from Atta Mohammad. Fateh Mohammad planted his brother Azim Khan as the viceroy of Kashmir, returned to Kabul and jealous of Ranjit's growing powers, refused to fulfil his engagement about eight lakhs of rupees. Ranjit Singh got a pretext for war. He had already won over the chieftains of Bhimber and Rajouri across the Pir Pansal. Now, in spite of the advice of his aged general Mohakam Chand to the contrary, he sent an expedition into Kashmir in 1814 A.D.

Azim Khan, the Afghan viceroy of Kashmir, was by no means a novice. He had taken part in engagements in Peshawar and Afghanistan. He deployed his troops so well that the Sikhs, oppressed no doubt by inclement weather, had to beat a retreat and Ranjit Singh returned to Lahore, crest-fallen, from the Tosamaidan pass.

In this armed encounter the people of Kashmir played no significant part and simply obeyed the behests of the Afghan viceroy Azim Khan. Incensed with victory against Ranjit Singh whose troops had repulsed armies from Kabul on several occasions, he unleashed a new reign of terror. Several nobles, especially amongst the Hindus, were severely dealt with and one of them, Dewan Haradas, whose brother Dewan Nand Ram Ticku, was very influential at Kabul, was killed on suspicion of having expressed sympathy for Ranjit Singh. Among others he insulted and penalised another noble, Birbal Dar. In this he overshot the mark. Birbal Dhar, getting a hint of the evil intentions of Azim Khan from his fellow courtier and cousin Mirza Pandit, fled the country and took refuge at the

court of Ranjit Singh along with his son Raja Kak. He appealed to the Sikh ruler and his courtiers to invade the valley and to drive out the alien Afghans.

There was nothing communal about it. Owing to their oppression and tyranny the Afghans had forfeited the sympathy of the people of Kashmir irrespective of caste and community. Many Kashmiri Hindus rose to the highest office individually under the Afghans and enjoyed the fullest confidence in Kabul. They included Kailash Dar, Mahanand Pandit, Daya Ram Quli, Nand Ram Ticku, Haradas, Sukh Ram Safaya, Mirza Pandit, Sahaz Ram Dar and Birbal himself. Even then there was no love lost between the Afghans and the generality of nobles. One of them, Mirza Pandit, had offered to be a surety for his cousin Birbal. Yet it was he who warned Birbal of what might befall and advised him to remain out of reach of the viceroy's wrath. And when Azam Khan reprimandingly asked Mirza Pandit of the whereabouts of Birbal, he replied, "Should he be fed up with the world, he has gone to spend the rest of his days on the shores of the Ganga; on the other hand if he still loves the pomp and power, he has gone to the court of Ranjit Singh to nurse his vengeance against you."

"What is the way out?" asked Azim Khan.

"Decapitation of Mirza Pandit," replied the latter laconically. That was the temper of the courtiers. The people at large, insecure and at the mercy of every Afghan trooper, felt more outraged. Birbal exploited this situation to end the alien hold on his homeland and was loyally assisted by many Muslims. Two of them, Zulfiqar Malik and Kamgar Malik, who were wardens of the road across the Pir Pansal had assisted Birbal in his flight. The houses of Zulfiqar and his brother were razed the ground. Birbal had kept his wife and daughter-in-law in the custody of Abdul Qadus of Gojwara. Though his own son-in-law betrayed this secret, no word was breathed out by Qadus. For this he lost his life ultimately under orders of Azam Khan. There were many other Muslims who gave their blessings to Birbal's adventure.

Ranjit Singh had fought many engagements with the Afghans, but so soon after his last repulse from Kashmir he did not deem it expedient to attempt an invasion of the valley. Birbal and his son lived in Lahore for several years without any apparent prospect of returning to their homeland where

the Afghan viceroy intensified his tyranny. He was helpless and had to bide his time enjoying the good will of the courtiers of Ranjit Singh, especially the Jammu Rajas, Gulab Singh and Dhian Singh.

Events in Kabul took a turn and Azim was obliged to return to Afghanistan. Birbal's cousin Sahaz Ram Dar escorted his *harem* and his treasure exceeding a crore of rupees to Kabul, and Azim Khan installed his brother Jabar Khan as the viceroy of Kashmir in 1819. Birbal was watching these events anxiously in Lahore and renewed his prayer to Ranjit Singh to drive away the aliens from Kashmir. The change in Kashmir was quite favourable to the Panjab ruler but he was still hesitant. Birbal then took upon himself to win over political support for the invading forces in the valley and to make good in terms of money the loss to the Sikh army in case of reverses. He kept his son Raia Kak as a hostage at the Sikh court.

The Sikhs advanced in 1819. The army was led by several capable generals and they avoided the blunders of the 1813 campaign. An asset of considerable value to the Sikhs was Birbal Dar who was pulling the strings politically in order to bring about the downfall of the Afghans. Jabar Khan also organised his troops to meet the challenge of the Sikhs. Most of the people of the valley, sick of the Afghan tyranny, were eager for a change and inclined to welcome the Sikhs. The Afghans and the Sikhs fought an engagement near Herapore. Although it led to the death of many warriors on both sides, the first battle proved indecisive. The next morning another battle was fought on the plateau just outside Shopian. The Afghans had¹¹ already been demoralised owing to the might of the Sikhs. When he tried to rally his troops in a bid to sweep upon the enemy Jabar Khan was deeply wounded in the arm. That proved to be the last straw on the camel's back and he left the battlefield. Collecting his valuables from Srinagar he rode away to Baramulla and thence to Kabul. The rule of the Afghans thus came to an end in Kashmir and was replaced by the rule of the Sikhs.

¹¹ The discomfited Pathans commenced plundering the tents of their own generals" G. T. Vigne.

Appendix

[Editor's Note: The information in this Appendix is quite valuable, as it provides a deep insight into the 'inhabitants' of the valley in those pre-historic times. While some of the information has been painstakingly collected by the author from authentic sources (the latter being based on research work of many others), some part of the information belongs to the twilight period of our history.

The list of Rulers of Kashmir would be pretty interesting to serious reader of this volume.]

The Nagas

The question 'Who were the *nagas* and the *paisacas*? has been intriguing antiquarian, and other scholars. Some of them, like Dr C. F. Oldham, believe that the *nagas* were human beings. He subscribes to the view that they were of the *surajvansi* clan and entered Kashmir from Taxila. Cunningham thinks that the term *naga* was applied to those who were given to serpent-worship. He identifies this race with *kritya* who were hostile to the Buddhists because they had frequently deprived them of power and abolished their rights. Dr Fergusson regards the *nagas* as an aboriginal race of serpent-worshippers of Tauranian stock inhabiting the north of India, who were conquered by the Aryans. Some authorities like to identify the *nagas* with the inhabitants of Hunza-Nagar in Gilgit and the *paisacas* with the Aryan settlers of the Cis-Hindukush region speaking Dardic language. Among them Dr. Grierson holds that the *nagas* were people of the Austric race who, settled in India before the arrival of the first wave of the Aryans, were driven into Kashmir from the north western India by the immigrants. He considers them to be the ancestors of the tribe now found in Hunza Nagar.

"The Nagas", says the *Hindu Classical Dictionary*, "are historical and Naga-dwipa was one of the seven divisions of Bharatavarsha. Kings of this race reigned at Mathura, Padmavati, etc. They were a race distinct from the Hindus. The favourite theory is that they were a Scythic race and probably obtained their name worshipping serpents or holding them in awe and reverence."

The Kashmir Series of Texts and Studies comments:

“The nagas were most certainly not serpents but were a people and played a dominant role in Kashmir for several centuries. According to a legend the *nagas* were the first to accept the teachings of the Buddha. In Kashmir one of the greatest followers of the Buddha was Nagarjuna. He was most likely a *naga* by race. Another Buddhist savant was Nagabodhi. Both of them have been referred to as *Siddhas*. The *nagas* are believed to have been a highly intelligent people who flourished in Gandhara and Kashmir including Gilgit and were concentrated in Taxila. It is hazarded that both Panini and Patanjali belonged to the *naga* race.”

A different class of antiquarians regard the *nagas* merely as serpents. Occasionally the *nagas* have assumed human form. In the words of Dr. Vogel. “In the legends they usually exhibit a bewildering blending of human and serpentine properties; they may act entirely as human creatures, yet their real nature and form are those of the serpent. The *nagas* are worthy of being propitiated, as their activity is, on the whole, beneficial to the welfare of man, especially in connection with their power over the element of water.” (The Indian Serpent Lore).

According to a legend the *nagas* or serpents took refuge in Kashmir against the ruthlessness of Garuda and found their abodes in springs of crisp water. Names of most springs and tarns, especially in the southern part of the valley, carry the suffix-*nag* and the association with the serpent is inalienable. Where the name does not bear the suffix, the serpent is still there. For example, a village near Ganderbal derives its name Vurapash from Virupaksha, the ruler of the *nagas*, and Elapatra, the lake close to the lofty 13500' pass above Khilanmarg is the Prakrit form of Airavat, the king of the *nagas*.

The serpent cult seems to have dominated the valley in some form. It is still alive in several hilly localities of the state and in the adjoining areas of the Himachal Pradesh. In Bhadrawah the most important local festival, Kailash Yatra, centres round the legend of the *naga* deities but it has nothing to do with *nagapanchmi* as celebrated in parts of India. In the Basaknag (Vasuki) temples of Bhadrawah the head of the deity in the human form is surmounted with a hood of seven serpent heads. Many

such idols hewn out of wood are found in remote villages and forests in that part of the country.

It would not be without interest to recall some of the references made to the *nagas* by Kalhana himself [Selected by the Editor]:

‘When the rites originating from Nila had been re-established, the Bhikshus and snow calamities ceased altogether’. I-186

‘King Gonanda III re-introduced the pilgrimages, sacrifices and other worship in honour of the *nagas*.’ I-185

‘As long as the fresh crop is not touched by those who watch the fields with their spells, the *nagas* too may not touch it.’ I-234

‘The Brahmin fled for protection to the *naga*’s habitation. Thereupon the lord of the *nagas* rose blind with fury from his pool’. I-258

‘The king did not know that he was really born to the throne, being the son of the *naga* Karkota who had cohabited with his mother when she took her purificatory bath.’ III-490

The Earliest Human Settlement

Many authorities are of the view that the account of the settlement of human beings in Kashmir given in the *Nilamata-purana* and similar other texts agrees substantially with the historical data available, allowance being made for the mythical accretions which usually surround such statements. The story of how men came to settle in Kashmir will have to be re-written in a form completely different from the accepted ones owing to the activities of archaeologists on the little mound of Burzahama not far from the Shalamar garden in the suburbs of Srinagar. Archaeologists have discovered here various settlements of the neolithic age some of which belong to a period before fire was known to the inhabitants of Kashmir. The excavations include cave dwellings of varying dimensions, skeletons of human beings and animals, stone, bone and horn instruments from the axe to the needle, pieces of pottery and huge stones. Fire places belonging to a later age have also been unearthed. It is, however, for the experts to interpret these discoveries in terms of the life lived in Kashmir during pre-historic times.

Rulers of Kashmir

[This list of the rulers of Kashmir is provided here to facilitate reference wherever desired. The figures within brackets indicate the year of accession to the throne or assumption of sovereignty over Kashmir.]

I

1 Gonanda I, 2 Damodara I, 3 Yasovati (Queen), 4 Gonanda II, 5 Lava, 6 Kusa, 7 Khagendra, 8 Surendra, 9 Godhara, 10 Suvarna, 11 Janaka, 12 Sachinara, 13 Asoka, 14 Jaluka, 15 Damodara II, 16 Huska, 17 Juska, 18 Kaniska, 19 Gonanda III, 20 Vibhisana I, 21 Indrajit, 22 Ravana, 23 Vabhisana II, 24 Nara, 25 Siddha, 26 Utpalaksa, 27 Hiranyaksa, 28 Hiranyakula, 29 Vasakula, 30 Mihirkula, 31 Baka, 32 Ksitinanda, 33 Vasunanda, 34 Nara II, 35 Aksa, 36 Gopaditya, 37 Gokarna, 38 Narendraditya, 39 Yudhisthira I (abdicated)

II

1 Pratapaditya, 2 Jaluka, 3 Tunjina, 4 Vijaya, 5 Jayendra, 6 Samdhiman alias Aryaraja (abdicated).

III

1 Meghavahana 2 Sresthasena 3. Hiranya and Tormana brothers 4 Matrgupta brothers 5 Pravarasena 6 Yudhisthira II 7 Lahkhana Narendraditya 8 Ramaditya 9 Vikramaditya 10 Baladitya (Succeeded by his son-in-law Durlabhavardhana)

IV

1 Durlabhavardhana 2 Durlabaka Pratapaditya 1 3 Candrapida 4 Lalitaditya (A.D. 695) 5 Kuvalyapida (732) 6 Vajraditya 7 Prithvipida 8 Sangrampida I 9 Jayapida (751) 10 Lalitapida (785) 11 Sangrampida II 12 Cippata Jayapida 13 Ajitpida 14 Anangpida 15 Utpalpida (No 15 was deposed and Avantivarman annointed king)

V

1. Avantivarman (857) 2. Samkarvarman (884) 3. Gopalvarman (902) 4. Samkata 5. Suganda [Queen of No 2.] 6. Nirjitvarma alias Pangu (905) 7. Partha 8. Pangu (again 923) 9. Chakravarma (924) 10 Suravarma (935) 11. Partha (again 936) 12. Chakravarma (936) 13. Unmattavanti (938) (coup d'etat and Yasaskara is elected king)

VI

1. Yasaskara (940)
2. Sangramdeva (949)
3. Pravagupta (950)
4. Kshemagupta (951)
5. Abhimanyu (960)
6. Nandigupta (973)
7. Tribhuvana (975)
8. Bhimagupta (976)
9. Didda (981) (No. 9. places on the throne a boy from her father's line named Sangramraja)

VII

1. Sangramraja (1004)
2. Hariraja (1029)
3. Ananta (1029)
4. Kalasa (1064)
5. Utkarsa & Harsha (1099) (Harsha is overthrown. Uchchala succeeds to the throne)

VIII

1. Uchchala (1102)
2. Radda (1113)
3. Salhana (1113)
4. Sussala (1113)
5. Bhikshachara (son of Harsha)
6. Vijayasimha (1129) [Recorded by chroniclers during the reign of Zain-ul-Abdin, A. D. 1423-74]

1. Pramanu (1159)
2. Vratideo (1168)
3. Vopyadeo (1175)
4. Rasadeo (1184)
5. Jagadeo (1202)
6. Rajyadeo
7. Sangramdeo (1240)
8. Ramdeo (1266)
9. Lachhmandeo (1277)
10. Simhadeo (1291)
11. Sahadeo (1305)
12. Renchan (1324)
13. Udyandeo (1327)

Shams-ud-Din ascended the throne as the first Sultan

1. Shamas-ud-Din (1340)
2. Jamshed (1346)
3. Ala-ud-Din (1347)
4. Shahab-ud-Din (1359)
5. Qutub-ud-Din (1388)
6. Sikandar (1394)
7. Ali Shah (1416)
8. Zain-ul-Abdin (1423)
9. Hyder (1474)
10. Hassan Shah (1475)
11. Mohd Shah (1478)
12. Fateh Shah (1489)
13. Mohd Shah 2nd turn (1492)
14. Fateh Shah (2nd turn) (1501)
15. Mohd Shah 3rd turn (1514)
16. Fateh Shah (3rd turn) (1515)
17. Mohd Shah 4th turn (1518)
18. Ibrahim (1528)
19. Mohd Shah 5th turn (1530)
20. Shams-ud-Din II (1538)
21. Ismail (1539)
22. Ibrahim (1540)
23. Nazuk Shah (1541)
24. Ismail (1552)
25. Habib Shah (1555)

Chak Dynasty

1. Ghazi Shah (1556)
2. Hussain Shah (1565)
3. Ali Shah (1572)
4. Yusuf Shah (1581)
5. Yaqub Shah (1585)

Akbar annexes Kashmir in 1587

1. Akbar (1587) 2. Jahangir (1606) 3. Shah Jahan (1627) 4. Aurangzeb (1658) 5. Bahadur Shah (1707) 6. Jahandar (1712) 7. Farrukh Siyar (1713) 8. Mohammad Shah (1719)

Durrani's supplant the Moghuls

1. Ahmad Shah (1751) 2. Taimur (1772) 3. Zaman Shah (1792) 4. Mahmud & Shuja (1802)

The Sikhs

1. Ranjit Singh (1819) 2. Kharrak Singh (1839) Kashmir was ceded to Gulab Singh by the Treaty of Amritsar in 1846.

Kashmiri Books (Selected)

Prof S L Sadhu

[Editor's Note: In each of the four offerings below, the full list of stories and contents has been provided, along with the Preface written by the author. The idea is to give an idea to the readers on the range of the subjects addressed by the author and his way of addressing these diverse topics.]

Birbal

A Play in Kashmiri

Shyam Lal Sadhu

KASHMIRI
Beerbal
by
Sham Lal Sachhu

بیپرل
Kashmiri

30138

15.1.49

Kas ———
SAD

cg

اکھ تواریخی ڈرامہ



۴۰

ژڈ تھوان تجارت کوڑکھ بُراڈ لیکن چھ فوان نوہ شہ کوریہ ورنہ تہ
 کڈتھ . ورتہ پکنس چھ نیم - ساسر بدی کوکھ ژڈلی تہ مگر بالن پیٹ
 سہرام چھ وچھان - بیرل تہ چھ وچھان . مگر کھوہ نہ پیش
 چھکنہ کشن یوان -

گھر واجینو، توہر کیا چھو، پاؤ پانس ستر کتھ کران یوت ژیر
 ب: [پانس ستر - بودانی نہ] میانہ کھوتہ چھ قہہ صاب تہ منور
 شاہ برتی - پین چھ غارت -

گھر واجینو، دوقہوہ ژیر گو - توہر چھو، نختہ بہتہ فکر - میلہ دیلہ واتہ
 پنے گڑھ ٹھیک - [بیرل وچھان اُمس]

ب: بتہ تھال واتیا پانے شیرتہ برو نہہ کن؟ میلہ ہینوٹ وٹن
 وود - سیکھ چھ پکان یور کن تہ بہ -

گھر واجینو، وچھو، ژیر گو (وہ تھان)

[پردہ]

چھ پُز در چھ بجا۔ سہرام چھ مدارالمہام۔ میرزہ پنڈت چھ
 صاحبکار۔ بیزیل چھ محاسب دیوانی۔ امہ برونٹھ ادس کیلاس
 در۔ رامہ در۔ سودرشن در۔ عاشر تر عشرت کران جھن تہاوس
 کڈان۔ مگر لکن چھ تباہی گاٹھ۔ میوہ باغ فی ہکھ ژڈا ژڈا ژڈا
 ثمرہ بابت۔ از واکھ ژور وری فصلی چھکنہ پپان۔ تر بہتر غامڑ
 چھکھ شری ژھر ژھر کران۔ مگر در چھ بجا۔ پٹھان سستو
 چھ نالی نال تر پیالی پپال۔ لکن چھ نوان و تہ پکان نستہ تر
 کن ژرٹھ۔ بے یزتی چھکھ کران [اذان گروا جینز نوت پاطھ
 پتر کھو] بیکارہ چھکھ نوان۔ مگر سہ اس چھ برنہ ڈو فی لاگھ
 تر بیزیل چھ نیران ژاکہ وارہ کہتہ۔ ہٹ لکھ جمع ہرن تر تراکھ
 ڈلس۔ فارسی پرنس کور ہکھ ڈھاک۔ ٹوک بنیکھ نہ کرمن۔ تر
 پونڈاپہ ویزہ کران ژھپہ ژھپ۔ مگر میرزہ پنڈت چھ
 صاحبکار۔ تر ہرہ داس چھ دیوان۔ شیعن تر سین چھ کلہ

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کیا سہ منشی حبیب اللہ - خاوری چھا - ییتہ چھنہ وویہ کاتہہ۔
 منشی: دپان مہرا صوبیدارس چھہ وائٹ مہر شیچھو نیمہ سیتو پریشان گو
 ب: کیا نا؟

م: دپان سکھن ہند فوج چھہ بھمبر دومت تہ پادشاہ چھہ پانہ لشکر
 سیتو۔

ع: ہاں!

م: اہن حص تی چھہ ونان۔

ع: ادہ مہرا نیر وویہ - خبریتہ ما آسہ گڑ بڑ کہنہ۔

ب: اچھا بڑو - یہ چھوہ نو شیچھو - مہ اس گامڑ کنس کیا ہتام کتھ

پنتہ پنتہ جاپہ گڑھ روزن خبردار - میانہ کتھ پیچھہ تہ گڑھ کرہ

سوچ - مہ چھہ ٹہنہز کتھ کنہ سی منز [نیران اکہ اکہ - روزان ہیر

کٹنے زون تہ ونان پاؤ پانس - ...]

لکھ چھہ ونان در بجا تہ ملک بجا "آسہ چھہ ڈکھی پوان مگر کتھ

۳۷

دیوانی تیر چھس۔ مگر تیوت کر تھ چھنہ مسہ برداشت گزھان
غار ملکی یا غتائین ہنتر غولامی۔

ع : نہ مہرا گزھ کہتہ پاٹھو۔

ب : دُور یس منز چھ آسان کہن رتن جنگی۔ گرا چھ گزھان پاٹھو
واڈی باغی۔ گاہے چھ اکھ دور تھان کھکھین تیر بیاکھ دوان تروکھ

بہین ساڈی بائی چھ گزھان لتہ مسہ بچہ تیر چھو کہ لہ۔ گر یوس چھنہ

ہسکان زمین تھکتہ۔ لاگہ تے تیر پینہ برد نہٹی چھ فوان خان تھس

فصل پنہن گر پن کیت۔ پشیمہ باپارو گپہ ختم۔ لکن چھنہ بہتر۔

ع : تمہہ مہرا چھوہ روٹمت نبض بھیک۔ مگر یلاج تیر ورنہ۔

ب : یلاج تیر زانہ۔ اما پوز اگر بہ نیرہ بروہ تھہ مسہ پکیا پتہ پتہ کانہہ

ع : بہ مہرا دمر زو۔

و : بہ مہرا وندو وہ پنہ جان۔

ب : دیو ہنترہ مدترہ سترہ ماگوس بہ زور اوار [اژان منشی تنبلیوت ہوی]

ع: ہیریل صابا۔ ادرہ کونہ سا چھک وٹان کیاہ؟ یتہ چھا کاٹہ
کوریہ ہند یتہ محفوظ؟

ب: یہ چھس کھوٹان یم گڑھی ہر بٹن مسلمان پانہ وائی ٹھول
کرناوڑی۔ [نوکریں کن] وڈو کڈو بانہ [نوکر کڈان بانہ]
و: سہ کھ جو ہر وڑہ کریو کھ تاتی۔

ع: مسلمان کس مہر اس کھ ووت۔ ناٹک پھیرن تر وڈو پچو ژادہ
کون ہر بن ضبط۔ یتہ ہر سائیس ندرائس سٹب گیشہ در او پچندہ منزہ
و: مکن یتہ ہر گو زر شمر پادہ مسلمان تر نیکھ میوہ لگو
ژرٹھ۔

ع: پاش شوٹس لڈ کھ رب۔ دہ ہے او سنا عبد اللہ
خان زمانہ بدلاوان۔ دہن ورمین کر کھ خانہ واد تباہ۔ مکن مکن
گو سترس فاش۔

ب: میہ حض چھ یہ سورے پتہ۔ وچھ حض بہ چھس رئیس۔ انہ

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ب : سو اسر لاک - پھندہ پتہ بروٹھ کیا ادس پڑ وٹان ؟
 و : توہر اُسو وٹان زہ یم پھان چھ اُسہ کراں جڈائی -
 ع : مہرا - بیکس تہ دی تو وٹہ - بیتکر بٹہ تہ مسلمان - سنی تہ شیعہ
 کھتر کر تہ بوبہر ، زمیندار تہ دانہ وائی چھ سی منگان پروردگار
 زہ پھان راج گوتھہ لگن -

ب : نہ حفص - وٹہ چھنہ اٹھ جذ بس توام آمت - اُسہ پیہ کینہ کال
 وٹہ پڑا رن -

ع : تہند مطلب چھازہ وٹہ ووت تہ اُسہ سپٹا ظلم - بہ مہرا چھس
 پریشھان زہ کوہند جان چھ محفوظہ کیلاس درس کیا وچھک
 دیوان دلا رامس کہتہ پاٹھی کوڈ لکھ زو ؟
 و : اُسہ تہ چھ زو دس پیٹہ تیار سپدن -

ع : انشاء اللہ !

ب : مہ نسہ وو نموہ تہ -



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ب: مہ حص چھ تران فیکر تہندہ سہ خنج تراے مگر
ع: مگر کیا؟

ب: یتر چھ حالات رڑھاد و لٹ۔

ع: مہرا پلہ چھم نہ کینہہ پوان - ویتڑھنا کوکھ وئی قوم۔

[اڈاں اکھ مسلمان نوکر چاندہ ہند سماوار ہیتھ تہ

پھران چیتو پیالس قہوہ تہ تھواں قندی قلیچ

خوجس بر وٹھ کینہہ - بٹ نوکر پھران بدلہ سماوار

مٹنہہ ہیر پلس تہ واسہ کاکس تہ دروان یہ من

شیر مالہ]

ب: ورفو خمدہ صاب - کیٹھ چھ قہوہ؟

ع: مہرا قہوہ چھ تلخ تہ لطیف - اسس فیور مزا پیو وار یا پیو کاک

ومہ فی کڑو تو ترشہ کتھایمہ ستر اسو ساری مہ کلہ ٹاو امہ عدا

تلیہ -

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و۔ بوڈ افسوس چھ۔ قیامت آس کٹھڑ بچا رس!

ب۔ یٹھ کشیر چھ تنہ قیامت ہند نارینہ پیٹھ یٹھ پین خسہ

خان ہند راج آو۔ زانہہ پیٹھیا اُسو فرکھاہ تراؤٹھ۔

ع۔ زانہہ نر۔ زانہہ نر۔ زورے دوہ گئے زہ نیا کھ کادہ ڈارہ

ہری رامز کورہ ہن، اگر نہ سہ داند رینز ہار دیہ تمس بچاویہ

و۔ ہتہ خض میہ چھوہ ونان۔ میانو اکتھو چھ یم پرچہ نیران

پین مشریم عاری ثات آسان چھ لیکھت۔ پرچہ دوہ ہر چھ

آسان اٹھن دہن جاین کہنہ نتر کہنہ وارو دات پیمو پٹھاؤ

کڑو ہتر۔

ع۔ بڑ ہا چھس وپان اسہ پیہ تا زانہہ تر فارت تر کرہ ہو کہ

لارہ لار۔

و۔ اہن خض کہنہ ترشہ سبیلہ گڑھ ہنوز زہ یٹھ گڑھ ہن فنا

[دو شریے دھان بیرکس کن]

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خوہ خان و نندہ زہ پٹھڑہ دم۔ ہمو و دوش مسہ گو ڈیر۔ گاڈو
 ڈال چٹھ کس پیٹھ تر گنیت یار چٹھ داتن سلی۔ تہہ چٹھ اگس
 گاڈو دندہ۔

و۔ پٹھس آسپس گوٹ برتباہ؟

ع۔ آنو سپٹھاہ برتباہ گوس۔ دوپنس گاڈو دالیاہ تم چا
 میانہ کھو تر؟ تم آسہ نے بیمہ۔ یہ دو ٹھس در جواب بخش
 زبان چٹھا دژرژ۔ تہہ پتر حص چٹک از میتہ پگاہ آسکھ
 کو بلہ۔ تم حص چھ سان پٹھو میتھو زمینہ پٹھو ہوت تر پانہ
 دژ چٹھ کارہ بار تر اچھو میل۔

ب۔ اُس خاس آسن تینگل و تھمتر؟

ع۔ نہ ہرا زہرباد و دھٹس۔ امو گڈا شہ اکھ تر نیون ہٹس
 پچا دس کن ڈرٹھ۔

ب۔ تقصیر۔ توبہ تقصیر!

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ع - نہ مہرا وہ نہ کیا زہ کرد تکلیف -

ب - نہ خض چاہیہ تر تکلیفی کیا چھ (بڑہ پھن) مہر و رام
بناؤ ناؤو قہوہ -

ماہد و رام [اژان اندر] بہتر مہرا [نیراں]

واسر کھاک - و نو خوج صاب - کیا چھ ایزو یک روداد

ع - اذ چھ نوی گل فو لہتر آتھ تہندس باغس -

ب - کیا خض زہ - ساہی چھا دارے

ع - وارہ یلہ آسہ ہوتیلہ کیا زہ دہر ہودہ - سائہ بون پھن حوگر

اوس سوڈریک گاڈہ دولاہ اکھ کھسان گاڈہ ڈال ہبہ کھس

پیچٹ - یورہ پیوس بھتہ خانہ اکھ - دوپس گاڈہ دم ہیمو توپس

گاڈس زہ سیر گمہ ڈوہ دوپس سمر خانن زہ چھون تولتھ -

و - آہنس ورس باز تلمت مسکینس -

ع - اُمی رچاڑی کورنس ورنس پیچٹ وارہ تسلی - پتر لوگس یہ

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بسیر بل - تکلیف چھاسائینا - سائیس دآؤس چھنہ اند تر نہ اُنکھہ -
 گراچھ بٹن ٹرٹان مسلمان نشس - گراچھ شین دوبرہ راوان سنین
 نشہ

[اذان نوکر]

نوکر - مہرا - یم چھ آرتو خوجہ صائب گوجوارہ پیٹھ
 ب - کسو - قدہ صائب چھا ؟

ن - بنواز

ب - وہ لہڑا نکھہ یوری [اذان خواجہ عبدالقدوس گوجوارہ]

ب - خوجہ صائب سلام - وارے چھو !

عبدالقدوس - دولت زیادہ تر یزتس ہرہر -

[خوجہ پکان بروٹھہ کن تر بہان بسیرکس نکھہ]

ب - خوجہ صائب - از چہرہ قہرہ دامہ - راتھی چھ دوتمت چاہے

نمونہ لداخہ پیٹھ -

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ایکٹ ۱

سین ۱

قارینو تہ لکھو یو ستر سجاوٹھ دیوان خانس منز چھہ شامہ
 کہ وقتہ بہتہ زہ باپو شاک مرد دستار دتہ تہ فرین پیٹھ دُسیہ دُریٹھ۔
 ۱۲-۱۳: چھہ تہ گشیہ منز چھہ پھٹان راج۔ دیوان خانس چھہ
 ریسانہ چمک دمک تہ ۱۸ صدی ہنز مغل ایرانی چال۔ لبن چھہ
 مٹی کاری کریتھ۔ امہ گرہ کین بزرگن تہ دیوی دیوتا ہن ہندو چھہ کینہہ
 قلی تصویر آویزان بردن خطہ کنہ چھہ مار بیج یٹھہ بیزیل در چھہ دامہ دامہ
 دیوان تہ واسہ کانس ستر کتھا کتھا کران۔

واسہ کاک ۱۔ مزل بوزی تو یٹہ چھہ سہٹاہ تکلیف امہ پھٹان راج
 منہ کھ۔

گوڈہ کتھ

۱۹۶۲ء منز حقوق مرکزی حکومتیو شعبہ سائنٹیفک ریسرچ اینڈ
 کچول افریئر (Ministry of Scientific Research
 & Cultural Affairs) پنامہ ڈرامہ کہ مقابلہ فائزہ
 بیجیکٹ موضوع اوس ہندوستانک پکٹ۔ ہندوستان منز بیون بیون زبان
 ہندو ناک کا دو کڑا کتھ مقابلہ منز شرکت تہ "بیرل" تہ آدمی بابت لکھنہ
 کا شہرہ زبان منز پیم ناک اُسو آہو کتھ مقابلہ منز سوزہ تہن پچھ کتھ در کچھ
 کتھ جاسے تہ ساروی کھٹھہ پنامہ۔
 بہ چھٹنہ کانہہ ادیب یا ناک کا تہ میہ اوسنہ منشا کتھ ناکس
 کتابی صورت دتھ چھپاونک۔ مگو میانہ کینشرو دوستو پھنہ ادبی معیار حقوق
 پچھ در کتھ نظر تہ دو کتھ "بیرل" چھپاونہ سہو گزہہ کامنرس ادیس
 ہر تہ پچھ۔ پھندی پاشو پاشو کرنہ سہو دریو میسہ جگہ تہ کوز میہ
 بس تہ چھپاونک۔
 "بیرل" چھ تواریخی ڈرامہ۔ امیٹوک کن چھ ڈوڈہ کتھ دری پرون

ادب ستر ستر ہیوتن نثری ادب تہ برو نہ برو نہ پکتن۔

سانہ لکھ زندگی منز چھنہ نالکھن تہ پاتھرن ہنر کی کینہہ تہ۔ مگر ادبی
ڈرامہ چھ نہ آسنس برابر۔ حالانکہ پتو پین دہن دوسریں منز آے کینہہ پوتھ
یکہنہ تہ شیجس پیچہ پیش کردہ۔ بہر حال بگوس پر دوجھت سپٹا خوش
زہ ادبچہ آتھ لنجہ تہ ہیتن بائن نیر تہ "بیرل" چھ پینہ اکھ رت نمونہ
آزادی ہندس دورس منزس ادب کا نثرس منز پتھ پوتھ کھخت
چھ پینہ ملج تہ وطنج مے۔ گہ ہوا تہ ادب دیت زور دہن کھن پیچہ۔

دہ ہون ہون درین منزیکت تہ ملہ ڈار تہ ہ کشیر ہندول تہ مے۔ ہم
جذبات چھ کا نثرس شرس راجہ ہند دود چوان چوانے دود پیتو آسان
"بیرل" نالکھہ اڈرن مکر تہ چھ برادری ملہ ڈار، پانہ وئی آتھ واسن
وطنج مے رلجہ۔ چنانچہ نالکھن ہندس یٹھ مقابلس منز "بیرل" پیش کردہ۔ تیک
موسوع تہ ادس سانہ ملکہ ہند ستانک یکت مینہ چھ دود مید زہ پہ نالکھ یہ پتو
شیجس پیچہ ہونہ۔ تہ پزن واکر تہ دوجھن واکر لن تہی ہند پتو ملہ ڈار تہ
خدمت یس جذبہ یٹھ قارئین نالکھس منز برتھ چھ۔ اگر یٹھ ڈرامہس منز کا نہ مینک
پٹ تہ آسہ سو نیر آتھ شیجس پیچہ پیش کردہ ستر۔
بہ چھس "بیرل" نالکھس رت کا پھان۔

(جناہ) غلام محمد صادق وزیر اعلا جوں و کشیر

50138

پیش لفظ

کاہن زبان چھ سپٹھہہ پرائی۔ ارج وائس چھ پہ دپڑہ تہ ہندوستان چھین
 من ریاستن ہنترن زبانین سیتو رلان۔ پیڑ پرائی زبان اُسٹھہ تہ چھ اریک ادبی
 زبانیک، خاص کرنتری ادبک سرمایہ۔ یہ زبان گڑھ دوہہ کھد تہ دوہہ ہر پوٹھو تہ پختہ
 پیرای۔ امیر کہ ادبچہ لنگ لچہ گڑھ سپٹھہہ چھہ مرثہ آسہ۔ مگر ہتہ پیرین
 ہر تین ہنترہ غلامی کو کر تیلو کا شتر ادب تہ۔ کوتاہ شعری سرمایہ چھ صنایہ سپر
 ہر ون شری ادب چھنہ نونے کتہ۔ ہنہ آزادی ہنتر قریک شروع سپر از ہنہ
 ۱۲ وی۔ تنے گراہہ احساس پنہ زبانیک لنگ ویک تہ گہ ڈ برنگ۔ ادہ پھوٹی
 ہنتر تہ آدھن نغمن ہندو گندہ بائی پوش۔ مگر ادبچہین یین لجن اُسو نہ
 من تہ ڈرامتہ۔

۱۹۴۷ ہس منز بنو قومی کلچرل محاذ۔ تمکو دیت ادمن نووے جوش تہ

آئی ایڈن ہنترہ پکھ واپر تہ۔ اسے ادس تہ نٹھ شاعری ہندو مل سرمایہ تہ ام
 لادہ اسے اسے ر سہ فیچر تہ کھہ لیکھنہ کیتہہ ڈرامہ تہ سپر سیش۔ کینترہ کالہ
 ہنتر دوت جموں کشمیر کلچرل ایڈیمی تہ کاشرس ادبس آبکاری کران شعری

یہ کتاب ہندو ساری حقوق چھ لیکھن ولس کن محفوظ

گہ ڈنیک چھاپ : • جنوری ۱۹۶۶ء

تیداد : • پانتر حصہ ست

معد : • ڈومہ ڈروپئے

چھاپ خانہ : • اندوپریس سرنگر

KS

891.4992

یہ کتاب ہینک میلہ SAD :-

د، پکور برادر س لال چوک سرنگر

د، کشمیر بک شاپ رینڈ ٹنسی روڈ سرنگر

د، علی محمد اینڈ سنز تاجران کتب جبہ کد ل سرنگر



KASHMIRI
Beerbal
by
Sham Lal Sachhu

بیربال
Kashmiri

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SAD

cg

آکھ تو آری پخی ڈرامہ



Qasaas

**(Sarkaer Kokur and other
stories)**

Shyam Lal Sadhu

111111

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S91.499308
SAD

قصص (تہ بیدہ افسانہ)



شام لعل سادھو

ہرمو کہ پبلشرز کرن نگر، سری نگر

۴۳

بوز پہ ہول ہائے تہ و بانیگے۔ تم دائی لاراں تہ فٹان فٹان کرے مکھ
 ژھینہ ژھینہ۔ تمو ژھینہ دوشوہی دین تھو کہ شمو ناخن دوشوہی
 گوپی ناخن چھ راہ تہ تمو کھور، تمسی تقصیر تیچھو تیچھو تہ کھن
 کر لکھ اصلی کتھ نئو۔ پتہ پڑھکھ گوپی ناخن ژہ کیا زہ لویتھ
 کوہ کر س۔ تمو وڈنکھ؛

"مہ اسی ائیتو سرکاری کوہ کر۔ پتہ کر مہ تباہ تہ

واران۔"

"اہا سیمو کیا کوڑہکھ۔ ژہ چھی سرکاری کوہ کر۔ تم

لسو تہ تہ پوشو تہ۔"

"قہہ چھوہ نہ خبر۔ مجھ سنی زانہ ستی ستر ٹوف مینہ

یم سرکاری کوہ کر ائم تہ چھ آسان دزان تہ وپان۔ پانہ تہ گہیو کھ کھ

مگر روڈ کھ سرکاری کوہ کر انک ارمانے۔ پتہ دوپکھ ہتور نے پلے

تہ زنگے زلیے۔ یہ کوہ کر اڈہ ڈوٹ کوڑ کھ سوی۔ اہس چھ سوزا

سائسی مریں مریں۔"

"نہ کہتے چکھہ پنتیچہ بہتہ کو کر مور ہے۔"
 "وہ تھہ در در کران تہ دوت بون۔ اتر د چن پن
 کو کر ڈھر ڈھر کران۔ شنبو ناخہ اوس اتی۔ تبس وون
 "ہے تہہ کیا زہ مور تھن پہ کوہ کر میون؟"
 "سہ ووتھس؛" "ونہ کتیو مورے ہا بیہا کرنے پہ جانور
 اہس کوٹ چھہ آسان یور بلا پہ لگن؟"
 "بلاے سی تن تبس پن اہس سہو ووتھہ تیول تہ
 "وس؟ وون گوپی نا تھن کوہ کران اچھہ سہو فش فش دوان۔
 شنبو نا تھن زہ کریم لفظ۔ تھو ڈر ڈر کرکھہ" "ہیو بلاے
 آیا پن ازی کہن شانہ گندہ طوطن! تہہ ہیشہ تھامہ وہہ وہہ
 کرڈی! ہاے کیاہ گویتھہ زانہ! پہ زہن کوہ چھہ کرہان ورتھہ!
 ہر مند کوہ کیا گوہا فٹے! اوچھان وچھان تھہ بایو
 لورہ تہ ہیشہ کر لاپے لاپے تہ مارہ مارہ کرڈی۔ زانہ ورتھہ تہ ہیشہ زل
 والہ تہ طپو کرڈی۔ شرہ ہیشہ مشہ لاینہ تہ تڑی چہو محلہ لہو

۴۰

پہلے سرکاری کوہ کر دین۔ پوتس نیلہ زناہ چہرہ کھتہ بوز بختہ دانب
 وچھت دق آو امو ائی کا شری کوہ کر جوری تہ حقون ٹرس منز۔ اُمند
 شری گئے خوش۔ گوہ تہ وئی تہ ووتھ بارہو وچھ پیچھ۔ اُمہ تہ ہتھو ٹھو
 کھتو تہ شری تہ اس دوان مگر دپان اس پتر تہ ہنہ پامہ کوت
 دلتہ۔ سرکاری کوہ کر جوری ہنہ روڈم تہیے۔

ہونی لڑا تہ پتہ ہنہ ا تہ کوہ کر لڑاے ووتھو۔ اکرشد
 کوہ کر گڑھ ہے بیہ بندس ہاکہ ڈورس منز تہ شری دہانس کتہ۔ پتہ
 اوسنہ پڑن روزان پانس تانی تہ اس دارہ پاٹھو گڑھان ہر میتھ ز
 اُندہ پکھو لوکھ اسی نیران دارہ کتہ تماشہ وچھنہ۔ شہو ناٹھہ من
 اسی پنہ سرکاری کوہ کر ہاٹھو تہ گوپی ناٹھن ا سوتہ کھو تہ شوہاوتی
 م سیکہ دوان پامہ :

پنہ کتہ کھنودہ کھو نہ وٹھ کھو۔ ادہ کونے بنیودہ سرکاری

کوہ کر؟

میانی کوہ کر جوری چہ چانہ کھو۔ وندی سیہ چانی یم سرکاری

تمو اناؤی نیبر منو ملو پچھ کینہہ کہہ کرتہ کہہ کرہ۔ دو پچھ یم چھ طول
 سہٹھاہ تراوان۔ یم طول چھ بڑی آسان تہ پمو نترہ یم پچھ نیران چھ
 تم چھ گڑھان بڑی تیار تہ مول چھکھ ہران۔ پمن فرنگو کہہ کرن ہنرہ
 زہ ژور پیرہ آہ سرکاری طور چھ۔ یلہ تم نو یاس سہٹھاہ سرکارن
 ہنرہ جورہ جورہ باگر اوڑ تاکہ لوکھ رچھن پمن تہ مہنہ نیل پچھ
 شنبو ناٹھس اوس زمانہ آسان دھہے اور سو پویرہ ڈاکٹر
 دو پچھس پچھ کمزور تہ طول گڑھن دھہے۔ مگر طول دروہ گیاہے
 تہ نترہ نترہ اوسو بنان۔ اٹھو نترہ کو شنبو ناٹھ اٹھ دفترس آوٹ کرتہ
 یترہ یم کہہ کر اوسو باگر اوان۔ پمن اوس حسابس نترہ کیا ہتام فریاہے
 اوس خوش کرن پتہ دڑھس تمو کہہ کر جوری پتھ۔ اوس تہ آو برہے
 اوسو بناو نو کہہ کر موڑ آنگنس نترہ خٹون شتو۔ کینہہ کا لاگو تہ ہیتو پمو
 طول تراوان۔ یم اوسو بڑی تہ ویٹھو۔ یس اور پیہ ہے سہ اوسو نیران
 اتہ کہہ کرتہ طول وچھنہ ور اے۔ پرتھ کاٹھہ اوس دپان یم سرکاری کہہ
 چھ لایق شنبو ناٹھس گپہ نیک نامی ہش مجلس نترہ کاٹیاہ اوسو پمن

"ہنساکھ جند چھکھ سون"
 "ہمتہ بی کیاہ وئے۔ بیول تے توس چھکھ دو تھمتہ"
 "ہنیو انیا۔ تریہ کہوزہ کویتھ سانس ہونس بہ پچھا کائس ہندو"
 "پاٹھو پچھ ہون کینہہ بہ پشرا ہن روہ پین چھم ہوتھمتہ"
 "اٹانو پتر حصہ دوستے تتر پشراہ وبل کجھتہ۔ تے سوری پچھ"
 "اٹس ماجہ پھیرن رٹھے۔ داپہ تھار چھپن کرناوان"
 "ماجہ ہشنگ آپیا بہ تے سوتس۔ چانی چھنا۔ پمول کہیا گہر"
 "سونہ بان کاوہ طور ہاکس بہ"
 "محدہ دوتھ۔ لکھ سمیہ۔ کیا دلیپل۔ پکرشہ س"
 "لڑاے"
 "کینہہ نہ س ہون کھیو کھ!"

حکومتس پو خیال زہ کہہ کرن چھ کمئی گا پشرا۔ اگر بنان تہ چھ
 تم چھ آسان کمزور تہ و سبھتہ در جھکو تہ مٹول چھپہ میسر باز رس مٹر۔

رو گن تھ گم و پینشنس تہ دون کورن اوسس و نہ نیچر کرنے۔ اوتا تو
 اسی ہم و نان زہ شری لسن یہ بار والن پائے نکھ۔ مگر وونی گونڈا چوکبر
 زہ چمن تراو پینی اچھ شرو پوڈی تہ گزھن پنیہ پنیہ جاپہ
 تو پیرس و میدوار۔ میلہ تہ کار و نکھ دارہ پاٹھو اند پتو باڈو وویو
 تر دو ویشا تہ دو نکھ زہ کھو رو ہر تھ کرو ووی فی ہند۔

بہ گہ کینہہ وقتا تہ گرس منز ہیشن لکا پ ووی تھنہ رو گہ
 ناقتس یہ کینترہاہ پونسہ ٹونک اوس سہ لوگس کورن۔ اکی نیچو دوتا
 مہ پیچھ چھ بار گریمک۔ بیاکھ ووتھ زہ پی پیچھ چھ۔ یچھ وقتس
 اسی چمن پنی تہ شری کھڑا مستی تہ پتروت اوس نویومت۔ بایو دتہ
 کر کتھ زہ بیون نیرو۔ یہو رٹھی پنی پنیو سنگر تہ بانہ بچھ باگر اوکھ
 پوتس رو دجیب مچ۔ شنبو ناقتن روٹ مول پائس سیتو تر گوی ناقتس
 پیپہ مچ رٹھی۔ آتہ گو محلس ٹس۔ دو کھد پیپو بین ماجرہ رچھ لپو۔
 میلہ کر لکھ۔ کاغذہ کر لکھ۔ نیچر باچھر کر لکھ۔ تینے کر لکھ۔ بحر منز
 زندہ بدائی۔ مگر باین دون اس بھر مان مان۔ چمن اوس پنی پنی جہ

سرکاری کوکر

گوپی ناھتس اس لہ کہ چارہ پیٹھے بچھڑ پتیس زبھس
 باپس شنبو ناھتس سیتو مان مان۔ کھین چین تہ پلو پوہ شک منگس
 چھ پرسی لوکین شریں روزان اکھ اکھ سنہ خارو زن۔ بڑھتہ تہ رود
 یمن پانہ ورنی میٹھے درتاو۔ شنبو ناھن روٹ سکولس کالجس منز
 سائیس تہ گوپی ناھن دوپ بے کیا زہ رپ تہ۔ سائیس پرن کور شنبو
 ناھن صناپ تہ بنیو سہ کو شڈی منز کلرک۔ سہ اوس دوہہ آنان دفتر
 کاغذ گروہ تہ ہرمانہ کام کر ان شامس بتہ کھیتہ بجلی ڈائمنس تن
 گوپی ناھتس تہ گنیو بڑھ شوق سرکاری دیار گنتر راونک تہ زاوسہ تہ
 اھتھ دفترس منز مائی دوپس بے کر ناوہتھ اور سیری ہنتر ٹینک
 مگرامی بوڑس تہ مولیہ۔ مدام کلام روز اُمی شترمان مان اھتھ منز

۲۸

”په آسنا آسند رامس مانج - کيلا سرا مينو دويم نانا نانا
پير هانس نر زانده - مگر امه هيتوتس از قصاص پير در پير هيتوتس
پهرن - دو پير : قصاص ميکي تير هيتوتس .

فہرِس

۴	• تعارف
۷	• قصاص
۲۹	• سرکاری کوہ کڑ
۳۵	• وند دگ
۶۲	• کٹھ
۷۳	• سوئیچہ واو
۸۳	• ادب زٹ

په کتاب چھاپنہ بابت چھ جموں و کشمیر اکیڈمی آف
لینگویجس آرٹ اینڈ کلچر کے طرفہ مالی امداد آمت دیو۔

یختہ کتابہ منتر یہ کیشتر ہا ریکسٹ چھ تہہ بابت چھ
اکیڈمی کونہ قسب دیو واری۔

یختہ کتابہ منتر چھ کردارن ہندو ساری ناو فرضی۔



۵۰۰	_____	تہہ
۳۶۹۰	_____	مول
نارل پریس سرنگی	_____	چھاپ
اپریل ۱۹۷۰ء	_____	تہہ
حر مہ کہ پلشرز۔ ۷ کون نگر۔ سرہنگ ریکسٹر		

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SAD

قصص (تہ بیتیہ افسانہ)



شام لعل سادھو

ہرموہ کہ پبلشرز کرن نگر، سری نگر

Wutchaprang

**(Flying Chariot: Book on
Science of Aviation)**

Shyam Lal Sadhu

26931

KASHMIRI

(6)

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وٹھ پرنک

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15.6.67

Wuchha Prang

Sadhu Sham Lal

~~Ks 500~~
~~SAD~~



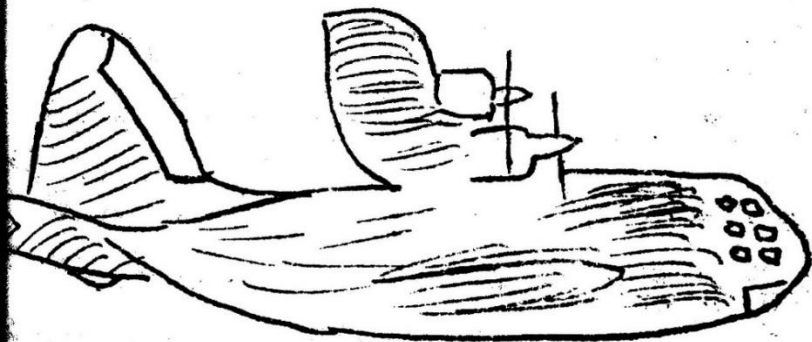
1966 (70)

Rs. 1-25

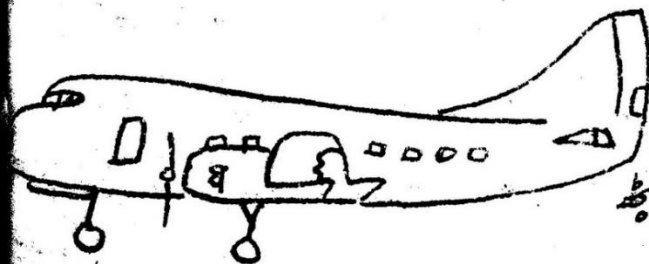
شام لال سادھو

۸۴

دیا دہ آسہ تہیوت چم جہازہ روزان لوت ہپور کھنہ بایت۔ تہیوت
پاٹھو بار نظریہ تہیوت تہیوت انجن زور اور آسہ تہیوت چم جان۔



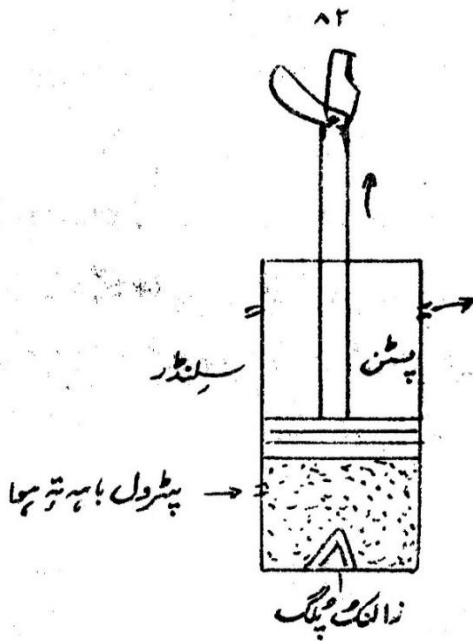
گوب جہاز - ہواہس مشر



پتھر س پیٹھ

اگر جهازس منز آکے انجن آسہ یہ چھ آسان برف نہہ کتہ
 نسبت منز۔ اگر زہ انجن آسنس تیلہ چھ سیم دیان ددہ یو طرف پکھن منز
 تقویر ترکیب زہ پیند بار تہ زور گتہ سو براونرین۔ امی حساب چھ
 دیان تقویر امہ زیادہ انجن اگر آسن۔ اکس اکس انجنس چھ آسان
 چھ اکھ اکھ پنکھ۔ پنکھ ہند پھیرنہ سیتی چھ ہوئس منز زبردست
 حرکت گزہان تہ جهازس میلان و تقبو۔ امہ سیتی چھ جهاز ہوئس
 منز ہیور تہ کھسان تہ برف نہہ تہ پکان۔

یُس بار ہوئی جهاز ہیکہ تیلہ تہ چھ آسان چھ پانچو ہیکہ
 کر تہ چھ آسان ۲۲ فیصدی یعنی الہ پلہ تریسم حصہ۔ انجن چھ رطلان
 ۱۹ فیصدی بار۔ تیل ۲۳ فیصدی۔ باقی اوزار تہ ہوا باز ۶ فیصدی۔
 سوارہ ۱۰ اسباب تہ سامانہ ۲۰ فیصدی بار۔ جهاز یک و تقبو چھ دیان
 تہ کر نہ تہ تری موجب ہیکہ آتھ سوارہ کھستہ تہ پیس سامانہ برنہ۔
 یُس آتھ جڑس بار آسہ تریک پانچرم حصہ چھ ہیکان یہ سوارہ تہ
 سامانہ تیلہ۔ دیان چھ زہ سمندری جهاز یاریل گاڑی چھ پانچرم حصہ
 بار ہیکان تیلہ بلکہ امہ کھہ تہ کم۔ ورنہ مطابقت پکھن ہند و ہراو یوت



پیشن تر باقی اوزار یکہ ساسہ بدو چکر کرن اکیس منیش منز
 انجمن کمین لین پیچھ - جڑن پیچھ تر اوزارن پیچھ کوتاہ دباو آسہ پیچھ
 آسہ کینر چھ یم چیز پوان خود لادس تر خاص مصالحن بناو تر - آسہ علاوہ چھ
 انجمن کر حرکت کر تر ستر ستر گری گزھان پاؤو - حرارت چھ واتان
 گزھ گزھ جاپہ ... ادرجہ تامت - انجن گزھ تر آسہ گرمی ستر دپن نہ گزھ
 اکیس واط کلسن تر یہ پتر گزھ تر -

امہ کس پکس منز کاٹھہ فرق پتو۔ تیلہ کہ خرچہ مقابلہ گزرتھ اٹھ روزن زیادہ
 کھمہ تیر زیادہ طاقت حاصل۔ وارہ وارہ آسے بناوند پکس حاجتن مطابق
 انجن۔ برہہ نہہ برہہ نہہ اوس انجن دیوان شہل تھونر پانہ ستر۔ مگر امہ ستر
 اوس جہازس سیمٹھا بار ہران تہ گنہ گنہ اوس پو فی راوان تہ گرمی ستر
 اوس انجن فیل گزہاں۔ امہ پتر آتہ پتر کسر کاسنہ تہ فوہ فرچم انجن
 دیوان ہماہ ستر شہلاوہ۔ وڈ کس پیم انجن چم لاگنہ دیوان جہازن
 تہہند زور چم آسان ترپن سائن گرپن ہندہ ہتر۔

انجن کھمہ پاٹھو چم ہیکان یوت زور لاگتھ ہ پٹروک

باہہ تہ ہوار لہر ملہ گزرتھ چم دیوان دباوند سلنڈرس منز تہ پتر چم
 دیوان زالنہ۔ پھندہ دزنہ ستر پیم گیس بنان چم تم چم سیمٹھا زور انان
 تہ سلنڈرس ٹھانہ پٹن چم دیوان زورہ سان ہورکن دکر کھ دینہ۔ امی
 زورہ ستر چم آہہ کوہ نال یاگہ پھر ناوند دیوان۔ اٹھن سلنڈرن
 ہندس انجنس آسن ریتی پٹن تہ تہ پھندہ زور یکہ وٹہ کھ کھ آسہ اٹھ
 گون۔ تیلہ یہ پٹن کرہ منٹس منز ۱۰۰ پھیرہ۔ یس زور یہ انجن پاڈرہ
 کرہ سہ آسہ کافی۔

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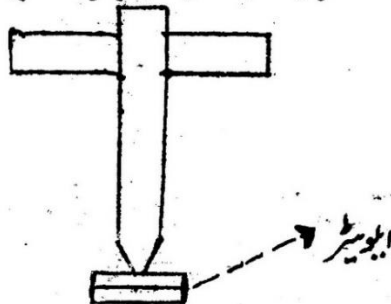
اُمہ پتر آسے تھتھو انجنس پیچھ کائم کر تہ بھتھ
Internal - Combustion engine دنان پچھ - اُمی قسکو انجن پچھ آسان
 موٹر لاکھتھ - مشہور ہوا باز سنٹاس ڈیمون (Santos-Dumont)
 لوگ تھتھے اکھ انجن پنس جہازس ۱۹۰۶ منز - بیسہ وٹھرو لوگ فارمن
 (Farmon) ہوا باز اُمہ کھتھ تر جان انجن تھتھے اُمہ سلنڈر اُمہ
 اُتھ اوس ۲۰ گرن ہند زور تہ منٹس اوس کران ۱۱۰۰ چکر - ولبرڈاٹ
 (Wilber Wright) تھتھو پن ناو ہوائی جہاز بناؤتھ امر بنو -
 لوگ ۱۹۰۵ منز پنس جہازس ژون سلنڈرن ہند گیسولین انجن تھتھے
 ۲۲ گرن ہند زور اوس - اُتھ اوس گنڈ دون ہچون پنکھن سیتھو سیمین
 پ اوس ۴۵۰ چکر کرناوان اُکس منٹس منز - اُتھ انجنس اوس ڈھای
 من وزن -

پیم اُسو گمہ ڈھنگہ ڈھنگو بناؤتھ ہتھ انجن - مگر رُسہ رُسہ آسے
 سپٹھا زائو جبار درتاوہ - اُتھ منز کر موٹر بناؤن والیو تہ کوشش
 تہ ہوائی جہاز بناؤن والیو تہ - ہوائی جہازہ باپت انجن گرنہ آسن بارہ
 کن کوت مگر سپٹھا زور اور - جہاز ہچور کھالند والینہ سیتھو گرنہ

تہ جھہ۔ اُچ کاتم تہ چھ جہاز چہ تہ تہ تراوہ پیٹھ تھف تھوڑی۔ اُکھ منز
 چھ آسان اکھ لہ کٹ پکھ تہ نم رٹنگ ڈھل۔ ریم چھ آسان وٹھ
 لیورن سستی تہ پائیلٹ ہیکہ پنیو کھورو سستی ریم پھر ناوٹھ۔ لہ کٹ
 پکھ چھ آسان بند تہ اگر جہاز آسہ اکی طرف سیدہ سیدہ پکناون
 یہ چھ پوان اُمی سستی پکناون۔ نم رٹنگ ڈھل سستی چھ جہاز ک بھ
 پوان پھر نہ تہی طرف ہیہ طرف ضرورت آسہ۔ گنہ وڑہ چھ جہاز اکی طرف
 گڑھان اکھ انجن بہتھ۔ اُمر سستی چھ جہازہ گڑھان اکی طرف۔ اُمیک
 بار سو براونہ بابت تہ چھ یہ ڈھل پوان اُکھ رٹھ۔ جہاز گڑھ پکھ
 چلاوہ تہ بروہ نہ پکناونہ بابت انجن آسن۔ اگر پکھ یہ نہ پھر ناوٹھ
 ہیکہ نہ جہازہ بروہ نہ پکھ۔ اُمر بابت آسہ واریاہ پھر کہ نہ وڑہ وڑہ
 زیادہ تر گنہ ہیہ صدی منز۔ گنہ ڈو گنہ ڈو بناو کھ نعم انجن ریم ہیہ
 (Mach) پیٹھ کاتم اُسو کران۔ اُمر پتر بنو اُکھ انجنیرن ہیہ
 منلی (Mach) اوس ناوٹھس پیٹھ اکھ انجن، یس لائگی
 (Mach) نامہ کی ہوا بازن ورتو پترس جہازس منز ۱۹۰۳ منز
 اوتانی اوسنہ جہاز ک کہ نر تہ پختہ ہیہ سستی تہ انجن تہ اوس وٹھ وٹھ

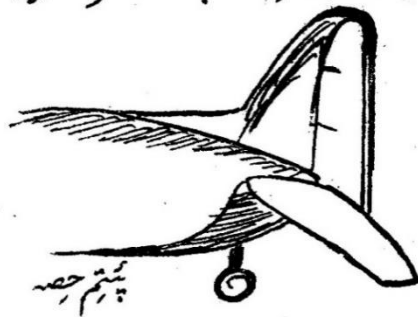
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ہند اٹھم یا نوئم حصہ۔ وڈنس منز چھ امہ حصہ کاسم جہازک بارسو مہرون
 اٹھ تہ چھ دو بیچہ آسان۔ بڈرہش پیٹ چھ عمومن بند روزان۔ مگر کئے
 وڑہ اگر ہوا باز ضرورت پیو شہ ہیکہ ایچ دندر تر کر اوتھ یا نہ ماوتھ
 تہ امیک بارسو مہر اوتھ۔ لٹو پکھ ہند پتیم پاس تہ چھ آسان اکی طرف
 بند۔ اٹھ چھ وٹان ایلیویٹر (Elevator) یا سپور کھارنگ ٹھل
 امیک بن چھ آسان ہوا باز برو نہ کئے۔ یلہ پڑوان چھ دباو نو امہ پارچ
 دندر چھ وٹان بدن کن تہ جہاز چھ بدن کن ڈنگ روان۔ پتھ کئے
 پتہ جہاز سپور تہ کھارنہ۔ ایلیویٹر (Elevator) پتہ چھ جہازک
 رفتار ہوا کس منز گندہ رٹنہ تہ پکھن پشتر تر اے تہ چھ امی سترو پوان
 رٹنہ دیسیک اتر پوان چھ امہ کس پکھن کس تہ کھنہ و سہ ہندس رفتار



لٹیک بیاکھ انگ چھ آسان وودہ۔ اٹھ منز تہ چھ آسان نو

٤٤
 چم۔ تھتھ منز چم پوان جہازو بوزنہ اُکس شیشس منز دورہ پیٹھ
 تہ ہوا پی اڈہ پیٹھ چم ہوا بازس پورہ پورہ اطلاع و اتان زہ کتھتھ
 چم پھیرن۔ دسُن یا کوتاہ چم دسُن۔ اگر نب آسہ صاف تہ گاش
 آسہ رت تیلہ چم ہیکان ہوا باز پانہ تہ پتھر و چھتھ گار کتھ تہ پنے
 آہ و سستھ۔ و سنے و زہ گزہ رفتار آسُن کم۔ امہ بابت چم پکھن ہند
 دہراو پوان سہ ہراونہ۔ کیتھہ حصہ چم آسان قبضن پیٹھ و اُٹھتھ یم
 چم پوان یا دہرنہ تہ پتھ پائیلٹس ضرورت پیہ۔



ہوا پی جہاز کس لٹس چم سٹھا کٹم پوان ہونہ۔ اٹھتھ
 زہ تہ حصہ آسان۔ اٹھتھ گوسہ حصہ یس زہ آسان چم تہ پکھن ہند
 آہ چم آسان لٹس پیٹھ۔ بادو کن چم آسان تہ ہر نہ کتھ چم پکھ

۶۹

قسمہ۔ پھین حرکت کر نہ سیتو۔ ہور کھار نہ یا بون والہ سیتو چھ
 جہازک پرواز پوان اٹھس تل رٹنہ۔ پھو منزہ اکھ ژھل یلہ حرکت
 کرنا وون تیلہ چھ جہاز ہیکان ہور کھٹت یا بون ڈنگ دھتہ۔ بیہ
 ژھلہ سیتو چھ پوان جہازک تم پھرنہ۔ اگر جہاز اکہ لہ آسہ نومراون
 امہ بابت تہ چھ پوان ہیس ژھلس حرکت کر نہ۔

یلہ جہاز ہور کھٹہ امہ بابت چھ ضروری زہ پہ گزہم پرواز
 کر تھتہ وارہ کارہ بیہ وسن پھتر۔ پہ کھتہ بامل انہ بابت چھ آرستو۔
 اوزار تہ ژھل لاگتہ پھتہ زن جہازک رفتار۔ وسن۔ کھٹن۔ پھیرن تہ
 بیہ پرتھتہ کانہہ حرکت روزہ ہتھتہ فیصدی ہوا باز بندس اٹھس تل
 وسنہ وزہ گزہم جہازک رفتار کم روزن تہ پہ گزہم توت تراس
 کھینہ ورائی لگن زمینہ پیچہ۔ وڈنہ وزہ چھ ایک ہر آسان کھارستو
 کر نرس منز۔ بون وسنہ وزہ چھ نیران بیہ نمبر تہ تیراوان سورے
 بار جہازک۔ پھتر وسنہ خاترہ ہم جہازس اوزار چھ آسان تم چھ ریڈیو
 کین اٹولن پیچہ کائم کران۔ ہوا بازس چھ پوان وٹھہ ہونہ تہ تھس
 چھ پتہ نشان دہ کاژاہ ٹیکھ چھس تھنہ۔ وونہ وونہ فیس راڈر طریقہ

۷۵

دوز کین کرو اُسو تین اگن پشوزان پیم ہوا پی جہازس
 منز چھ پوان بڑہ ضروری مانندہ۔ پیم منز چھ (۱) منترم در را پیکھ (۳)
 اینج تہ برو نہ پکنا و ککو اوزار (۴) پتھر و سنگو اوزار۔ منترم در چھ
 آسان زیوٹ ڈبہ ہویو بیجہ گاڑہ ہندہ شکلہ۔ اچھو چھ بہان سوارہ
 اچھ برو نہ کتہ چھ آسان ہوا بازن بہنچو جائے یچھہ کاکپٹ (Cock)
 pit چھ دنان۔ اچھ منز چھ سہ سورے سامان آسان یس جہاز چلاؤ
 چھ پوان ورتاؤنہ۔ یوہے گو جہازک دہماغ پکھن پیٹھی چھ جہازس
 دارو مدار۔ پیموستی چھ گوب جہاز روزان ہوا ہس منز تر ہوسور
 کھان۔ یچھہ متعلق چھ بروٹھے امت کم کاس و نینہ۔ پیم پکھ چھ پوان
 تھہ طریقس پیٹھ بناؤنہ و و تھہ روزہ ہرتہ بہن کن لمہ روزس
 کم۔ اگر پکھن ہند نہ پچھ آسہ کچھہ کھتہ واریاہ زیادہ تیلہ چھ بونیم لمہ کم
 گزہان۔ جہازک رفتار سونم تھونہ بابت چھ پکھ روزان فائدہ مند
 جہازن تہ تراو گندنہ بابت چھ لٹچہ تھہ پکھ پوان کام ہوسر یوہ سر لہ
 آسان چھ۔ امیک باڈو چھ آسان برو نہ کتہ چھ پکھن ہندہ باڈو ک
 ستر یا پٹھ حصہ۔ جہازہ کس لٹس منز چھ آسان ڈھل دویہ ترہویہ

۴۶

تمو کرمی گمہ ڈہہ گلائیڈرن پیچھے تجربہ۔ گلائیڈرس چھ آسان بادو گمہ بہ
 جہازک پیو مگر انجن یا مشین چھس نہ کینہہ آسان۔ پیو تجربہ بو ستر
 یوہ سہ واقفیت پین رائٹ برادرن سپرز سو نظرو تلی ققو ققہ بنو
 تمو بیہ طریقہ پنن گلائیڈر، تمو لوگ اٹھ پیوہ جون کھارنہ والہ
 تہ ہوتس منز موڑ کرنہ پائٹ ڈھل (۲) پیہہ ڈیچھہ کچھ اٹھ آسہ تمن
 ققو ققہ بادو وطنہ دھارنہ پائٹ گنجائش پیہہ ستر گلائیڈرک وو ققو
 ہر راوہ یا ڈھوڑا و آو۔ امہ ستر سپرز پین بائن سٹھا کامیابی
 تہ امہ مطابق پیوئس جہاز بنو تمو کور ۱۹۰۵ منز الہ پلہ ۲۵ میل
 سفر تہ گوہس جہازس پیچھے بیچھہ لکھن سیکہ پاٹھو پڑھہ۔ ۱۹۰۵
 منز آو ۵۶ میل سفر کرنہ ۱۹۰۹ منز تور اکھ فرانسیسی ہوا باز بلیریو
 (Louis Bleriot) رودبار انگلٹنس اپورائیس امہ وقتہ
 سٹھہ کارنامہ آوامانہ۔ یوت از کو کہ زمانہ گمہ فوس سیارس پیچھہ و سن
 چھہ۔ اٹھو کورئس منز کور بیہہ اکو ہوا باز فارمنن (Forman)
 ۱۳ میل سفر الہ پلہ سارٹن ڈون گھنٹن منز۔ امہ پتر روز گمہ بہ
 جہاز چو ترقی جاری۔

۷۳

وٹھن دھتہ ربر گنڈہتہ۔ ربر اوس وٹھن مژراونٹ زور کران تہ پکھ
 اسیہ نژان۔ ہوئس اُس گڑھان حرکت تہ اوس پہ نمونس ہوسر تان
 امہ پتے نیسہ بیاکھ کتہ زہ اگر جہازہ چن پکھن پہ پچہر تہ
 تاوہ ہندی پٹھو گولائی دہ تیلہ ہرہ اکتہ وہ تقبو مشینور و ستوے
 گلیڈرن (Gliders) ہیون بوش لگن۔ تہ پتہ سیتوئس
 تجربہ سید حاصل تہ سیتو میل ہوئی جہاز بناؤس مژر سٹھاہ
 پیم چلاؤس مژر کروی جرمی ہندی اوٹو لیا نکلن (Otto -
 Lilienthal) سٹھا کام۔ کتہ ہمہ صدی ہندی اُس اُخر س
 تازی کرکھ انجن لاگتہ جہاز کھارن مژر کوشش۔ مگر خاص کامیابی
 سپز کہ نہ۔

ہوئی جہاز بناؤس سپز پوتس مکمل کامیابی امریکہ کین
 وین بائین رائٹ (Wright) اُسی وٹان۔ اُکس اوس ناو
 ولبر رائٹ (Wilbur Wright) تہ ہوئس اور ول رائٹ
 (Orville Wright) جن اوس بائیکل کارخانہ لوکے
 تہ تیلہ ہوئی جہازن ہندی تجربہ ہستہ کرنی۔ پیم تہ آے وہ سس

علس منز ہر ہر پتہ نہ زائہ مشراونہ۔ اُمہ پتہ دوتھ کیلے Sir
 (George Cayley) اُمہ بنو جہازک نمونہ ہلی کا پتہ
 نقشس پیٹھ تہ اٹھ اُس جانا دار کچھن ہندی زہ پیکھ اُس لاکھ
 پتہ ستر ہو ہس حرکت اُس لکان۔ تہ جہازہ اوس ہور ہور لکان
 اُمہ بناوی بین بین قسمن ہندی تہ نمونہ ۱۸۴۲ء منز بنو سینسن
 (Henson) ہتھ قسٹ جہاز۔ اٹھ اُسہ سیمٹھا ز پیکھ۔
 ۱۸۴۸ء منز بنو باکھ نمونہ سترنگفیلو ہن (Stringfellow)
 یسرن کم کاست وڈو تہ ہینوک کتھ۔ اوتانی اوسنہ کاتھ گوب جہاز
 ہینوک وڈت تہ اُس میل اکھ ہتھ پونڈن ہندی نامہ۔ دیمو
 دوشوی اُس ہتھ متو انجن جہازن منز پتہ ہندی کتھ سیم جہازہ اُس
 ہر نہہ پکان تہ ہور ہور کھسان۔ اوتانی اوس یوتے مندی مت زہ
 اگر تون تختہ پتہ دندہ دندہ ہو ہس منز دار کتھ دینہ۔ ہو پکھ زورہ
 ستر ہیکہ پتہ ہور کھستہ۔ مگ اُمہ پتے کدی پناڈن (Penard)
 تجربہ ۱۸۵۶ء بنو اُمہ اکھ نمونہ یختہ لوٹ اوس لاکھ تہ پتہ رڈو
 زیادہ کامیاب۔ اٹھ اُسہ پتے راتہ کریل کچھ جہازن تہ پتہ اوس

کوب جہاز

یتیمچہ چھنہ ممکن تہن سارنی سائیندانن تو ہوا باز
ہند ذکر کرن پیمو کوب ہوا پی جہاز بنادش منز پینتہ پینتہ مدد کو
مگر کیشرن ہند کرناو چھ بنیمتو امر تریم روزن ہر ہمیشہ ٹاکار
ہی زوان گہ ڈرکین منز چھ پوان لیونارڈو ڈا وینسی (۱۴۵۲-
۱۵۱۹) (Leonardo da Vinci) یہ اوس بڑہ
تقدہ پاک گہ نجات تو کینہہ تصویریم امو بناو چھ تھن
شاہکارن منز شمار۔ امو بنو ہوا پی جہازک نقشہ اکھ یسن
چھ ہر ہوا باسان پکھ و اہر تھ جانا دار پیو۔ امو پتر آسے واریاہ
سائیندان پیمو کوڑا تھ غلس کھوج۔ مگر سائینس کین بین بین
لنچن اوس تر نیرن تہ خاص کامیابی سپر کھنہ۔ تو تر چھ تہن
منز نیوٹن (Newton) (۱۶۴۲ء-۱۷۲۷ء) تیراویس (Euler)
(۱۷۰۷-۱۷۸۳) بہنر ہوا اس متعلق کھوجو کام تر چیزن ہنر حرکت کرکس

مائس ماچہ ہنتر زبان چھ شرک سہندہ خاتہ تیرے مزدوری
یوت ماچہ ہند دو دچھس۔ وہ فی چھ دیوان اٹھو کھنچ پیچھ زور دین
زہ شرین گزہ پنی زبانی منز تا لیم پین دین۔ یہ کھنچ پیہ بائل پیلہ کاشتر
زبانی منز پیچھا کتابہ لیکھنہ تکیا زہ ساہن شرین، خاصک کاشتر
شرین ہند پیچھا وقت چھ لکان ہیرہ زبانی، ہچھ نس منز اصل
مضمون۔ سائیس یا اقتصادیات چھ روزان دورے وڑھ پڑگت لیکھنس
منز اوس پی ما زہ پین منصوبن گورھہ مد میلن۔

سائیس یا انجینیری ہند پین مضمون پیچھا لیکھنس منز چھ
پوان مشکلات درپیش۔ خاصک کاشتر زبانی منز۔ تر اکس انزا فی سند
اٹھ کامہ دس ملن چھ باسند پوان ویوٹھے پھن۔ اما پوز اگر میشاند
قدم تگنہ ستر پین ادیب تر ماہر وہ لسنس تر پین پین مضمون پیچھا
جان جان کتابہ لیکھنہ بہ بوزہ زہ میا فی محنت گتہ سو پھل۔

شام لال سادھو

گوڈہ کتھ

کاشترہ زبانی منز چھ واریہ کتابہ پوان لیکھنہ تہ چھپاؤنہ
 پھن منز چھ نظم، دیلہ، نامک تہ افسانہ تہ۔ کاشترہ منز چھ کیشہ
 رسالہ تہ نیران تہ سائرس ادبس ہیوتن پوچھ لگن۔
 وونی کپس چھ زمانہ سائینس تہ تکنیکی علومن ہند۔ پریچھ گنہ
 زبانی منز گتھن آسنہ کتابہ پیمہ، امہ دنیہ پچ دن کیشہ ڈینہ ون آسہ
 منز تہمن بالیگن پیم نہ انگریز ہیکن پریچھ یا تہمن شرین پیم انگریز
 پٹھو پیمہ کتابہ پرنہ بابت چھ آسان پرائن یوتانی تہم کالج واتن۔ امہ متوکھ
 چھ پڑھو وی زہ کاشترہ زبانی منز گتھن بیون بیون علی من پیٹھ پیمہ
 کتابہ لیکھنہ تاکہ شرک تہ پڑی ہیکن زبانی ہندہ پھرہ دوستو سے تہمن
 کتھن تہ چیزن ہنہ زان کتھ پیمہ سیتو سون ماحول چھ ہیوت
 امہ سیتو س بے حد فائدہ واتہ سامن شرین تہ سائرس قوامس
 تہمچ دکھنہ کرنی چھنہ مہہ باسان ضروری

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فہرِس

دا گمہ ڈہ کتھ

دا دیدار

دا انسان برسر ترقی

دا کن

دا لہ ڈر گمہ بھر

دا بیگن

دا لوت جہاز

دا پنکھ

دا گوب جہاز - تحقیق

دا گوب جہاز

دا وارم دات

دا زون تر تار کھ

یہ کتاب ہندی سارسی حقوق چھ بیکھن وائس کن محفوظ

نومبر ۱۹۶۶ء

• گمہ ڈرنیک چھاپ

پانچرھ ہفتہ

• تیداد

۱۵ روپے چھاپ

• مہل

اندو پریس سرچیکر

• چھاپ خانہ

۱۵۵۵۵
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یہ کتاب ہیکہ میلہ

۱۔ کیور برادر س لال چوک سرینگر

۲۔ کشمیر بک شاپ رینڈیٹنسی روڈ سرینگر

۳۔ علی محمد اینڈ سنز تاجران کتب جہ کد

1-26931

KASHMIRI

(6)

Ks
500
SAD

وچھ پرنک

26931

15.6.67

Wuchha Prang

Sadhu Sham Lal

~~Ks 500~~
~~SAD~~



1966 (70)

Rs. 1-25

شام لال سادھو

Wyethi-hend Malar **(Waves on the Vitasta River)**

**(Some Tales from the
Rajatarangini in Kashmiri)**

Shyam Lal Sadhu

54

وہتھ ہندو مکر

(رازہ ترنگنی مشرہ کہتہ)

KS
398
SAD

شام لال سادھو



ہرمو کہ پیشرز ل کرن گنری نگر

۱۴۰

دودھ بولی۔ دُپان چھ زہ کشیر ہند اکھ مشہور بودھ پندت
 ناگ راجن اوس دراصل ناگ ذمہ ہند۔ دُپان چھ زہ پانسی تہ
 پانجلی ہی گاڑو اُسو ناگے۔

بہا کہ جماعت چھ ونان زہ ناگ چھ اُسو سرب بگر
 منزہ منزہ چھ پیم انسان شکر منزہ سکان پھیرتھ۔ پیم چھنہ مولہ
 تہ انسانس دشمن تہ پھندہ موجب چھ پونی روزان میسر
 پیمہ کتابہ منزہ پیمہ کہتھ صفحہ ۲۵ تا ۲۶ ۹۲۱
 پیمہ چھ۔ تہ سوسو چھ ناگہ ذمہ ہند پیمہ تہ زان سپدان۔

۱۳

بساؤ کھ گام تہ کر کھ شہر آباد۔ بیہ کوڑ کھ قسم زہ تم ساری
 رسومات آسوپالان یم نیل رازن وڈی کھ۔ یمو منزہ چہ کینہہ
 وڈی پوان ورتاویہ۔

ناگ تہ پشاژ کم اسی اٹھ متلیق چھنیہ کانہہ اُخری را
 آمیش قائم کرینہ۔ یم چہ اُسمیتو پتھہ کالہ کشیر ہندو رزن وڈی۔
 اڈین ہند خیال چہ زہ ناگ چہ اُسمیتو اسی ہی انسان ذات تہ
 اُسی سرین ہنر پوزا کران۔ یمین اوس بودھن ہند سپٹھاہ
 ضد تکیا زہ یمو اوس واریا ہہ کتہ یمین کورمت کاہہ تان۔ اڈی
 چہ ونان زہ ناگ نوکھ اُسی ہنر انگر کو رزن وڈی۔ یس گلگت
 کس علاقہ شتر چہ تہ پشاژ اُسی رزن ہند وکش بالہ پیارہ تہ اُیکھ

زہ وندس منز نیران نیران تہ سوکتہ واپس پوان کا زاہ سختی چھہ
 واتان کشیرہ ہندین منوشن، بڑہ زاہ پارہ کرکھہ ووننس زہ
 یمن گوڑھ یستی روزنک اجازت اُسَن نیل راہہ اوس خوش
 تہ ووننس۔ "اچھا۔ ہی منوشن منز سرس برہندہ۔ توہی لوکھ ہیکو
 عیتہ مستقل پاٹھو روزتھہ۔ حرف گرہن تمہہ ریشہ تہ رسومات اُند
 واتا ورنہ۔ ہم امہ باپت جاپز چھہ"

چندہ دیو رودشن رتن اتی نیل راہہ نہ کرہ بڑہ
 خوش پاٹھو۔ ترترس منز ہستی لوکھ واتہنی نیرہ پیٹھہ تہ کینہہ دوہ
 پتہ ووت پہند راہہ تریس ویر یودن اوس ناو یمن اُس لے
 زہ چندہ دیو آبہ پشاڑو کھیوت۔ یٹھہ یمن یہ نظرہ گو پڑھے
 ایکھ پتہ ہیشہ رکھ اچھن مورن دنی۔ تہی ورنی یمن سارے دلیسل
 تہ سستی وونکھ زہ وہری وریس یستی روزنہ باپت مکہ مکہ ریشہ
 گرہن تھوہ۔ لوکھ گپہ یہ بوڑتھہ خوش۔ بنا ویکھ جاپہ تہ مند

دؤ پھس پشاژ مارنے۔ دؤ پنکھ مچھ پانترھ دودھ کڈی مٹو۔ یہ
 زن بالس پیچھ دؤ نیسرم تہہ کھو تہ چھم جان دہ ییتی تراوہ پڑان۔
 یئلہ نکھبو ووت اشدس منز واپس کشیرہ پشاژ روٹ چند دیو
 تہ کیو ندھس تھہ پٹھو پیچھ برور چھ گندان لکرس تیرہ سستو تہ
 کوس کہہ مین۔ نکلیا زہ وندہ آپس نہ مال وند چو۔ آخر آیس اکہ دوما
 وز تہ ژلان ژلان ووت یہ نیل رازس نش۔ یہ اوس تھو جباہ
 میتھہ سستی سروک پونی اوس اگر مئی وڈان۔ اتہ وچھ امو نکھبو
 نیل رازس پوزا اکران تہ دچھنو کھو ہر اسی واریاہ ناگ تہ ناگنہ
 چندرہ دیون زون پنہنہ مطلبہ خاترہ یہ موقہ غنیمت۔ یہ پیوہ
 کہہ ڈوہ پرن اوس۔ پتہ پرن شلوک تہ کرش اہی نیل رادہ
 خہش۔ دؤ پھس وودہ لہ ییتی روز اسی نش۔ پیہ ننگ یہ ژہ پڑھا
 چھ۔

چندرہ دیو اوس اٹھو پڑان۔ امو وون ویرھنا ووتھ

سېطاه زاره پاره زه اسه چمه بهتر منوشن سیتی روزن ته اسی
 هیکو که نه پشار ییتنه ییتر او بخت. ایه ولی زاری سیتی او ویشنو
 بگوانس آرتی تمیو سنده ونه رود ایه شاپک اثر صرف ژده ن قرن
 یوت کال اوس ییتنه پشارن روزن صرف وندس ته تمه پته وونکھ
 روزن ناگ ته منشو پکه وٹی. پته او ونه زه کشپ ریشون ناوس
 پیچ آسن ییخه ملکس و نان کشیر ته ییتکو لو که آسن پننه عی ائی
 هاتره تمه ریشتر ته رسومات ورتاوان، پیم زن نیل راز و ونکھ.
 ایه پته رودی لو که ژده ن قرن که ته بال ژر طعه زتر
 منزیر دیوان. تم اسی زمین تلمان فصل وودپاوان. لوان ته ژلا
 نمبر وندس اسی یوت دیوان پشار ته کران هر ته ته کر ته. اکر وروی
 بنایه کام زه عیله منشو هیتن هرده کالیه نیر فی راجوری، پرون شه ته بین
 جان کن. اکر مده برعمن یس چند ره دیو اوس ناو هیتن که نه مٹی
 نیرن تمیو وونکھ به چیس بدیومت. ته بالن کھس نس چمنه بیکه

دور کولن هوند رء چھ -

کشیپ ریشنه بھکھن ستر او نیل رازن ملک رچھن
 پاں چنہ سنده تباہی ریشہ - تخی موئک وشنو بھگوانس : یہ کل
 چھ تیتھ نند بون زہ یتر گترھ انسان ذات بساوند پنی - ادہ
 روز پر رقیہ وون تہ شو بہ دار : " مگر ناگو مون پو انسان ستر ستر
 روزن تہ کشیپ ریشو رتی کھ شاپھ : " توہی بسو پشازن ستر
 پشازن ^{to ach} اُسو آسان چنہ ذات اکھ - تخی وون زہ پرتھ وری پر چھ
 چنن ہند رانہ نکھبو بڈ لشکراہ ہستھ گڑھان بد ذات دھون
 ستر سیکر سمند رس منز جنگ کر تہ - شن رتن جنگ کر تھ چھ
 سہ واتان اُشد پر پھ نم دودہ واپس تہ روزان شن رتن ہمالیہ
 کین کہہ من منز کشیپ ریشو وون زہ نکھبو روزہ دندس کشر
 منز تہ ریشو گاہس روزن یتر انسان -

ش
 یلہ نیلہ ناگن بوز کشیپ ریشو شاپک سہ کانپو تہ کور

سہماہ زارہ پارہ وشنو بھگوانس تہ تمو ڈنیل رازس تہ
 تہس قبیلہس کشپرہ مزا جے تہ تھو نکھ اتہ پنچو را چھو۔ پنکس
 ژاو خوف ییلہ جل اد بھون ہیش کاندھارا تہ جالندھریوت دور
 دور تام تہامی کپی۔ پیل تہ تسد مول کشپ گئے اموئندی بارو
 دہ دوتاہن نشس یم ہور ہور بالن پیٹھ امو۔ برہما۔ وشنو
 تہ شیو ستر نظر پتہ ترین کوہ ہہ تنگین تہ رودی یم زانگہ دوس
 اوس اوس تیوت طاقت زہ دوتا تہ پوئشس تہ۔ مگر تم امو
 زانان اوس کہہ سہو اوس تیوت جس بنیومت۔ تہ گوہ پانیک
 اثر تہ تمو ہیوت اموئندی مول کالنگ ستر کرم۔ ناو بندس
 اندی کچھو سوے پتو سدر کپس ژوکس اکک دب۔ پونی ہیوتن راؤن
 تہ دوس گوہ طاقت سوتان۔ تمی کریمہ زھڑٹہ زھڑٹہ سہماگر
 پوتس پووکھ تہ مورکھ۔ دوتا ہو وچھ پانہ ملہ نیران کشپرہ ہنز
 سوند رنے تہ پھور چہ پنہ روز پو غا ترہ رقبہ وونہ جاپہ تہ دیو

کشرہ بستی

سہٹا سہٹا کال گوہ و زہ سائی زمین اُس آدھنی
 پائس تل۔ اکہ دوہہ ہیوت ویشنو بھگوان کاٹا لگتھ اکس
 ناوہ لمن یس پچھ سستی بھگوتی لوگت ادس کشرہ ہندس جنوب
 مغربس منز لچھ پہ ناو اکس کوہہ تھنگس پیچھ بوٹھ۔ اٹھ جاہ آہ پتہ
 ناو بدن ونہ۔ اٹھ ناوہ بنے پہ زمین۔ مگر اتر روڈ منزس اکھ بوڈ
 شد۔ پد رس منز ہیوت روزن اکو بڈیمو دیون دھس جل اد بھو
 پیو ناو۔ امیک مطلب گوہ و سہ یس پانہ منزہ وراثت اسہ امو
 کر سہٹاہ تپسیا یٹھ پیچھ ساری دو تا گاس خوجش تہ وٹھس
 گر تھہ باڑیہ ہیکی نہ کاٹھہ مار تھہ۔ یوت کال ژوہ پائس منز روزکھ
 پیاری اوس کشرپ ریشن کوہ بر نیل بنیوت ناگن ہند
 رازہ۔ سر پچن تہ ناگن چھ ازلے اوسمت لرزہ گرد سندن۔ تہو کوڑ

کنوئیمہ صدی ہند پیرزادہ حسن مشہور۔
 وہ ٹھو پوٹھو زبانی منتر چھ کینٹھہ واقعات آہتو یتھ
 کتاب منتر پیش کرنو۔ ہند اگر چھ سہ تو ارنجی موادیس کلہن
 ہند تہن پیرزادہ حسن تام آوسو ہرنہ۔ وہ مید چھ زہ
 پرن والین روزہ اکتھ منتر دلچسپی۔

بہ چھس تمہ قدر شناختن ہند سہٹھاہ مشکور پتو
 یہ کتاب پرتہ آہ کین گوہن ہنر و کھن کرکھ۔ ہنرہ حوصلہ
 افزا ہی در او پھل تہ یتھ کتاب ہند دویم چھاپ چھ یوان پرن
 والین پیش کرنو۔ مع چھ وہ مید زہ تم پرن یہ کتاب شوق
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سہ ۱۹۹۰ء

دویم چھاپ

پندہ شہ

تیراد

نارل پریس

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No Axe to Grind

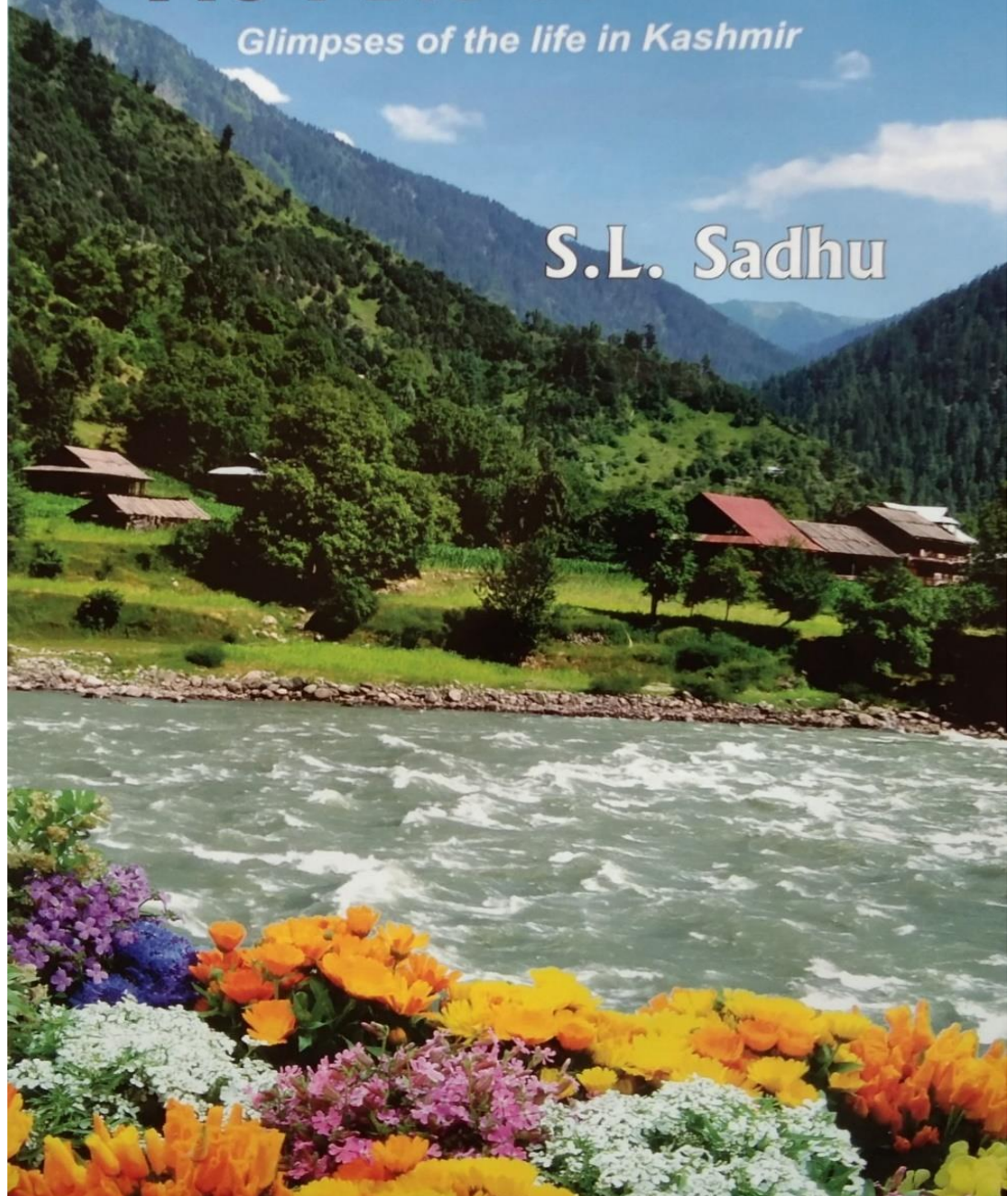
Glimpses of Life in Kashmir

By S. L. Sadhu

No Axe to Grind

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PREFACE

It was in June 1961 that late G.M. Sadiq, who held the portfolio of Education in Jammu and Kashmir government, wrote the foreword to my book “Folk Tales from Kashmir”. The book was published by The Asia Publishing House, then based in Bombay.

Many years have passed since then. That decades old book has got a fresh extension in the book which is in your hands. This is an initiative which involves some more points of relevance viz-a-viz Jammu and Kashmir though the centre of activity is Kashmir. This book covers a ground that is wider as compared to the previous version and that is why no particular theme is seen. The editors have tried to keep that varied scenario intact in which people’s beliefs, customs and tendencies, which make their life a feeling which it is, happen and impart them their specificity. This makes that substance of our culture comprehensible, which is crystallized in our day to day living.

A myth is a shell which encapsulates a kernel of truth. Folk tales are the myths of a race. They shed light on how a race thinks, and lives the thoughts. These tales are the verses of the eternal song that a race, a community, has sung since they came into existence, and that is why these tales can be told and relevance felt at any point of time. Let us hope that the tales inspire the birds to sing to the tune.

The tales, generally, are the products of the imagination of people. But many of them can at once be identified by local readers, as woven around the nucleus of an actual event. But modernity has made us to think in terms of hard facts, plain material realities that extend beyond our earth. The ring of modernity has been pushing us at all times towards a universe that is not a black hole. It is gradually pushing us toward such conceptions as U.F.O., energy in a variety of phases, and other possibilities between what we call our sky and the earth. In such an atmosphere or lack of atmosphere, we are forced to a conclusion that could be fair, or less than fair. Occasionally, in the words of one of our well known poets we could find our salvation through –an earthquake, a terrible wind, lightning or a blizzard” and we look right and left, no blame accruing to the poet for spinning such tales.

We should not cry foul, when a person like Kashi Kak expresses his words of advice, nor flare up when our dreams run freely between the earth and the unearthly.

S. L. Sadhu

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born in Kashmir, the late Professor Shyam Lal Sadhu (1917- 2012), did his schooling at Tyndale Biscoe School, Srinagar. He received his Bachelors of Arts degree in 1936 from S.P. College, Srinagar, which was then affiliated to the Punjab University, Lahore. In 1938, he graduated with a Masters of Arts in English Literature from the University of Delhi, securing the first position on the merit list.

After a brief stint in Journalism, he started teaching at his alma mater, S.P. College and Amar Singh College, in Srinagar. In the following years, as the Principal, he led a number of Government Colleges before attaining superannuation. Driven by his conviction, he was back on the saddle as the Principal of the Vishwa Bharati Women's College, Srinagar, and later on as a founding member of the Vishwa Bharti Public School, Noida.

Along with his professional pursuits, Prof. Sadhu felt the urge to record Kashmiri culture and folklore in black on white. While at Sopore (1950-52), he took fancy to folklore and this led to his first book, Folk Tales from Kashmir (Asia Publishing House, Bombay, 1962), which was well received within the country and abroad. It was followed by the Tales from the Rajatarangini (1967) and a monograph for the Sahitya Akademy, New Delhi, on the well-known sixteenth century Kashmiri poetess, Habba Khatoon, aptly titled Habba Khatoon (1983). He followed these with Medieval Kashmir (Atlantic Publishers, 1993), Place Names in Kashmir (Bharatiya Vidhya Bhavan, 2000) and Rupa Bhavani (2003).

Prof. Sadhu also wrote a number of books in the Kashmiri language and is the recipient of half a dozen literary awards. His Kashmiri language play, Birbal, based on the contributions of Pandit Birbal Dhar, is derived from one of the most significant historical events of Kashmir. Prof. Sadhu's book in Kashmiri WUTSA PRANG, was credited with a UNESCO Award in 1965. This was preceded and followed by several National Award Winners like, VETHI HAINDI MALLAR and QASAAS. Prof. Sadhu was also associated with a number of Educational, Literary and Socio-Cultural Organisations during his life time.

The first section of the present work by Prof. Sadhu was an attempt, at the age of ninety-two, to pen down a few facts/tales across hills and dales of Kashmir, based on his lifelong experiences and interaction with people throughout the Valley of Kashmir. The last section, however, contains a very interesting piece of work written by him in mid-1990s enlightening us about the progression of Education System in Jammu and Kashmir during the course of a century.

A Tribute to Prof Shyam Lal Sadhu

The earliest recollections that I have about my father's literary acumen are derived from the innumerable articles he wrote about snow skiing in Gulmarg and the mountain lakes of Kashmir with photographs taken by him of icebergs floating in them. These articles were published in the tourism magazines in 1940s. Before he started his teaching career, Prof. Sadhu was a journalist, in fact represented PTI in Kashmir.

His first major publication was the widely acclaimed book, "Folk Tales from Kashmir ", published in early 1960s by the Asia Publishing House, Bombay. This was a compilation of Kashmiri folk tales written in his own style and illustrated by a well-known artist, Mohan Raina.

It was a proud moment for me when an international reviewer commented that his writing style reminds one of Thomas Hardy. He added that the very fact that such a comparison can be thought of, is a great tribute to Prof. Sadhu's writing style. His writing style emerged from his immense interest in English Literature and Poetry. On returning from his college duties, one could always see him sitting in his drawing room and reading books. It was his major pastime. He had a sizeable library where I stumbled on many of the famous books in literature. Personally, I got exposed to most of the works of Alexander Dumas, Sir Arthur Cannon Doyle, Edgar Allen Poe, Arthur Miller, Thomas Hardy, John Milton, Dr Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, Swami Vivekananda, the Shakespearean writings, the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (through the translation of Edward Fitzgerald) and many more. His repertory also had Kashmiri Classics including the Peer Nama and the Greis Nama. Indeed my mind was opened to the writings of great authors from all over the world, prose, poetry and plays, a great blessing of good fortune.

Being a Professor of English in the local colleges of Srinagar, he was widely known to those dabbling in literature. In his colleges, he was also known as " Radio Kashmir " going by the sonorous recitation of English Poetry in his class. It was a tribute to his personality that most of the senior officials in the Jammu and Kashmir had been his students, and they would feel proud to let us know about it.

In his later years, he was very keen on Kashmiri history, in particular, the Rajatarangini. At home we had the huge A3-size volume of the Rajatarangini, translated by Sir Aurel Stein, and also later volumes from other writers in Persian language. Personally this was a bonanza for me and I delved into it as fish takes to water.

His effort gave rise to his second major publication, "Tales from the Rajatarangini" based on the history of Kashmir. This was perhaps the first book ever published on the subject. As time passed by, he delved further into Kashmiri history and penned down several books, articles and other literary offerings based on Kashmir and its past. Among these is the book on Medieval Kashmir by Jogesh Chandra Dutt which was brilliantly edited by my father. He became an authority in this area of literature.

Prof. Sadhu is also well known as a prolific writer in Kashmiri language. One of his earliest writings was entitled "Wucha Prang " dealing with the evolution of flying aircraft and human flight. I provided the sketches for this publication. In one of the chapters, he alluded to the famous couplet and I quote "Generalas Cornalas nas kameu sheer; havai jahaaze aaw mulki Kashmir," (who treated the bleeding noses of the general and the colonel; the aeroplane has arrived in Kashmir). This is a part of the famous parody on the very first arrival of aircraft in Kashmir. I believe that he wrote this book in Kashmiri to provide access to Kashmiris to the elements of science and what was happening all over the world. He followed this publication by many others including translation of devotional hymns.

At the peak of his literary career, my father was the leading light of the Kashmir Academy, the Sahitya Akademy and was a member of the Selection Committee for Gnyanpeeth Award, the highest award in India for Literature. He had always been rather modest about his achievements and even I do not know all that he did or all the honour that was bestowed on him.

It would be appropriate to recall my father's deep and long term involvement in social service. As a child, I remember, that he was involved in bringing relief to the affected villagers in the aftermath of the 1947 raid in Kashmir. I also know that he was a long term activist in the

Samaj Sudhar Samiti and carried out this function for several decades. He became a founding member of the Vishwa Bharti Public School in Noida.

But reading and writing continued to be his first love in his twilight years. He continued to pen down prose and poetry on paper. The first section of this volume, which is being offered to you as a tribute to Prof. Sadhu, is his last effort in literature. As the reader would note, the subject matter of the stories in the Tales section revolves around Kashmir and Kashmiri way of living. Although he was pretty sharp in his writing, there are instances in this particular section where we may not be able to get to the real meaning of the prose. I believe that the editors of this Volume have done a good job in bringing forth this publication.

Sharad Sadhu

Prof. Shyam Lal Sadhu was a very affectionate and caring father, a genuine life partner to his wife, an obedient and self-sacrificing son, a doting brother and a true friend. He was the son of a large landowner of Badgam, Kashmir, Shri Bhagwan Das Razdan (Lala Sahib) and Shrimati Vaishmal (Dedda Ji). Shri Razdan was a teacher at the Tyndale Biscoe School in Srinagar. Prof. Sadhu was the third child among eight siblings, four brothers and four sisters. When my father was a small boy, his father Shri Razdan, gave him in adoption, to his own nephew, his elder sister's son. Shri Tara Chand Sadhu of Banamohalla, Srinagar, who was a Police Inspector. But after a few years, Shri Tara Chand Sadhu was blessed with a son and my father with a baby brother, Mr. J N Sadhu, who later became a distinguished Journalist and was associated with the Indian Express. Prof. Sadhu was married to Vishveshwari Ticku (Badshah) of Narparistan, Srinagar. who had only primary education, but was well-endowed with beauty (and still is), a melodious voice and a generous singing talent, of which Sadhu Sahib was very appreciative. After marriage she came to be known as Shrimati Sham Rani Sadhu. Sharad Ji and I are the most fortunate, privileged and blessed to be the children of this admirable couple.

Prof. Sadhu was a gentle, humble, honest to the core and a peaceful person. He was very soft spoken and generally a man of few words. These traits had endeared him to everybody and he was held in the highest esteem. His kindness and compassion were beyond compare and often he went out of way to help the needy. Due to his cordial nature, my father was gifted with a vast friend circle, which included eminent people like late Prof J L Koul, Justice Neelkanth Ganju, Dr Kashi Nath Ticku, Prof. S L Pandita, Prof Kuchhai, Mr Gulam Mohd. Zargar and many others. They would meet occasionally and converse on topical issues.

Prof. Sadhu had hobbies like mountaineering, travelling, swimming, gardening and so on. He loved music, especially Sufi and light Indian classical music. He was very good at playing sitar which he had learned at a young age. Often he would escort his college students on mountaineering trips in the valley as well as sightseeing in the rest of the country. His interest in gardening blossomed into having a beautiful garden at our 7, Karan Nagar, Srinagar, residence which had exotic plants, a host of flowers and fruit bearing trees, besides roses of all colours, creepers, poplar and gulmohar trees, as well as a kitchen garden growing a variety of vegetables. At a later date, when once he visited his younger

brother Mr J N Sadhu in Simla, he even tried to encourage growing Chinar Trees there by interacting at an official level with the Horticulture Department. Cricket was his favourite game and he would watch matches with great interest. I understand in his younger days, he used to narrate commentary for the official cricket matches whenever these were played in Srinagar. He pursued reading and writing with ardour. Most of the time I have seen him either reading a book or busy writing something, be it an article for a newspaper or a book review or a story or about some famous personalities and so on.

After completing his meritorious Masters in English Literature from the University of Delhi in 1938, Prof Sadhu worked as a Journalist for a while. Teaching was his passion and he joined as a Lecturer in S P College, whereafter he imparted education to multitudes of students. Many of his students were highly placed in the state and outside. He was popular among his students and respected by one and all.

Prof. Sadhu taught in S P College, Sopore College, Amar Singh College until 1963, when he was promoted to the position of the Principal and he served in Badharwah, Udampur, Baramulla and Sopore Degree colleges until August 1972, when he attained superannuation.

Thereafter he headed the Vishwa Bharati Women's College, Rainawari, as Principal for almost ten years. In addition, throughout his life he was actively associated with many educational institutions and was also one of the founder members of the Vishwa Bharati Public School in Noida. Besides being an educationist, he engaged himself with social work with some organisations and made efforts for the provision of employment to the downtrodden and widows.

One of his passions in life had been reading and writing books. He would spend hours reading books be them, fiction, spiritual, biographies, on culture, religion and so on. While staying in Malaysia, even in his old age, he would regularly visit the Public Library and get hold of the books whichever he liked and then write the Book Reviews for the same. Likewise the books he authored in his life time, both in English and Kashmiri too were on diverse subjects and many of them have bagged national and international awards. His work has found place in international literary anthologies. An Anthology of Ghost Stories, THIN AIR, was compiled by Alan C. Jenkins, (published by Blackie, London, 1966). Thin Air is a collection of ghost stories written by eminent authors

all over the world like, H G Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Oscar Wilde, W H Barrett, Charles Dickens, Washington Irving, Guy De Maupassant and the likes. It also includes the ghost story, The Haunted Mosque, from Prof. Sadhu's book, Folk Tales from Kashmir, the only one from Asia.

It is really amazing that even at the age of 92/93, my father had a great memory and he could pen down the portion containing the Tales in the present work, totally based on his experiences and inter-actions he had in the Valley in his younger days. Towards the end of his ninety third year, he developed dementia and in October 2012, at the age of 95, he left for his heavenly abode.

My father gave me the greatest gift anyone could give to another person - He believed in me. I am certain that sitting in his heavenly abode he is well aware of my endless gratitude towards him. Despite the worldly passing of an incredible man, it is beyond doubt that Heaven has gained one stud of an angel.

Urmila Sadhu Duda

(Current) Editor's Note

This section offers a glimpse of the varied interests of the author, Prof Sadhu, ranging from his deep knowledge of the emergence of formal education in Kashmir and the history of its development, the reformists and the liberals, to the 'bouquet of poetic flowers' of the valley of Kashmir and further to his personal contact and homage to several eminent literary luminaries and prominent citizens. The range of individual poets and prominent citizens he has quoted speaks volumes about his contacts (with them), his in-depth knowledge of the social and literary movements and his open-heated approach to what all of those have written or professed. One marvels at the notes that he would have taken over several decades on the developments in these fields, as it is next to impossible to retain such detailed information over such a period of time. Verily, he has followed the approach to his writing exactly as per the title of this book 'No Axe to Grind'.

The first part of the following is for the serious seeker of information on the march of education in the valley, right from the days when there were no means of public (mass) education for men and women. This write up itself can be a precursor to a much larger study.

Later on, Section 3 provides translations of the writings of a number of authors of the valley, this being a service that Prof Sadhu has provided to all those wishing to follow the authors but not in the know of the language. His book contains many such works, which could not be included here for the sake of brevity.

His contributions in Sections 3 and 4 'Songsters and Writers of Kashmir' is 'flash in the pan', a teaser for the serious reader to strive to read and study those literary giants in detail.

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**SUNLIGHT AND SHADE
FAATA’S DIVORCE (DOD-DAG)**

SELECTION – 4 SOME SONGSTERS AND WRITERS OF KASHMIR

**HABBA KHATOON
VALIULLAH MATTU
RASUL MIR
MASTER ZINDA KAUL
SAMAD MIR
MIRZA GHULAM HASSAN BEIG ARIF
JAYALAL KAUL**

Selection – 1: A CENTURY OF LEARNING

The Story of Education in Jammu and Kashmir

BY PROF. S. L. SADHU

This is a story and not a systematic history of the educational process in Jammu and Kashmir. This is the story of our predecessors and earlier contemporaries coordinated or otherwise, who deserve to be remembered for their overall contribution to the development of education, especially through personal effort and self - help on an entirely voluntary basis.

The nineteenth century brought about the end of India as a sovereign state or a conglomeration of small sovereign states, jealous not so much of the foreigner whose power swayed over the whole country but of fellow Indian pockets of local power exercised under the suzerainty of Britain. The policy of divide and rule triumphed. Within the fast growing empire, however, arose tiny and delicate seeds of a sovereign independent India in the shape of the unity of command from Gilgit to the cape of Comorin, exploitation of the resources of the country, even though in the first instance by the Colonial power and development of a gigantic railway system and a fair judiciary. The most important was the infrastructure for the modern system of education in the shape of universities at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras and later at Lahore, Agra and other places, as a logical sequel to the famous minute recorded by Macaulay in favour of the Western type of public instruction.

Universities and Centers of learning have been mentioned in ancient times. Some of these run on land were of international reputation. Other institutions were organised by individuals on the pattern of neighbourhood schools and met the needs of those who sought admission there. In Kashmir, schools were run among others by Sultans Shahabuddin and Zainulabddin.

The first Middle School was opened by the J&K State administration in 1874 AD, with the provision of teaching Persian and Sanskrit. It became the forerunner of the present day schools in 1886 when it was given the

Anglo-Vernacular School orientation with the Punjab University syllabus. Soon after the first Mission Primary School opened with five boys in Srinagar in 1881 AD under Rev. I S Doxey. Shortly afterwards, Rev. Doxey handed over the charge to Rev. J H Knowles, who attained celebrity status as an explorer and interpreter of Kashmir's Folklore. One of the boys, Anand Kaul Bamzai was inspired by Knowles to earn a name for himself as an antiquarian, archaeologist, historian and folklorist. Knowles raised his institution to a high school. By 1890 there were just ten schools in the State, including a high school at Jammu and an A-V school in Srinagar.

The missionaries took several bold initiatives in the next few years. Rev. C.E. Tyndale Biscoe took over the Mission High School in December 1891 and served the Valley, decade after decade, for over half a century till almost the tribesmen's invasion in 1947. Within two years of Rev. Biscoe's arrival, a CMS Girls School was started in Srinagar in 1894 and a decade later in 1903 the St. Joseph's School at Baramulla. An incident that sealed the fate of the CMS Girls School is worth recording a hundred years after the event to amuse the reader, young boys and girls especially. There was some prejudice among some sections of the people against sending girls to a missionary school. To be fair to the missionaries, they served the people in hospitals and schools in all sincerity. They, no doubt, highlighted the broad features of the Christian Missionary Movement, service to weaker sections, campaign for cleanliness, education, good health and a broad outlook. Out there was no question of any deliberate plan for proselytisation. Prejudice, nevertheless, persisted.

The CMS Girls School opened in 1894 which invited, among others, a few European ladies to its Annual function at the end of the year. Whispering campaigns and mild resentment now took the shape of loud shouting from outside calling upon the girl students to come away as the European ladies would kidnap them. When nothing happened within, stones were pelted from outside. This led to a shattering of glass panes, a general scare and confusion. The school got emptied in a few minutes and closed down shortly afterwards.

For another two decades the state administration took hardly any interest in the education of girls. During this period boy's education had taken

several leaps with a number of High schools functioning together with the P W (Prince of Wales) College in Jammu and S P College in Srinagar.

A primary school exclusively for Hindu Girls was opened at Fateh Kadal in 1915 with Hindi as the medium of instruction. It was run by a courageous lady Tekri Mali under an advisory committee comprising several progressive citizens including Hargopal Kaul. Sometime later Mrs. Padmawati, daughter of Hargopal Kaul, headed the institution. Soon after another school was opened for Muslim girls. Female education, however, attracted special attention after the Kashmir Women Welfare Trust came into being in 1926.

A stir was created in 1932 when two young ladies enlisted at S P College for higher studies. Both married, the senior one, Mrs Bimla was married to a Journalist and political activist, Pandit Kashyapa Bhandhu and the junior lady-student was the wife of Dr S K Atri, a popular medical practitioner. Though both were of non-local stock, their initiative encouraged many educated local girls to pursue their studies at S P College. During the next decade, several qualified as doctors, teachers etc. It was, however, only in 1950 that the movement for female education came to fruition with the opening of the Government College for Women with Miss Shaw as the first Principal.

The Punjab University, Lahore, held the reins of curriculum and syllabus in the schools in Jammu and Kashmir. The ruling family patronised and encouraged the University. The Punjab had a long lead over J&K in modern education and those who ran the administration came from Panjab in hundreds. These enterprising people developed a sort of vested interest in slowing down the growth of education in J&K. Raja Amar Singh, grandfather of Dr Karan Singh, who was a member of the Panjab University Council wanted to establish at least two colleges in the State, but his initiative could not bear fruit because of the resistance offered by the outside lobby.

It was a difficult period, the powers of the ruler were restricted and anybody could raise an anti-British scare. The planners moved cautiously and gave Jammu the gift of a degree college in honour of the visit to India

of the British heir-apparent. The Prince of Wales (P W) College (now Gandhi Memorial College) opened in Jammu in 1905.

In the Kashmir province also the people wanted a degree college and the in service vested interests were equally determined to thwart all efforts in this direction, especially because of the apprehension that the moment the Kashmiris in the Valley got a chance, they would easily steal a march over the outside elements. It is said that the Pandits were discouraged in their efforts to study English. Despite the obvious hurdles, aspirants in the Valley also got what they wanted though through devious means.

Biscoe was kind hearted and affectionate towards his staff and students, but being a staunch imperialist and conservative, he had contempt for those who struggled for "home rule" in the sub-continent. Around that time there was a stir in India, especially in Bengal, in support of 'home rule' and Biscoe could not conceal his contempt for it and for 'Babus' or White Collar workers who supported the movement in Bengal. On one occasion a few of his boys expressed their resentment against such an attitude of the Principal. The matter took a serious turn and a section of students and staff broke away from the Mission School and established a rival institution just across the river Jhelum. The late Master Zinda Kaul is said to have been one of the revolting members on the Staff.

In normal circumstances such a new-fangled institution could have collapsed, but providence had something better in store for Kashmir. Winds of intercontinental changes brought Theosophy to India and on the 30th September, 1900, (Col.) H.S. Olcott, President of the International Theosophical Society gave "Pandits Vasa Kak Dhar, Vedh Lal Zutshi, Anand Kaul, Ram Chandra Dhar, Shankar Koul, Raghu Koul and their associates full power to organise a Branch of the Theosophical Society at Srinagar." The Theosophical Society with its headquarters at Benaras wielded considerable influence in India and one of its leaders, Mrs Annie Besant presided over one of the sessions of the Indian National Congress. Through the local branch of the Theosophical Society, Mrs Besant got interested in the rival institution of the revolting boys and staff. The School not only got support of the Central Hindu College Benaras, but also secured affiliation to it. This School grew into what was called Hindu College, Srinagar and started functioning in 1908. The College was taken

over by the State administration through the efforts of many well-wishers, including the late. Raja Daya Kishen Kaul. The late Har Chand Jotshi and Mohd. Maqbul Pandit were the earliest graduates of this institution, rechristened as Sri Pratap College (SP) after the name of the Maharaja. The College marched from success to success expanding under the direction of competent Professors from outside. Apart from the Humanities, Social Studies and Medical and non- Medical faculties made it possible for aspiring students to seek admission to Medical, Engineering, Law and other professional courses in colleges outside Jammu and Kashmir. Pandit Nityanand Shastri was among the earliest local members of the staff while Pandit Gyani Ram, who even though only a graduate, taught Mathematics, pure and applied, to the degree students, was well known all over the state because he organised matches and tournaments in football and hockey which attracted thousands of enthusiasts and spectators. There were P-G Departments in three disciplines: Mathematics, Sanskrit and Philosophy. The students were hardworking and dedicated, for most of them were eventually absorbed in expanding government departments. A few of them could be spirited also. Once in the course of a tournament a football team comprising the local British residents was fielded against the Sri Pratap (S.P.) College. Major Hadow, a veteran of World War 1 was guilty of a wrong kick. Jalianwala Bagh and other political outbursts had already instilled courage into youthful hearts. Prem Nath Ganjoo, one of the SP Collegians, who was fair skinned and well - built, took upon himself to set the wrong right and slapped Major Hadow under the gaze of twenty thousand eyes. Such an act was unprecedented and the British political office conjectured a possible link with the "Commies". Major Hadow, however, confessed his error, apologized to Ganju with the other expressing regret for the slap. The happiest man on the field that afternoon was Professor Gyani Ram, the Umpire.

Reverberations of the Indian freedom struggle outside the state could not be checked at the customs posts of Tawi and Domel. There were some outbursts, though mild, inside also. Among others Ghulam Mohd. Sadiq was associated with such activities. One night GEC Wakefield, the then British PM of the State, attended a function at S P College. The hall was filled to capacity with students and elite citizens. The student audience partly occupied the galleries. When Mr Wakefield rose to speak, there was

a jingling of small coins around with a few falling on his head. The Police took quick notice and more so the local residency. But the prime suspect withdrew himself from S P College, joined a medical college and romped home a few years later as a qualified Doctor. Wakefield had quit the state much earlier. Dr Kashi Nath Tikku served the State for many decades as a Physician and an intellectual.

Soon after he acceded the throne in mid - twenties, Maharaja Hari Singh made primary education compulsory in the cities of Jammu and Kashmir and in Sopore. In the course of a few years, this single measure created a demand for schools, teachers, a free press freedom for political activity. Students rushed to the two existing colleges in the state in search of better professional careers. These two colleges were bursting at the seams and most classes / sections exceeded a hundred students. While the classes were highly overcrowded, the tuition fee was only Rs 2 per month, there were scores of highly educated youth, especially those meriting positions on college faculties, hankering for jobs.

Those days the writer of this story was associated with an English Weekly which ventilated various views on the topic: the poor quality of teaching in colleges because of extreme overcrowding, the impending expansion in industry and economy immediately after World War 2 for which intellectually competent boys and girls were needed and the urgent need for opening more colleges for higher education.

It has to be mentioned that poor economic growth all over the country during the thirties, unemployment among educated youth and a Cinderella stance towards education, of all social activities, had created gloom. Everybody wanted to throttle higher education and to nurse what they called 'Technical' education to fight unemployment. Around that time, Jawahar Lal Nehru, as President of the Indian National Congress, gave the call for a planned economic and social development and appointed Subash Chandra Bose (later Neta Ji) as Chairman of the Planning Commission of the Congress. The call created a stir among industrialists and economists. It was realised that no progress could be made in the country without speedy expansion in education which could create innumerable opportunities for employment. Statistics galore were issued on all relevant issues. At the same time serious efforts were made to

reform education itself and experiments were tried in 'learning by doing, learning through crafts' which had the support of Gandhi Ji and his Wardha Committee under the Chairmanship of Dr Zakir Hussain, who was later elected President of India. In the course of these discussions the case for continued expansion in literacy and education in general, including higher, education was well established with the plea that without satisfactory standards in liberal arts, philosophy, science and learning the Indian society would not be able to sustain its civilization. Many of these ideas lost much of their impact before they reached Jammu and Kashmir, though the state was looked upon as a show piece in working out the principles of the Wardha Scheme in practice.

Despite that, possible undesirable consequences of overcrowding in S P College and P W College (Jammu) were openly discussed. It was felt that an effort should be made to establish a non-government college through donations initially collected from the general public. Some of the elite with whom these ideas were discussed included Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah, Genl. Janak Singh, A N Purbi, Noor Shah Naqashabandi, Salam Shah Naqashabandi, Amar Nath Kak, Jialal Kilam, Shivnarayan Fotedar, Miyan Ahmedyar Khan, Ahmad Ullah Shahdad MLA, Mulk Raj Saraf MLA, G M Sadiq, MLA and Dr Hardit Singh. A few of the above named were somewhat cautious, but generally supported the demand for extending college education. The late Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah frankly declared that overcrowding in colleges degraded education and he would support a healthy move to improve and extend the process but he himself was committed to setting a stable foundation for a democratic Socio-political order and could not spare time and effort for restructuring education alone.

The band of educated young men who pursued the problem were under-employed or unemployed, the latter moving cautiously to avoid getting a black mark for future employment. Some of them rose to lofty heights in various services in the wake of the 1947 developments. Prominent among them were Khizar Mohammad, M S Hanjura, H N Dhar, P N Raina, Mohd. Sidiq, J N Ganhar. Some of them had degrees in subjects that were not taught in Kashmir, e.g. Geology and Geography or in Jammu, Botany and Zoology. The writer of this story, because of his association with the press acted as a sort of spokesperson.

After further confabulations the unofficial steering committee of the group started having a look at the concrete problems before a non-government degree college could be started. All the young men took an oath to draw no salary for the first six months. But a college needed affiliation to a university established by law, in this case the Panjab University, Lahore, which it was decided to approach. Before we did so, we found ourselves exchanging views with Mr. K L Rallia Ram, a Christian leader, Principal of the Rang Mahal Mission School, Lahore and a prominent Syndic of the Punjab University. He usually came to Srinagar every year in March to conduct the Matriculation examination on behalf of the University.

Mr K L Rallia Ram was somewhat amused to talk to the optimistic band of future educationists. "A College," he observed, "needs a spacious building for classrooms, laboratories, libraries, etc. have you a building in hand."

"Not yet", somebody replied, "but it could not be a problem".

"A College needs vast lands for lawns, physical activities, play grounds, etc. How much land do you have at your disposal?"

"We have plans to raise sufficient funds for the purpose," croaked one from the audience. "My dear young friends," replied the respectable Syndic, "the University requires to be satisfied that you have at your disposal sufficient funds to meet all the expenditure of the proposed College at least for one year, to acquire furniture, library books, laboratory chemicals, apparatus and equipment. It will also require you to deposit a security of Rs. 40,000 in cash. What have you to say to that ?"

The last straw broke the camel's back. Such a heavy security for a noble purpose like spreading education was unthinkable. The J&K State in those days had a budget of Rs. 5 Crores and to the common man Rs. 40,000 appeared to conceal more decibels than 400,000 billions today. Mr Rallia Ram, who usually stayed at the Nedous Hotel, served his guests a cup of tea and the bubble disappeared. Another effort in this direction was to organise a cooperative Society and to draw loans against individual shares. After considerable spade work was gone through, one of the bureaucrats dismissed the scheme with disdain.

Yes, the meeting melted away, but not quite so. Some of the ideas that had been floating took root. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, the then Prime Minister of the J&K State did not let a good healthy proposal die. In the dominion of education he sought assistance from K G Saiyidain who had left Aligarh to assume office as Director of Education in J&K. Before long some of the teaching faculties were expanded and a prestigious Committee under Dr Zakir Hussain was appointed to make recommendations for the future.

The recommendations could not undo the Gordian knot and had to cut it. The degree classes at the S P College were shifted along with senior staff to what was known as Amar Singh Technical Institute which stood amidst sprawling fields near Tulsi Bagh. During those days, 1941-42, a rumour was floated that the allied Western Countries and China who wanted to establish a centre for war activities at Srinagar, found the premises of the Technical Institute quite suitable for the same. Since the state authorities did not like the proposal, they decided to utilise the premises for a more important public purpose, bifurcated the college and shifted the upper classes. The junior classes - known then as the intermediate - were left in the old premises to be groomed by the teaching staff fresh from Universities outside the state. The problem of overcrowding had been solved for the time being and student discipline toned up, but some of the nobler scholastic traditions also disappeared. Matriculates who entered the portals of the S P Intermediate College in 1942, raw as they were, escaped the healthy persuasive but fraternal guidance from elders at the reading tables in the Library, the experimental shelves in the Laboratories, in the lawns and the playing fields. More than half the number of books in the library and laboratory apparatus left vacant spaces gashing in the respective shelves. Even illiterate veterans of the non-teaching staff, who had graduated in courtesy, politeness, decency and culture, while associated with the scholarly members of the teaching staff, were taken aback when echoes of proletariat language fell on their ears uncensored. A few of the younger members of the staff were spotted smoking outside the staff room which had never been done for three decades. The College Debating Society ultimately eroded out of existence and all heroes had taken flight from the playing fields.

Yes, those who confabulated with K L Rallia Ram went their different ways. Some of them were recruited in offices, while others put their heart and soul in professions, but a few still continued to dream of establishing a non-government college. A few grains of seed, as in the parable of St. Luke, survived and resurfaced when a Hindu Education Society came into being under the Chairmanship of the late Bala Kak Dhar. The Society decided to open a College in Srinagar for providing higher education without any discrimination of caste and creed.

The Society attracted several businessmen like Sona Kaul Madan, Sarvanand Channa, Jialal Kilam, a leading advocate and politician and Shiv Narain Fotedar, a former Professor and a member of the state legislature. Another senior advocate Shambu Nath Dhar served the Society as Secretary for three decades. The intellectuals among the Society membership sought advice and guidance from the then prime minister of the State, Gopalaswami Ayyangar, who later joined the Union Cabinet after India attained independence in 1947. As reported subsequently by Fotedar, Ayyangar considered the proposal as a constructive measure for development of the State and promised all legitimate help under rules. He is said to have made a passing reference to the difficulties faced by the Brahmins in the South in seeking admissions to institutions of higher learning under pressure of the non-Brahmin politicians. He further promised that the State government would persuade the Panjab University Lahore not to insist on a cash security of Rs. 40,000 by the sponsors, the Hindu Education Society.

With this assurance thus secured, the Society went ahead with its plans, and started the Hindu College, Srinagar, Kashmir, in a modest building at Karan Nagar in 1944. Professor Autar Kishen Kichlu, a former Principal of S P College was the first head of the College which admitted students of all sections and had representatives of different communities on the staff. It was over four decades since Col. Olcott had admitted to the International Theosophical Society the first batch of Hindus from J&K, leading to the founding of S P College in Srinagar.

The Hindu College, Srinagar, struggled on from month to month despite financial constraints. Gopalaswami quit the State and his successors who had different priorities could not afford positive assurances, but none of

them would let the institution close shop. Mr G A Mukhtar, the prime mover of the Education Deptt., helped it secure better premises near Fateh Kadal, right. Despite its name the College attracted a large number of Muslim students from the downtown. Since tuition fee charged was nominal, the institution had to make marathon efforts for donations to keep afloat. Nobody could, however, make light of its services to the society. The entire situation changed when Gandhi Ji attained martyrdom. There was an outcry all over the country against public institutions functioning under communal or sectarian labels. The Hindu Education Society moved an appropriate amendment and the institution was rechristened Gandhi Memorial College, Srinagar. The depth of public feeling on the issue can be appreciated from the fact that even the premier institution of the State, the Prince of Wales (P W) College, Jammu, was designated as Gandhi Memorial College.

The old cliché 'What is in a name' is not without significance. Mahatma Gandhi passed away and was gradually forgotten under pressure of stark realities. The J&K State also had a large crop of problems, political, social, financial and cultural, to tackle and overcome. Some sections of public opinion proposed a limit on admission in educational institutions in the ratio of 70:30. The majority community in Jammu could claim 70% seats in colleges, schools, professional and technical institutions and the share of the minority community there could not exceed 30%. Likewise the minority community in Kashmir could not claim admission beyond 30 percent seats.

The proposal came in for a good deal of criticism. Those who backed it offered all sorts of arguments right from the communist ideology ending exploitation of the downtrodden, the backward and the depressed, rolling out statistics endlessly. The Hindus of Kashmir were dumbfounded. Never in their history were such curbs laid on their right to education and learning. Parents embraced poverty but saved something for the education of their male children. Now that the country had been granted independence from foreign rule, here was a stumbling block restricting them from education and the brave new world of technical and professional careers on which they could embark through education.

It has to be conceded that influential sections of the majority in Kashmir regions were not happy with the 70:30 slogan. They favoured some way to give the illiterate majority their due but without snatching anything from what the Hindus were accustomed to for hundreds of years. There was gloom in Hindu circles who had created many centres of education all over the state, cities, townships, and villages. While the bulk of Hindus adopted the teaching profession, under the latest dispensation the chances for one in Kashmir to obtain a degree in teaching appeared to be an uphill task. They organised a conference to consider various social, economic and cultural problems. One of the sub-committees was set up to consider how to improve the chances of the youth for employment under the circumstances existing then. The late Dina Nath Fotedar, educationist, lawyer and Bank Manager, was the Chairman of the sub-committee. He was not only intelligent and full of experience but also bold and energetic, always ready to implement ideas and suggestions that appeared promising. I was attached to the sub-committee as Secretary. It would be recalled that many Kashmiri young men had during the days of World War 2, to risk as far away as Assam and the NEFA to study for a teaching degree even while the Japanese and the British were fighting each other a few miles away.

During our deliberations in one of the meetings, I happened to mention that it would be a positive breakthrough if the Gandhi Memorial (G M) College Society could be persuaded to start B.Ed. classes, but it was conceded they also may have their own financial constraints. While other members were still weighing the suggestion, the Chairman shot back, "We should help them bypass the constraint". In an expansive mood he continued, "Some of us old teachers are in good health and we could run the classes without salary." He offered to obtain a commitment in this behalf from some veteran educationists including Pandits N L Kitru, S K Dooloo, D N Dhar, Raghunath Misri, Sona Kaul and offered his own services too. "We have some books still left with us and we could donate this invaluable treasure to the institution. The rest is simple."

In a few days we had another meeting with his band of veterans named above. The meeting was attended also by S N Dhar, Secretary of the College management and there was smooth sail despite the rocky terrain. An additional positive factor was the presence at the meeting of Professor

B K Madan, then Principal of the Institution. Prof. Madan could still display his dash and gusto, wit, humour and self-confidence. He declared he would offer the staff a token honorarium till circumstances improved. The die was cast. In a few days a block of the G M College building was set apart for the B.Ed. classes. Authoritative books on the subject received from various sources lined the shelves and admissions started. Authorities of the Central School (C M S), Fateh Kadal, Mr D N Mattu, Mr Ishwar Kaul and Mr P N Razdan placed their own school at the disposal of the G M College for the practice teaching to the teacher trainees. The B.Ed. faculty of the College came to stay and made greater contribution to the welfare of the younger generation.

The University results of the College at the B.Ed. faculty secured a distinct edge over the others and continued to improve. The news spread beyond the state and candidates therefrom sought admission for their teaching degree. In the earlier period there was no hostel, but the non-Kashmiri students rented lodgings in the neighbouring Shamswari locality and contributed to the economic improvement of many families around. There was also an air of better socio-cultural understanding and value-sharing blowing around. The influx of such students also contributed to the stability development of the College as a whole with new blocks coming up and more students joining it for better prospects, a pretty long journey from early 40s when a few educated young men conceived of it.

Notwithstanding the fiasco in which a Girls school of the Christian missionaries ended in 1890s, other schools were promoted on the same pattern when understanding parents voluntarily paid to them higher tuition fees for their wards. The most important among them is the Presentation Convent stretched over many hectares of Prime land in the Rajbagh area. It was started in the late 1930s with English as the medium of education. Almost simultaneously C M S Biscoe Memorial (Hadow) School and Mallinson's Girls School also sprang up in the Civil lines area of the city on the right bank of the Jhelum. Another institution the Burn Hall School was opened by Mill Hill Fathers near Durganag. All these institutions charged handsome tuition fees and have been patronised by affluent sections. During 1960s a local educationist, Dr Abdul Samad, opened a school, designated, Minto Circle, with English as the teaching medium. It proved fairly successful. These institutions were trendsetters

and have been followed by the scores of others in rural and urban areas, their common characteristics being English as the teaching medium, substantial scale of fees, neat and trim school uniforms, school transport and stress on extra and co-curricular activities. Early in the morning it is easy to notice clusters of neatly dressed children waiting on the roadside for the school bus. The institutions generally teach boys and girls in the same class room.

Non-government schools of the old type have not been doing so well. Their demands for 'liberal' grants could not be accepted under rules. When Sheri Kashmir Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah assumed power in the late 1970s the matters came to a head. The institutions demanded for full grant as of right voiced by Dina Nath Nadim and others, while the bureaucracy insisted on grant-in-aid up to 50% of approved expenditure, subject to the discretion of the sanctioning authority. The Chief Minister snubbed the latter thus, "The aided institutions are doing what the government should have done. Their work is commendable and it is their right to claim grant in aid from the State and they need not beg for it." He also advised that they were entitled to reimbursement of approved expenditure on cent-percent basis less by any income or donations received by them.

The Vishwa Bharati Women's College was being denied permission to open a B.Ed. class. "They will be making money out of it," appealed the bureaucratic critics. "How does it pinch you?" rebuffed the C M., "Scrutinise their work, check their accounts, a hundred times and let us haul them up if there is the slightest shade of doubt or maleficence," countered the C M. "If there is none why do we stand in their way?"

A new era was ushered in. Many institutions have stabilised their finances by opening such auxiliary courses as B.Ed. without craving for additional grants from the State. Many decades ago patriotic young men in Baramulla district started a counselling agency to help students choose their courses. The lead was taken by an earnest young man, Prof. G R Bachha who had obtained a degree in Psychology from Aligarh. The Muslim Educational Trust's guidance has enabled many young men and women, Muslims and Hindus, opt for a fruitful career in life. The Trust has since opened many institutions for academic and professional education in Baramulla and Srinagar districts and elsewhere also. It's

Institute of Teachers' Training attracted students as far away as Kerala. Anjuman-i-Nasrat-ul-Islam, has been promoting educational activities for many generations. There was no bar on non-Muslims joining as students or teachers, but no effort was made to step up the instructional level to the college standard. Since the flagship of the society, the Islamia High / H S School, Rajauri Kadal commanded a vast catchment area in downtown, Srinagar, the Anjuman was persuaded to raise their teaching level to degree standard in Science and Commerce subject to provision of grant-in-aid at cent per cent basis. The college came up fast and created a bright consciousness among the youth for studies and technology. Half a dozen years later the authorities wanted to scale down the grant-in-aid step by step till it stabilised at 75% of the approved expenditure. The Anjuman was reluctant to accept the proposal as it apprehended a pressure on its budget for primary schools for boys and girls maintained by it. The College is flourishing and the grant-in-aid rules have probably become more favourable.

Some ambitious educationists started chains of non-denominational schools as the M-Das Chain, the Caset Chain, the M E T Chain. They appeared to be well versed in the art of financing schools and have located them where the State authorities could not have found it feasible. One of the institutions calls for a special mention. The late Pandit Parmanand who retired as Accountant General of the State in early 1950s, started his career as a professor of Mathematics. He set upon the entire deposits of his G P Fund to found an institution in memory of his deceased daughter, where students would, in addition to their normal disciplines, be trained in learning Sanskrit. After expending several years on this dual role, the Rupadevi Sharda Peeth, as the school was designated, reverted to the normal curriculum, dropping the emphasis on Sanskrit. During the recent disturbances the school got burnt down in its entirety and many people apprehended that it could not rise from the cinders. The School had, however, been held in high esteem by students, their parents and the general public. All of them, with their sincerity and earnestness, so persuaded the Rupadevi Sharda Peeth Management that the teaching work continued without a single day's break or suspension and new buildings were raised from the ashes of the old, enshrining a glowing tribute to the spirit of learning and secularism.

It would be proper to conclude this brief account with a reference to the growth of universities in the State. Teaching a few subjects at the post graduate stage both at Srinagar and Jammu was suspended in early 1930s because of World depression. Gopaldaswami, it was said, wanted to boost up the scholarly and cultural atmosphere in the State. He planted Dr K G Saiyidain as the first catalytic agent as the Director of Education. Soon after Jafar Ali Khan Asar, a poet of some reputation, was invited to preside over the Education Deptt. as Minister. A third slot fell vacant after a short while when the Principal of S P College attained superannuation. Though senior faculty members tried their utmost to secure the nomination on basis of in-service seniority, the selection of Dr Mohammad Din Taseer was gazetted. Taseer was of Kashmiri stock whose parents had migrated to Punjab during one of the famines. He had a doctorate in English literature from Cambridge and was, at the time, Principal of the Islamia College, Lahore. Taseer was a poet and was associated with the then progressive movement in poetry, led by such stalwarts as Prem Chand, Faiz, Krishen Chandra, Bedi and others. He wrote songs for popular cinema also.

With his attainments as a scholar and teacher, a wit and writer, Taseer did make a little stir, especially among youthful collegians and many of them were benefitted as he persuaded the then Panjab University, Lahore, to extend affiliation to the Amar Singh College for teaching M A classes in English. That proved to be the foundation stone of the University of Jammu and Kashmir later. Dr Taseer, despite his Cambridge background, was not the one to be fettered anywhere for long. He left J&K within a couple of years to help the war effort of the Allied, but the M A classes in English at Amar Singh College survived the shock and continued with the late S L Pandit as the helms man. It is to be noted that but for Dr Taseer's initiative in the matter, all students who wanted a post -graduate degree had to pursue regular studies outside the State. Unexpected events upset the well-ordered life in J&K following the upheaval of October 1947. Educationists and public leaders pleaded the cause of a separate University in Jammu and Kashmir where an emergency administration created such a university with a veteran educationist and administrator, Kh. Ghulam Ahmad Ashai as its Registrar and Justice Masud Hassan as acting Vice-Chancellor. The University came into existence as a purely examining body in 1948.

Political changes in the subcontinent affected transport and communications. Many young men were discouraged by these developments in joining universities outside for post-graduate education and kept alive the demand within the State itself for such faculties. The administration was sympathetic and classes for post-graduate education were started in 1952 at S P College in English and Mathematics with Prof. S L Pandit as an honorary Dean. The previous bifurcation of 1942 when intermediate and degree classes were accommodated in different campuses was annulled and both Colleges enjoyed full-fledged status.

Everyone envisaged the development of the University as a regular teaching body in different disciplines with faculties, laboratories, etc. In the first instance it was proposed to acquire area from the Convent to the Silk Factory on the left side of the Jhelum, including the present Rajbagh, Jawahar Nagar, Hazuribagh, Pathshabagh, Tulsibagh etc. The existence in this vast campus of such institutions as the Amar Singh College, the A S Technical Institute, the Presentation Convent, the Public Library, the J&K Museum and the experimental farms of the department of Agriculture and Horticulture was considered a plus point and the foundation stone of the University Campus was laid by the late Dr Radha Krishnan, the Vice-President of India.

Despite all this activity, the campus did not come up and P G. Classes at different lodgings looked less than promising or propitious with the V C ensconced at Lal Mandi, the Deptt. of English at Silk Factory Road and some Deptts. at Jammu. The breakthrough came at last when Dr Karan Singh, who was the Chancellor, donated about 400 acres of his ancestral land at Amar Singh Bagh, adjacent to the Dal Lake. The offer motivated various authorities to unknit purse strings for the needs of the University which grew up in all its majesty and solemnity, with scholars, professors and researchers of proven ability from other seats of learning rubbing shoulders in the life-giving breezes of the Dal stimulating for inquiry, insight, research and synthesis among the budding intellectuals of the State.

The University was not fully grown when a sister university grew up at Jammu and relieved the mother University, i.e., J&K of looking after the

needs of Jammu region. A third University, S K University of Science, Agriculture and Horticulture was set up, charged with the duty to bring about a quantitative and qualitative development in what the Mother Earth can give us through precise knowledge, long experience, labour and dedication. It has already brought about marked increase in the produce from farms, orchards and kitchen gardens.

It is now one hundred and twenty five years since the first middle school was opened in Srinagar in 1874. The first student to have had the distinction of passing the Middle Standard examination, the late Pandit Shiv Kaul found himself famous overnight at this achievement. The administration made much of his path breaking success through the then mass media: River processions, dancing by folk dancers and beating of drums. His name carried the appellation, 'Midli', which the people used out of appreciation and affection, as though he had received the equivalent of a Nobel Prize.

It has been a long march in J&K in education from 1874 slow, diffident and uninspiring, hedged with problems and difficulties. But the pace of progress experienced fast acceleration after 1947 and the progress attained in various directions has by and large been commendable. In the struggle with their problems, the present generation need not get disheartened. Keeping the goal of progress intact they will certainly attain their objectives of enlightenment, prosperity and happiness.

SELECTION-2: TALES FROM HILLS AND DALES

JALAL-UD-DIN AKBAR VISITS KASHMIR

Kashmir became a part of the Mughal Empire when Jalal-ud-din Akbar conquered it in AD 1586. It was but natural that he felt highly delighted when he visited the valley and enjoyed its green shady Chinars, lakes, meadows and hills. In a royal boat, he floated down the river Vitasta (Jehlum) at night where he was welcomed by the people with scintillating lights from both the banks kissing the river. His officers assured the people of his goodwill and determination to establish the rule of justice. His ministers Todarmal, Abulfazal, Mansingh, and others went from place to place mixing with the people and explaining his policy with assurance. The King ordered that a rampart be built and his commands engraved on a lofty stone gateway. The commands are still readable. Some of the ministers visited common people at their residences in a spirit of fraternization, leaving behind social records of the same. Some families carry today the honorific of ‘Kanth’ as, pleased with the services rendered by their ancestors, the emperor invested them with necklaces of precious jewels.

The visit of the emperor opened the gate for a closer rapport between the people of Kashmir and fellow Indians outside the valley. The era of Moghul gardens within the valley had its inauguration without the sort of drum beating to which we have got accustomed in later times. The emperor was so pleased with Manasbal valley that he extended his stay there by two days. As a sort of gratitude to the emperor, the artisans could not bypass the specimens of jewellery “Mughali-Azam”—the prime choice of damsels on their wedding. Prestigious Kashmiri leaders including Sheikh Yaqub Surfi, and Baba Dawood Khaki invited Jalal-ud-din Akbar to conquer Kashmir to put an end to the chaotic misrule of Yaqub Chak. The emperor had his own estimation of the situation in totality and he desired that the troops and fighting forces should have an area of their own around the hillock. The houses in the city were occupied by the King’s soldiers and the inhabitants suffered thereby. When the King was told about it, the King’s followers stayed in the new town, situated on the Sharika hill. It was whitewashed with lime. The Capital afforded protection to the Moghuls against unforeseen uprisings. The lofty gateway facing south was completed in AD 1597.

KASHMIR AND BISCOE SCHOOL

Kashmir is the crown of India. Throughout the valley many paths lead to different lands including, Ladakh, Kashgar, Yarkand, China, Russia and the Middle east. It has been used by different foreign countries for trade purposes. Ladakhis and other outsiders carry trade on a limited scale. The items include tea (Ladakhi or brick tea), fine wool from goats, salt (Bota Noon) and sometimes seasonal vegetables. The British authorities in India maintained a permanent Resident in the past to control all these activities. One of them, Sir Francis Younghusband, controlled a pirate-infested trade route with only four constables. The other party voluntarily withdrew their route several miles off.

Two other centers of British activity in Kashmir were the Mission Hospital at Drugjan (Dalgate), Srinagar, and the CMS Schools at Fateh Kadal, Sheikh Bagh. With all its natural beauty, Kashmir would have been left behind but for the spurs used by these units of voluntary-cum-charitable activity. The Hospital Society opened a leper Asylum at Behrar, (Rainawari) near Dal Lake. The Mission School extended its branches to Anantnag, Rainawari, Nawa Kadal (Srinagar) etc. Its influence encouraged the local population also to open schools. When Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah formed his first cabinet in Jammu & Kashmir, four of the seven ministers were former Mission School boys.

Towards the end of the 19th century, Rev. C. E. Tyndale Biscoe took over the reins of the Mission High School. He introduced what came to be known as the 'activity method' or 'learning by doing'. He insisted that his students should be able to swim across rivers and lakes, climb stiff hills on foot and not feel shy of manual labour either for their own homes or for a needy neighbour. He and his staff led the students in enjoying the scintillating beauty of mountains, lakes and rivers and familiarizing themselves with the immense forest wealth of the Valley. He laid stress on games for all students, even though the children of orthodox families, hesitated at first from touching a football, or in immersing themselves in river or lake water. Gifts of nature included Naran Nag (lake) on the way to Amarnath Cave beyond Pahalgam and Kaunsar Nag beyond Shopiyan.

Kashmir is cold in winter, under heavy snow and often frost-bound, but the Mission School boys, and later girls, were motivated to set aside their Kangris (fire-pots under wicker-work covering) and play snow-balling. Mr. Biscoe would often come down from Shiekh Bagh with a hooked walking stick in hand. One of his most senior students adopted carpenter's trade and built scores of houseboats.

Biscoe boys and staff went out as volunteers during cholera epidemics and persuaded people to take sips of acid regularly, the present remedies not being available then. Each volunteer had to persuade innocent and ignorant people to take a sip each. Some of these volunteers had to pay for it by an excess of acid burn in their stomachs, or worse.

There were no all-weather roads then to link Kashmir with the outside world. The Maharaja and high officials, travelled by carts. One of them, Pratap Singh, left his cart at Baramulla for a more convenient houseboat. The curtains were adjusted to let the people have a glimpse of the Maharaja, their ruler. Once there was a severe shortage of food and the people wanted the demonstrators from river banks to invite the Maharaja's attention. The district magistrate was an old Biscoe boy and he sought the advice of his mentor again. When the Maharaja was being pulled up from Chhatabal upwards, bands of Biscoe schools played their bugles and drums all through. He caught not a word of the people's grievances because of the bands, nor could he see a single empty bag (signifying a hungry stomach) demonstrated by the hungry people.

Rivers and lakes played their role in the service of the people. They were in service long before wheeled carts, moved up and down with food, timber, building material and other essentials of life. The valley is believed to have been under water for ages till the gods intervened out of compassion in dewatering it. In the historical age a wise engineer Suyya played his role in dewatering the valley from a vantage point which common people believed, was hiding a demon. The present name Sopore, from Suyyapur, immortalizes his memory.

The valley is dotted with shrines linked to rivers and water ways. The Hindus would like to pay their obeisance to Goddess Khir Bhawani every lunar eighth of the month and the Muslims pay homage every Friday at Hazratbal in the midst of the Dal Lake. The urge to utilize water-ways for

divine grace has a long history. Kings Lalitaditya and Avantivarman enjoyed such trips. Srivara, a courtier of Zain-ul-abdin (Budshah), records that he was invited by his master to recite to him hymns from Jai Dev's Gita Govinda while they went round the Kaunsarnag Lake. Haba Khatun and her royal paramour Yusuf Shah were also fond of such cruises. Later the Mughal emperor Akbar enjoyed the welcome presented to him by his subjects with floating lights. Later still Pandit Dila Ram Quli (in 18th century the Prime Minister of Pathan rulers), enjoyed his trip in a gorgeous barge down to his estate Delina near Sopore.

But no such enjoyment has any meaning in absence of proper healthcare. In the remote past Kashmir had evolved its own healthcare. Charak, so well-known in Indian therapy, grew up in the valley. Physician Shri Bhat or Shive Bhat immortalized his name when he overshadowed all medical professionals of his time in restoring to health King Zain-ul-Abdin. All the physicians of the day had failed in their efforts. Shri Bhat immortalized his name and of his master when he declined any monetary award, remuneration or compensation for his service. All that he prayed for was justice and patronage for his fraternity who had not received justice they deserved. This was accepted and a new chapter was opened in the lives of fellow-Kashmiris.

The Mission Hospital at Drugjan opened a new chapter in the tradition of healthcare in the state. The missionary medical professionals brought to Kashmiri people all the benefits of research and invention as found in western countries. They also sent units of female doctors and nurses around the poorer sections and villages. Dr. Arthur Neve would zoom over the frozen cover of Dal Lake to sweep away the lassitude in the hearts of the local people.

Healthcare advanced and so did education with Biscoe School. A son of Rev. C.E. Tyandale Biscoe chose to live in Srinagar after he completed his education in England. Sometime later his wife also joined him. In a few months the gentleman, Mr. Eric Biscoe, and his spouse picked up the local language and many social habits. After India attained independence, normal restrictions of the visa and passport were put on the movement of foreigners. Mr. Eric had gone out of Kashmir for some time once, and not able to produce his papers on his return he was questioned. His plea was that his father and mother had spent nearly fifty years in Kashmir, and he

himself nearly fifteen years. The checking officer did not give in, saying, “You are not a citizen of Kashmir”. Mr. Eric was hurt and retaliated in Kashmiri, “Ada Chhukha tsa Koshur” (If I am not, are you one?). Everyone was taken by surprise - a Kashmiri speaking Englishman not allowed in by one who could not talk in Kashmiri. The latter was flabbergasted. Dozens of people who had gathered around started to whistle and clap hands. Mr. Eric was permitted in.

Having spent several decades in Kashmir as the head of the CMS schools network, Mr. Biscoe had a keen awareness of some delicate aspects of the social life around. It is a fact that he was against any withdrawal of British rule from India. But he was aware of many problems of the people that could be addressed to a reasonable extent. There have been no instances of his desire to promote Christian faith but he was always eager to help on a humanitarian basis all those who were poor, needy and distressed. Some of the trusted members of his organization drew up details of men and women who did not have enough for their two meals and could not manage to look after their dependents, and relief was provided to them. Many widows and orphans, too, were covered under this dispensation.

The majority of the people were poor and a substantial number utilized animals, donkeys, mules, bullocks in carrying heavy loads of corn, bricks, fuel etc. over long distances and these animals were often found struggling ahead with raw wounds, or getting held up on the roadside. The efforts of the CMS organization led to a legislation “Cruelty to Animals” that cleared the atmosphere to some extent.

MAHARAJ KRISHEN BORN

Shobha Bahan was born in a family far from the city crowd. The family owned a large stretch of land, inherited from their ancestors who had got the land from their predecessors. Over the generations, the land had been tilled with toil and wisdom and it had given the family everything—food to eat, clothes to wear, fashionable dresses to display on a gala day, cows for milk, ponies, and what not! The family always had more than they needed.

The family had a definite view of education. Young children were sent to school but grown up daughters were retained at home to train them in household and kitchen maintenance, knitting, stitching and the all-round vigil over their little empire. It was long before anybody could think of an airport in Srinagar. A TV set in a household was unimaginable. Shobha Bahan and others of her ilk had developed the means of entertainment firmly based on the local traditions. Their hands which always remained full of household work would steal some relaxing and refreshing moments in the carefree, open beats of *tumbakhnari*, a drum like musical instrument played on marriages and other such occasions. A *tumbakhnari* consists of a 1½ feet long, well-baked earthenware pipe, five inches in diameter, fused on a leather covered bottom, ten inches in diameter. Its music is margined with jingle-jangle of metallic cups.

Young girls would hold hands together in a song and dance display. More attractive was the phalanx dance with necks clipped with arms serially or alternately with polished, calculated steps to the tune of mellifluous chanting. Every participant could recall any number of songs and hymns and the dance would go on. In these dance and song performances the finesse of the daughters of the Shobha family had caught the eyes of many men and women who had no direct relationship with them.

In course of months rather than years, the reputation of the ‘Shobha’ family wafted all around and matrimonial proposals were received from different quarters. The proposals were more than welcome for the family. The ageing elders said, “It is good to discharge the sacred duty in our lifetime.” The second line of the family command responded, “Our elders are there to guide us. We are ready.” The weddings of Shobha *bahanji* and another cousin were settled and gone through with éclat. The marriage was impressive in all respects. The marriage songs of *mehandiraat*, the

delicacies cooked and savoured by all, the presents offered to bridegrooms and everything, were talked about in the neighbourhood for many days. For Shobha *bahanji* and her cousin, leaving the ancestral home and going to in-laws was like leaving the school and going to a college. Apprehensions were there, but who does not have them while getting married! Life is all about graduating towards higher and higher levels and they had to pass through this phase.

The real graduation a daughter attains is not when she delightfully whispers ‘I am on my way to attain motherhood’ but when she actually holds the baby in her arms amid the jingling of ‘*nikajiya muna*’ *sanu dasiye*’ (hearty congratulations on the birth of the little baby, please let us have the glimpse of the pretty face). Shobha ji was the first to enjoy the privilege among the cohorts - what a pleasure it conferred! What prestige! She presented a female baby to the family and primacy in such motherhood is a rare blessing. In the course of a few years others of her stature attained such laurels, but the unchallenged seniority of Shobhaji was there to remain. Growth in the family in this and other concordant spheres gave her a unique prestige as though after graduation she was being admitted to a Doctorate.

But motherhood has its own processes and phases. In the third year of her matrimony Shobha *bahanji* gave birth to another female child. Rearing two daughters, out of which one was an infant, entailed heavier duties on her as a mother. But the family had a status and the stature of the senior most mother of the family could not be overlooked. The routine duties of Shobha ji were devolved upon a whole-time maid directly responsible to her. She could take herself off occasionally to enjoy the company of old friends or relations. The family very much prayed for the birth of a male baby to her, but events had to take their own course.

Sita Ram, a close cousin of Shobha *Behanji* lived in Srinagar. He was the first to call upon her family and requested them to let her spend a few days with his family. Shobha *Behanji* had so endeared herself to one and all in the family that they very gladly let her go with Sitaram. It was customary to let daughters-in-law visit close relations of her parents as those of her husbands parents. Shobhaji, along with her two little daughters went with Sitaram to stay with his family.

Sitaram, a businessman, often went on short distance tours. Now that a cherished cousin had come for a short stay, he decided to go to Tulamula (Khair Bhawani Shrine) for a change by a *doonga* (a spacious boat for use in rivers) combining pilgrimage and social get together. Shobha *Bahan* and her two little ones enjoyed primacy during the sojourn. When the Khair Bhawani pilgrimage was over to the satisfaction of everyone, Sita Ram, fond of river travel proposed that they return to Srinagar by a diversion along the Manasbal-Sind Canal. Shahkul stream was sanctified by Mata Rup Bhawani (1625-1721 AD) when she stayed in the area for a pretty long time, floating down the canal all alone. They could also pay respects to the well-known saint of Mayagram (Manigam) Mahatma Kashkak Ji for whom Sita Ram had great regard. Mahatma Kashkak ji was rustic in his manners but his divine-self imparted such a feeling of peace and tranquility to anything around that you could feel certain that nothing bad could ever come your way. Sita Ram sought the advice of Kashkak ji in his business matters by remote hints, which he admitted, never failed him or led him astray.

Since the day Shobhaji came to stay with Sitaram's family, he had passed several hints to her that he would request the saint to bless her with a male baby. Shobhaji treated her two pretty daughters as gifts from God, but everyone who met her expressed an earnest wish for the birth of a lively little brother to add fragrance to their flowerbed. Shobhaji always admitted that God had given her everything she needed. But Sitaram, a concerned brother as he was, felt that she was feeling shy in not giving vent in clear words to her eagerness for a male baby. So he decided to pray to Kashkak ji.

All the members of the picnic party were discussing the matter. Swami Kashkakji's quiet, intense look was moving over everybody. Discussions were leading them nowhere and when after sometime, the room was filled with a still quietude, Swami Kashkakji's calm, controlled voice stirred the silence, "My friends, don't bother your guest. There is a male baby in her destiny and the same will take birth when the seal of the Maharaja of Kashmir ceases to have any value or authority. The baby will be born and should be addressed as Maharaj Krishen." What the Saint predicted came true. Maharaj Krishen was born when Maharaja Hari Singh left his throne forever.

THE ORACLE OF MAYAGRAM

Many years ago medical facilities in Kashmir were not so extensive as now. But those who looked after the needy were as efficient and sympathetic as they are now. Patients were discharged after a few days and they went back praising and praying for the long life of those who restored them to health in a few days, at almost no cost. Day in and day out, patients were registered, talked to in their own language and declared fit after two to three days. There was the man from the distant forest who had fractured a limb or two and was advised to come for another examination; or the boatman's wife who had slipped into the river unconsciously at night and was later asked to extend her stay in the hospital bed for almost a week and go through a thorough checkup for ailments left unattended for long. The system worked just like a bank. The patients came, got health and went back.

Karam Chand was the sole exception. The doctors wanted to discharge him just after four days, but he refused, saying that he was no better than he had been two weeks earlier. He had come from far away Muzafarabad (now in PoK), and complained of some heart trouble. The most highly qualified doctor examined him. The doctor who was soft spoken and extremely polished in manners had studied medicine in London and was among the best in India. Even such a doctor, Karam Chand felt, was unable to trace his ailment. Other doctors wanted to discharge Karam Chand immediately, but his doctor persuaded them to 'give him another chance' and he stayed in the hospital. His sleepless nights were spent battling his pain and crying silently when it became unbearable.

Karam Chand had nobody to call his own in the city, and his wife and children took shelter somewhere under the open sky. During the day they visited him a number of times. They needed monetary support and sympathy. The hospital staff tried their utmost but Karam Chand was no better. "We cannot go any further unless we place all our resources at the disposal of Karam Chand alone", they would say. But that could not help. Then came the day when the hospital admitted a police officer for a longer stay. His bed was next to that of Karam Chand. In a couple of days the old patient and the new developed a bond of sympathy. The police officer was known for his harsh treatment of culprits but he was very soft towards Karam Chand and his kin. His company cheered up Karam Chand. The

police officer gave him a proposal unforeseen so far in the hospital. He advised Karam Chand to approach the saint of Mayagram (Manigam) and was so convincing that Karam Chand and his wife decided not to leave the hospital till they threw themselves at the feet of the saint.

The world war was raging. It was a hard time for all. it was difficult to find some means of transport to Mayagram. But somehow, Karam Chand managed to reach the Chinar tree at Mayagram, under which the Saint met his known and unknown 'friends.' The Saint quietly observed Karam Chand and his family taking the feel of their agony within him, as he was one with every being along with their pains and pleasures. He said nothing but offered a smoky puff to Karam Chand who was depressed for a long time and neither smoke nor water gave him any solace. Kashakak referred to as Saint, was addressed as Bab (father) when people met him face to face. Several local people present there encouraged Karam Chand to explain to Bab why he had come all the way from so distant Muzafarabad. Karam Chand could not utter a word. Kashakak, too, kept mum. Karam Chand left but was advised to come again. But how? It was not easy to visit the Saint again. By that time he had created for himself a small circle of men and women. They suggested a plan that could bring him to Manigram more conveniently at lower cost.

Far away from India and Kashmir, the world war was on. The soldiers recruited to fight for Britain, America, and other countries were offered an outing, to far-away Sonamarg in Kashmir, each contingent for a few days. Air travel was not possible in Kashmir, but arrangements by bus were made for guest 'tommies' and sympathetic drivers would stop the bus for a couple of minutes, a short distance from where 'Bab' could meet his guests in Manigam. As per the advice of his sympathizers, Karam Chand boarded such a bus and one forenoon, along with his wife and children landed a few yards away from 'Bab.' The 'Bab' was chanting in undertones all alone 'Strange is this world, no one you can call your own.' Karam Chand felt exactly like that. He had his family, his old and new acquaintances, but was all alone under the load of his pain and agony.

He was guided to the place where Bab was seated. As usual there was nothing in the appearance of Bab that could mark him out of the small gathering, except the calm feeling that he had no axe to grind. This was the truth of Bab's life and he lived this truth in letter and spirit. Pretty long

ago he was picked while watering and tilling his land when an officer, himself a saintly person, passed that way. Kashikak with a skull cap on his head was ankle-deep in water in his field where he raised paddy for his family. The officer needed a personal attendant and felt he could not have for this purpose a person better than Kashikak, who was wallowing in the field. Kashikak agreed to the proposal.

Kashikak withdrew from his temporary employment. The employer, himself a God-fearing man, understood his mystic inclinations. Kashikak never ate what he had not earned with sincere labour. If paddy was raised by his children alone, he compensated them with what he had raised with his own labour. On one occasion paddy was ready to be harvested. People saw Kashikak leading a pair of cows into the field raised by him unassisted even by his sons. The explanation was that he wanted to balance the demerit by feeding cows that did not belong to him, something like corn thrown to birds in big cities in the early morning. Karam Chand, a common mortal, did not know anything about such delicate nuances of profit and loss. But he joined the audience and was waiting for a signal to submit his 'petition.' Just then a sober looking villager broke out, "Bab, this man has come from a distant place. He appears hard hit. We are all hit, but all of us want that you attend to him first." These words put some life in Karam Chand and he began to tell the audience why he had come all the way from Muzaffarabad, "I am sick, hopelessly sick. I try to eat but cannot. I try to sleep, but for the last five months I have not had even a single night's rest ..."

went on for about fifteen minutes, turning his face, all wet with tears, from the saint towards the others. Everyone was visibly moved. Karam Chand's children were sitting near him. They were drenched in dust, turning their heads towards everybody with a vacant look in their eyes. Kashikak was his usual composed self, listening to Karam Chand with rapt attention. Karam Chand stopped. There was a moment of grim silence. Tears kept rolling down his eyes. Kashikak cast a look at the faces again and then looked at the broad expansion of the leaves of the mighty Chinar trees. His look again came back to the small gathering and out came the prophecy, "This man has to live a full life, but it will take some time. Presently his *misal* (file) has gone to Sialkot, but it may be returned before the harvest is over."

This was hardly the solution to Karam Chand's problem. Most people did not know where Sialkot was located, but Karam Chand knew. He had once travelled to Sialkot by train from Jammu. He was, however, confused by the word *misal* (file). Muzafarabad was located far, far from Jammu and Sialkot and never before had his name been recorded in official files. The people around could gauge his deep disappointment, but they cautioned him not to lose heart, "This is how Bab speaks and your problems will end."

Back in Srinagar he did not know how to convey the gist of the matter to his well-wishers. But the trip to Manigam (Mayagram) had put some confidence in him and his spouse. They requested a person to allow them to use a room of his house where they could have some rest. Karam Chand felt he enjoyed some sleep. After a long time he felt an urge to eat something. Was his appetite returning? Karam Chand felt a peculiar wave of delight within him, but the stress and agony of so many months still dominated.

Months passed. Many fresh patients were allotted riverside verandah where Karam Chand and the Police Officer had developed a sort of friendship as patients. The two had almost forgotten each other. The Police Officer had been transferred to Baramulla. One day when he was engaged in his normal work, he was told that one 'Karam Chand' sought permission to see him. After a few minutes the two ex-patients of Srinagar Hospital were face to face, but did not recognize each other. History had taken a tremendous turn in J&K. The Maharaja had lost his throne and Muzafarabad was no longer a part of J&K. Karam Chand told the Police Officer that his wife had jumped into the Kishenganga to save her honour. He and his children had been drawn into Baramulla by the troops fleeing the enemy. In a few months the territory from Srinagar to Uri was consolidated by the Indian Army and Karam Chand himself had sought a job as Sales Supervisor for *Shali* (Paddy) and had just then come for Police assistance to recover part of his stock that had been pilfered. Before drawing the curtains on series of old events he expressed deep gratitude to the Police Officer for advising to seek the intervention of Kashikak at Manigam, "My affairs had taken a turn for the better roughly around the onset of the harvesting season in 1947 and my real benefactor had come from Sialkot to Srinagar via Jammu and ran great risk in using incognito."

MOUNI BABA-I

He was resting in a small room on the ground floor covered mostly with a grass mat. On both sides of him were traces of cloth covering. His body had assumed no particular posture and appeared to be lying at ease. The place was an extension of Durganag temple in Srinagar, and saints, scholars and monks could have stepped around from the days of the great Shankaracharya. It was partly sunny outside. Inside it was quiet - not even a mosquito or a fly stirred the quietude of the room.

At around ten o'clock everything outside appeared to be moving with the appearance of a tallish Sardar on the scene. The Sardar was unable to hide his anxiety behind his well set beard. He entered the cell of quietude where the only inmate continued to lie undisturbed. The Sardar appeared to be talking to the inmate, almost in mono syllables. Then he came out and returned with two more persons. They went inside the cell which now was enveloped with an air of mystery.

With every passing minute, the Sardar was getting more and more anxious. He, in fact, wanted the Saint Swami to go with him without wasting a moment. The Saint Swami had once agreed to do so but had changed his mind and refused even to talk about the matter. Actually, the hutment belonged to the Durga Nag Temple and the management there had permitted a Sanyasi Baba to occupy one room. The Baba would continue with his spiritual pursuits all the twenty four hours, and all his needs were attended to by the Sardar whose reverence and dedication towards the Baba were evident. The Sardar was an employee in the Postal Service and most of his time after the office hours was spent in the service of the Saint. This system had been working for him for several years. Some days back some 'blue' boy in the Sardar's office had discovered that the Sardar had continued on the same post and at the same place over a long period and had brought it to the notice of the office. He had put it as a clear case for his immediate transfer. "I cannot justify it to the Audit", was his final word.

The Sardar brought the matter to the notice of the Saint but the latter was not the least bothered. In a couple of days he reminded the Saint, and then again, and perhaps again. He was very deeply devoted to the saint. He saw to it that the Saint gets what little he fed upon. The Saint really ate very

less and sometimes not even that! What the Sardar was bothered about was that the Saint be persuaded to eat something, however little. He also wanted that the Saint have a change in clothing every third day. But the saint was the least bothered about anything.

At last the day came when the Sardar had actually to shift to the station where he had been posted. He had engaged a truck which was loaded with all the household belongings. His wife and two children were already seated inside the truck. Since the Saint had hardly anything to carry if he accepted his plea to shift with the Sardar's family, he could be taken along without any inconvenience. So he approached the Saint in his cell, but he, as usual, paid no heed. With his unique, peculiarly calm gesture he signaled, "It is not necessary." Out of his dedication to the Baba the Sardar was convinced that the situation would be saved. He would not mind additional or heavier workload in the office. He was ready to bear even the financial inconvenience. But he was not ready to bear the inconvenience caused to Baba in whatever little he ate for sustenance, his hours of rest or his meditation. Who would take care of him in absence of the Sardar. But Baba was not ready to leave and the Sardar's anxiety was turning into depression. Another hour passed. Baba was sitting at his place, unmoved and calm as usual. In front of him the Sardar too was seated, quiet but anxious. The truck stood outside, loaded with household belongings, the Sardar's wife and two children trying to persuade their mother to allow them to get down and play. Many outsiders got the news of this invisible tug-of-war and gathered outside to wait and watch. The place blew into a mini fair with people feeling that it was unfair to let the Sardar be punished by his office. But Baba was cent percent disinterested. The Sardar came out for a while and somebody commented that the Baba had other means of feeding himself and there was nothing to worry. The Sardar, visibly hurt, gave him a piercing look and went back into the cell. The situation had gone into a twist.

But all twists were ironed out when a runner came in search of the Sardar and handed over to him an envelope. Within seconds the order was in his hands. "The order for the transfer of Sardar Gurbux Singh has been withdrawn indefinitely". There was whistling, clapping of hands and hooting in every corner. The Baba was sitting inside, undisturbed and unconcerned, as usual.

BOMBRO BOMBRO (O BLACK BEE)

1947 had been emotionally devastating for Jawaharlal Nehru. He did not want division of India on communal lines. But it happened. Who would want Mahatma Gandhi, the apostle of non-violence to be murdered! But it happened. India had to bear these shocks and so had Nehru. He immediately got over these shocks and went about with his responsibilities. He had to rally the nation, especially the youth. Along with his colleagues and admirers he decided to organize an All India Inter University Youth Festival. In this festival the youth had to compete in physical activities, plays and displays, in songs, broadcasts, etc. Prof. G.D. Sondhi, the first Indian Principal of the Government College, Lahore, before the partition was the overall in charge of the festival.

Veterans of such Universities as those of Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Aligarh, Agra, Patna, Allahabad and others that had well-developed faculties all around took no time in opening their shots. There was therefore, a good deal of dancing, music, histrionics and TV displays.

Jawaharlal Nehru could not avail of time for so many events. That, however did not affect the spirit and glamour of the zealous participants and they displayed vigour while feeding the multiple audience representing the zestful crop of the Universities.

The participants of the Jammu and Kashmir University felt slightly shy, for they had no experience of competing in such programmes and no contact with the students from other provinces and universities. However, a few students from the Women's College Srinagar, without wasting a moment, girded up their loins. They had some experience of participating in an opera composed originally by a poet scholar Dina Nath Nadim. "Bombro, Bombro Sham ranga Bombro...(O black bee, o jet black bee)".

They jumped into the arena and took by surprise, not only the students of different universities but the entire audience spread all over the Talkatora Gardens, the well-known arena of such jamborees. The effect was marvelous. The students of other universities at once left their respective demarcations and raced towards the Kashmir University contingent. The police were at once at their places to prevent a stampede but they too

appeared mesmerized. Dozens of pressmen came forward, clicked and for some time, only the dazzling flashguns of their cameras, trying to capture the Kashmiri performance could be seen. The song of jet black bee had dazzled everyone present at Talkatora Gardens.

Since the day in October, 1960 [Editor-1955], “Bombro Bombro” has been taken over by the TV and other media. The tilt and tang of the song has entertained people all over the world. The Kashmir University students carried the day and made history.

All that day Jawaharlal Nehru’s engagements as the Prime Minister of India kept him away from the Talkatora Gardens. The students from universities, the public and all other fans were eagerly awaiting a chance to participate in a gigantic ovation to him. It was almost dusk when he arrived. The sea of humanity at Talkatora Gardens stood up and in one voice raised the slogan – “Jawaharlal Nehru - Zindabad.” In every corner people stood up and clapped. Many of the middle aged guests were reminded of the year 1928 when Jawaharlal Nehru was elected to preside over the All India Congress of the Year 1928, at Lahore, in succession to his father Moti Lal who had been entrusted with the reins of the Indian National Congress the previous year. Hundreds of supporters of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan (Peshawar), who called themselves ‘Khudai Khidmatgars’ (The Servants of God), came as delegates to participate in the Lahore session. The Khudai Khidmatgars invited Nehru to join them in a hefty dance. Nehru was the last person to hesitate. Most of the guests from Lahore and other places felt exhausted but Nehru and his Pathan friends were ever fresh. In an hour or so Nehru felt that he was being unfair to his guests from the rest of the country and announced, “As President of the Congress I order all the Pathans and Khudai Khidmatgars to stop.” All Pathans called it a day with the slogan, “Our President Zindabad.”

At the Talkatora Gardens the students from all over the country cooled down to hear their leader.

BEATING HEARTS

Most of the people are always ready to talk about this heartless world where life has become so difficult. There is nobody to care, nobody to understand our pain, nobody to give a helping hand when you desperately need one. But everybody feels something melting within on knowing about an instance of hearts beating within breasts that many people regard callous, crass and dark.

An instance of hearts beating between breasts takes us back to 1991 when militancy had touched a crest in the 'Earthly Paradise' to our north. At midday three public servants left their office at Shamswari in a downtown Srinagar area to go home. The houses on both sides of the lane they passed through had their doors and windows securely bolted and an eerie silence prevailed. Suddenly – 'tratt...tratt...tratt...' gunshots shattered the unearthly stillness. Where did the shots come from? Who was hit? For almost twenty seconds no one could say. In the scare each of the threesome tried to flee. But one of them, let us call him 'Z' felt sharp pain in his palm and his leg. He saw blood dripping and he collapsed. His colleagues had bolted. Silence reigned once again.

'Z' remembers the day. "At first, I felt that the end had come and I would bleed to death. A little while later, however, I felt slightly better with a clearer brain. It occurred to me that I should go by a scarcely used by-lane to the main road, about a hundred yards away. But how could I do it? I could not crawl on all the fours. I tried to gather some support from the buildings fringing the lane. The exercise caused immense pain, appeared to take hours and smeared the lane with my blood, but somehow it worked. I reached the main road and dropped down as all power appeared to be squeezed out of my legs.

The road running from Lalchowk to Zaina Kadal, usually a very busy thoroughfare, was totally deserted — no movement of any vehicle or man, no stray animals, dead like a graveyard, only I lying in a corner, my bullet wounds draining out the blood from my body! Was I going to bleed to death! A minute passed — not a minute but an age in torture, two minutes and a third...a muttering sound of life somewhere beyond the sharp bend of the road, struck my ears, the sound came nearer and nearer and so near

that even through my fainting senses I could understand that it was a three wheeler auto-rickshaw. Could it be of some help? But how could it run the risk of lifting a bullet victim?

And a three wheeler stopped right in front of me. The driver stepped down, managed to lift the deadweight entity that my body had become, deposited it on the main seat, started the vehicle and sped away. Not a word was spoken, neither how, nor where, nor, indeed, how much ...

Where was he taking me? I belong to a different faith. Was he going to kill me at a forlorn spot? Or hurl me over bridge? He crossed the bridge over the river Vitasta (Jhelum), heading west, and, I, even though losing my blood and feeling a foggiess overwhelming my consciousness, heaved a sigh of relief. He crossed another bridge over a tributary...and then a third...in a minute he entered the Hospital gate almost unnoticed, deposited me on the pavement and once again sped away without uttering a word.

The hospital appeared ghost-ridden even at midday. But in a minute the staff and their Superintendent-cum-Principal Medical College, a lady were on the scene. They took charge of me and here I am talking and alive.”

‘Z’ concluded. God give him long life. It has been said that poetry is more golden than gold. The heart of the driver of the three-wheeler auto rickshaw was more golden than poetry.

SELECTION - 3: TRANSLATIONS OF KASHMIRI LITERATURE BY PROF. S. L. SADHU

SUNLIGHT AND SHADE

(A Story in Kashmiri by Shri Bashir Akhtar, translated into English by Prof S. L. Sadhu)

Disregarding all else, what strikes one, reflected the fowl, is that the buildings here are without roofs. Even while coming out of the coop he moved his eyes in every direction, but whatever he cast his eyes on was unfamiliar. He saw no mound anywhere, nor was there a dunghill where he could stand and crow to his heart's content. When the cock came out of coop in his village, he habitually rushed to the rising ground wherefrom he flew to Rahim Gola's barn and thence towards the dunghill of Gaffar Khan. Alighting the dune (of burnt ashes) he flapped both his wings noisily and gave utterance to his shrill cry, loud and clear. He did so every day when they let him out of his coop, provided he was in a mood. Everyone around, young and old, men and women were familiar with his call. When the hens in the locality heard him vibrate his cords, they rushed out of their yard in all abundance and assembled around him on the dune.

As a contrast, when he emerged from the cage at the new place, he found everything as though undergone a wash. He was involuntarily reminded of the day when, God forbid, a fire broke out in their village and the buildings met a similar fate. What had been a structure earlier was drenched with water and was deprived of the roof and the eaves alike. Only the washed out walls survived and some brickwork partially scraped out of the debris. The air appeared to be moisture-laden and a whiff of the breeze passed by occasionally.

He thought of the winter and inflated his feathers into a protective cushion. The next moment he felt that the cold was not as severe as in his own village and he resumed his normal posture, directing his neck this way and that. The ground was wet indeed with puddles here and there. It was obvious that it had certainly rained during the night. And the breeze? He did not appear convinced. Once again, he raised up his wings to make

sure that he was not under a delusion. But it was not so. The air was warm despite the rainfall, as warm as during the summer in their village. He again inflated his feathers, this time to let his frame enjoy some fresh air.

At midday, the cock would make a beeline for the dunghill and then to the Dangars' kitchen garden, luscious with *haakh* and other vegetables. Around this hour, the sun sparing the kitchen garden the fury of its direct rays soothed it with shade. Right then Mehar sat on the ground floor landing of her house scanning and sprucing up the *haakh* leaves for her cooking at the nightfall. It had become second nature with the cock to unflinchingly crow aloud before hopping into the kitchen garden just as a chivalrous warrior before confronting the enemy, gives him every opportunity to remain alert and make all possible arrangements for his defence. If, at the landing, Mehar heard him crow, she quietly picked up a bunch of *haakh* leaves to place them before the bird as though he were a guest held in high esteem. And if she could not be on the spot right then, the cock hopped on to the earth-filled wall, stretched his neck to the stacked paddy and raised a loud cry. Normally while seated on the floor, Mehar was averse to getting up as she complained of aching knees, and her joints crackled when she pushed herself up. But she had no options when the cock crowed. She knew that if there was a perceptible delay, the cock alighted into the kitchen garden and ravaged the stems of *haakh*. She sometimes cursed him mildly, "To the void with you!" and signaled the alarm, "O Rashid! My boy, stone him away."

This apparent displeasure was, however, only for the record. She was aware that Rashid was at school and that no other boy would suffer even shooing the cock away. She never forgot an earlier occasion when a boy was about to pelt a stone to puncture the cock's belly which led almost to a brawl in the neighbourhood. Mehar was in a rag and reprimanded one and all, "How has he harmed you, the poor dear? If he munched a few *haakh* leaves, it grows in our garden. How does it touch you? Though I do not want to talk like this, but tell me, did he dismantle the earthen cooking range in your kitchen?"

Thereafter, the affection she displayed was worth noting; she gently touched all parts of his frame, rubbed his feathers delicately with her fingers one by one, and all errant children got palm-fulls of water for her.

The cock heaved a sigh and went round the cage. His fellow-birds were absorbed in their own pursuits. A few were dozing with their necks resting against their wings. Another batch trained their alert eyes on the sandy ground, in the hope of spotting some possible treasure. At a short distance was a fowl nodding in a corner, as though bed-ridden for years. For some mysterious reason had a pretty and spruced hen set her heart on him and was usually seen hovering around the drowsy cock. The latter, as though dreading blasphemy, puckered his brow and turned to the other side, remaining distant and untouched. The cock recalled his own experience in his village. Whenever he came out of the cage, not a single hen dared come close to him as long as he was disinclined. When, however, he had a mind for gallantry, broods of as many as four hens trailed him at a time. Whoever felt jealous was to stew in his own juice.

He was much upset to observe the representative of his own species at the place he was shifted to. Some of them had no feathers on the neck while some had lost their body-fluff like mangled curs. A few sported a roundish patch where the comb should have been. Members of another set were so tall that the beak could reach the apex of the brinjal plant. One of them was so plump that his sheer volume trickled the cock to laughter, "I wonder how he would react if Mehar's Rashid would hurl at him a mere earthenware bit". He said to himself, "This overblown obesity is ridiculous," he went on, "It can neither take him off the ground, nor permit sound out of the tightly crammed jar that his body is."

It once again came to his mind that when, hopping on the earth-filled wall in his village, he uttered calls loud and long, Mehar's Rashid aimed at his legs with cast off bits of earthenware. However, when he perceived the approaching missile, he leaped up with his legs withdrawn.

"What a fun it was! Even the grown up women of the locality," he continued reminiscing, "looked out the windows to watch the scene, urging Rashid to aim at his legs again." Children clapped their hands as though a magician were displaying his sleight of hand. At the conclusion of the enactment they placed at his feet sizeable quantities of grain, rice and its unshelled pickings, pieces of loaves and cooked rice seasoned with soup. A shiver passed through the entire frame of the fowl as he recalled the rich growth of *haakh* in Mehar's kitchen garden, "It was probably the only farm in the village with such delicious *haakh*. It had crisp leaves, a

choice dish, indeed. Whichever leaf I pecked at on the stem, “the bird ruminated, “a pretty slice was carved out and I did not feel like turning away until I scraped it clean.” And the fowl heaved a long sigh once again.

The cock failed to surmise what ill overtook the village, or what befell the house, where he belonged. Or, was it that the people living in the locality grew evil minded? All that he remembered was that one evening when as usual he stepped towards the coop, some unknown friend pounced upon him. He raised uproarious noise, beat his wings tumultuously, but he was held as though in chains of steel. Notwithstanding his prowess, he lost his nerve when he saw the mistress of the house having a *tete a tete* with him in whose clutches he was. He cast his pitiful eyes towards his mistress and even tried to create a scene in her presence. Instead of coming to the rooster’s succour, she merely dusted her *pheran*, entered her house and was seen no more.

The fowl could not forget that no sooner was he dragged out of the coop than his legs were knotted together loosely with a cord, his wings were pinned and he was dropped heavily into a cage. As long as there was light, the cock could identify the turns, ups and downs he was led along. He remembered having been taken across a number of streams. When it grew dark, he failed to sense anything except the howling of the swift wind.

When they raised the latch of the cage, the rooster found himself in an entirely different world. The sort of trees he was habituated to were not there, nor the birds, nor the walls raised with jam packed earth, nor the dunghill, nor the lengthy hay-hanks suspended from the eaves, even the paddy filled barns were not there. The houses were there, but in a sense incomplete, like bare headed farming women displaying large and heavy ear-rings, but no headgear, the main symbol of feminine modesty. He felt slightly easy when he spotted in that brood of fowls a bird whom he had known. At first he could not believe his eyes, but on looking carefully his suspicion turned into conviction. It was the same bird whom he used to see gossiping with the fair sex at the foot of the mound in his village. But even there he was so chicken-hearted that the moment he saw another representative of his sex, he quietly stepped aside as though he had nothing to do with anybody. Aware of his pusillanimity the other fowls in the locality exchanged meaningful glances and innuendos. To challenge his gallantry deliberately, they provoked the hens, waited for their

reaction and directed jests to them, but the other one kept cool as a cucumber. Never did he go even as far as to upend his feathers around the neck, indicating either an amorous sentiment or a challenging mood in the face of jealousy. The male birds often treated him with contempt and maintained distance from him. Indeed he brought shame to his ancestors.

As a contrast, however, when the cock spotted him on that particular occasion in alien surroundings, he, so to speak, forgot everything as though the stilled veins of his affection had started throbbing. He relaxed his right wing to touch his own thigh, cocked his neck, made the muscles of his throat tense and with short measured steps gyrated around the new found rooster, even as he, in a mood of buoyancy played gallant to the female kind in the old village. Despite all this wooing the other fowl remained aloof, his heart untouched, his withers un-wrung. He appeared potter made, lifeless, soundless, moved neither his wings nor his neck, neither upended the neck-plumes, nor even relaxed his legs. The cock was incensed and pecked at him, not mildly but so hard as to sever a sheaf of his feathers.

As the next step the cock rubbed his own neck with the head of the other fowl, but was amazed to find that the other one did not react at all. Casting his eyes around, the cock saw the other birds inside, entirely indifferent to their environment, with their necks as though glued to their wings. A short distance from the cage was a vast stretch of green with leafy stems extended far, and crisp leaves and fronds as in the kitchen garden of Mehar, and the same shade but occasionally twice or thrice in bulk. The fowl felt an intense urge to pounce upon this luscious growth and fell the plants down even as he used to leap on to the earth-filled wall and play havoc with the boughs, the twigs, the sprays, and all else of the pomegranate tree.

“What a shade it provided? How soothing, how enjoyable”, the cock reminisced. He could not help recalling that whenever he felt oppressed by the mid-day sun in summer, he would swoop up the earth-filled wall and cross over to the pomegranate tree. It had innumerable branches and sprays as though knotted to one another and countless leaves sprung up in every direction. Even if a full-grown man attempted to take cover behind the leafy screen of the tree, he would be undetectable. Absolutely ruled

out was the possibility of a rooster being betrayed. So the roosters came with alacrity and appended themselves to the pomegranate tree all over. "Amid the broiling heat of the summer how soothing was it to enjoy a siesta under the shade of the pomegranate tree with one's neck resting against the wings!" the cock ruminated. He could not help recalling that even the human population of the locality spent the interval sheltered from the sun within their rooms facing north, and all the hustle and bustle of the morning with its cheerful crowing and cackling remained suspended.

When it was well past noon, the village women came invariably to the stream with their utensils for the daily scrub. With the first rattle-clink of the kitchen-ware in their ears a whole flock of chicken leaped down from the pomegranate tree one after another like fidgety monkeys. The leaping and the consequent flapping-fluttering of their wings was so tumultuous as to shy away birds from the trees around.

"That too was a memorable interlude", uttered the cock with a sigh. The fluttering of wings not only scared the birds, but also attracted small children who rushed along clapping their hands, and the women, tickled to laughter, held their aching sides.

Having sighted vast stretches of vegetation just outside the coop, the cock felt somewhat lost to notice all other birds, his coop-mates, no matter tender or full grown, turned their necks right or left, completely indifferent to the alluring environment, as though it were entirely outside the focus of their eyes. The fraternity, one and all, had set their eyes on the wooden pipe inside the coop as if it had deprived them of their wits, and all that they were capable of was to peck at the pipe and scatter right and left the particles of bran spilling from it.

Now what was to be done? He was thinking and carefully examining all the things inside the coop. The next step for him was to leap on a container full of food that stood in a corner. Perched on the container he brought to bear all his might in his wings and took off with the intention that during his course above ground, he would alight for a while in the vegetation like a winged bird and search around in the grass for the earthworms. But he did not know that despite his ability to look beyond the wire-gauze covered hatch it was not a child's play to squeeze out his entire frame through the apertures. While flapping the wings he reached near the hatch

but dropped down midway like a felled tree. During his fall he could not summon his wits to alight on the ground on his paws to save other vulnerable limbs. While falling on the right side one of the feathers of this wing got stuck in one of the apertures. Remaining suspended thus for a while he rubbed his way down and fell on the bare ground with such a momentum as to suddenly force out of his mouth the note “krut”. The note was long and high-pitched. The “krut” sound was caught by the fellow birds and death like silence fell within from one end to the other. The fowls throttled their sounds but ventilated their feelings through meaningful glances.

When the cock stood up on his feet after his ignominious fall, he flapped his wings to jerk off the dust. But the moment he tried to refold them, the right wing after he had raised it gave him a shock as if an electric current had passed through his body, or as if he had been struck with a stick, and the sound “krut” escaped from him once again. This time it was longer and, in fact, much more painful.

Raising his neck, the cock saw quite a different world beyond the hatch. He found himself facing unfamiliar and awful creatures. Among them were fiends, tom-cats with eyes glimmering as live-coal, surpassing one another in ferocious looks, wolves with ears erect and long like poplar crests. Their jaws were agape. The cock also spotted foxes racing softer than the wind. The fiends screwed up their eyes sullen and surly, came closer to the hatch and made frightful sounds. Hearing these the cock shrank within his frame and started looking helplessly towards his fellow inmates. But they appeared to be deaf and unconcerned despite the nerve-racking shrieks, as though nothing had happened. They continued scratching the wooden pipe with both paws looking downward as before. It occurred to him that he confront each one of them and ask why they were so listless and devitalized, but his own courage failed him. He folded his wings, shrank his frame, lowered his neck and sat crouched in a corner like a shelter-less vagrant on a shopfront in a strange city on a winter night.

Time winged on irretrievably from minutes, hours and days to years, but whenever the cock had a longing to stretch out his wings, a number of creatures took shape outside the hatch. If it were dark glimmering lamps appeared outside, not one but countless. The cock felt convinced that they were not lamps but hounds with glowering eyes.

The cock could never make out what these collective shapes outside connoted. Like the fellow-birds within, he was accustomed to the routine of picking up grains scattered within the coop. In course of time he even forgot to gaze intently on the green stretches outside the coop. Even the very conception that he would leap out, alight on the field outside and feed on the *haakh* leaves to satisfaction was lost to him outright.

Once it happened however, that the door-panel of the coop was somehow unlatched. The moment the cock got aware of the opportunity, he felt a stirring in his wings and a fresh warmth coursed through his veins. He took off in a daredevil sally, alighted on the dunghill just outside, relaxed his larynx and gave a full-throated call. Heard by the birds on the trees, it put a new life in them. They twittered and warbled in chorus. The call was heard by tendrils and runners of the turf and they found a tongue. It was caught by the flower-laden twigs and sprays and they surcharged the air with waves of fragrance. The breeze was moving at a leisurely pace at the moment. When the call pierced its ears, it raced ahead, grew into a gale, rushed into woods and raised a tumult.

The wind ran through the streets and raised the dust. Whoever set his face against it got it in his eyes and suffered a hazy vision.

When the wind struck the ridge, it displaced shale which turned into powder. The powder got deposited on grains of chicken feed inside the coop. The cock ingested the food and suffered a cracked voice.

A whole length of time stretches from that day to this. The cock cannot even imagine what it is to utter a call. The entire conception of crowing has atrophied in him and he cannot crow even though he may be on a dunghill. He has a cracked voice now and nobody likes such a call. Not even a single individual.

‘DOD-DAG’

(Akhtar Mohiuddin, an eminent Kashmiri fictionist is known for the simplicity and spontaneity of his prose. His novel Dod-Dag (Sickness and pain), 1957, unravels that side of the lower middle class life, which is a journey of struggle through diseases, poverty and social constraints.)

Story line

Faata and Raja are two orphan girls living with their maternal uncle, Qadir Wani, a poor danner. His wife wants to get rid of the nieces and appropriate whatever little patrimony they have. Faata is accordingly married to Sha'ma Saheb, a dealer in *namda* (a Kashmiri rug made of raw unspun wool and then embroidered) rugs. Once Faata leaves, the house becomes a veritable hell for Raja. One day she slips out and seeks refuge in her sister's house where both Faata and Sha'ma Saheb welcome her.

In her sister's home, Raja is free from the oppression of her aunt. Sha'ma Saheb treats her as his own daughter. She herself feels a stake in the well-being of this house and takes initiative in cleaning and brightening it up. Meanwhile, Faata's health starts deteriorating. She has inherited tuberculosis from her mother. Her husband, who has no faith in physicians, advises prayers and amulets. However, his advice is not taken seriously by Faata who wants to die in peace after solemnizing Raja's marriage. When Raja attains adulthood and blossoms into a lovely young lady, she attracts the attention of Abdul Ghani, a clerk in the business house of Sha'ma Saheb. Ghani is young, robust and handsome, with a glib tongue and a stubborn urge for enticing women. Sometimes Raja casts a glance at him and does not feel any guilt about it. He develops a passion for her and once gets an opportunity to convey his love to her. Raja does not take the incident as an affront, it enables her to see herself in a new light.

Ghani soon realizes that Raja is a somewhat distant goal. His objective is an immediate marriage which can yield both monetary gain and carnal pleasure. He involves his employer, Sha'ma Saheb in raising his matrimonial market with the double purpose of securing unhindered attachment to a woman and to come socially closer to Raja. Sha'ma Saheb, Faata and Raja participate in Ghani's marriage. Raja lends a hand in the singing and other matters without being self-conscious. She is

present among the close relatives when henna is applied to Ghani. She finds him casting meaningful glances at her but does not feel alarmed or upset and, in fact, draws some satisfaction from the experience.

A few months later Ghani discards his wife, who belongs to a family of blacksmiths but he does not want a legal divorce. Meanwhile, Sha'ma Saheb sides with the blacksmiths and on the strength of his evidence the court orders a decree of divorce. This infuriates Ghani who decides to take revenge. Shaa'ma Saheb's business is already on the decline. Shortly afterwards, Ghani takes another wife from a poor family, but divorces her in a few months. Faata's health deteriorates further and as a result of her persuasion, Sha'ma Saheb gets Raja married to a dealer in walnut-wood articles. He is a widower with three children and fifteen years older than her. Though Raja has not got a robust and handsome youth that a woman of her age longs to get as a life partner, she makes the best of the situation and attends to her wifely duties with devotion. Her visits to her sister being restricted, she feels deeply worried about Faata's health. Once she visits her after a long interval. Events move so fast on that day, that in a few hurried hours Raja arranges the divorce of Faata from Sha'ma Saheb and takes her to her own house.

After divorcing his second wife, Ghani has been watching closely the affairs of Raja. He makes a strategic move by offering to marry Faata. When Faata moves into his house, Raja visits her off and on. During one of her visits, Ghani requests Raja to stay for the night. He arranges matters so cleverly that Raja cannot turn down the request. She sleeps in a bed next to her sister. Late in the night she is taken aback on finding that Ghani has slipped into her bed despite Faata, who has all along been used as a decoy. Ghani overawes Faata so that she cannot even protest. Shortly thereafter, Faata dies leaving Raja to her fate. Ultimately Raja is divorced by her husband and with nowhere to go, she marries Ghani for whom she continues to be no more than an instrument for satisfying his carnal desires. Dreading the expected birth of a baby, he plans an abortion without her consent. The acute suffering through which she passes on this account brings about a qualitative change in Ghani's behaviour, who is now chastened.

SELECTION- 4: SOME SONGSTERS & WRITERS OF KASHMIR

WHAT IS YOUR ROSE GARDEN LIKE

Kashmir is fairly rich in folk-songs and fold-tales. The output of Mulla Ahmad Kashmiri, Sheikh Yaqub Sarfi, Mulla Dawood Khaki, Ghani Kashmiri, Chandra Bhan Brahman, Lakshmidhar Saroor and several others have survived through the centuries.

A galaxy of songsters and songstresses light up the Kashmir sky. [A snippet is offered in this section- Ed]

Habba Khatoon

(wedded to a king, Yusuf Shah Chak) bewails her separation

“Dossipetha wuchh namo Tosa pom bar tas ba wonai”...

(He peeped at me from over the wall, I long to drape him a choice tosha shawl).

Arnimal

Destiny condemned Arnimal to live separate from her husband Bhavani Das

“Sona Chham gailan, kuni Chhum na meilan, Zola chham na”

(My husband has been seen keeping company, I get not a wink of sleep).

Mir Hassan

of the 15th century (A.D.)

“Bhagwana asi karta panni daya zulchi kreed a sund bhaya kass”

(Almighty God! We seek your mercy! And spare us the tyranny of the demon Zulchu. Zulchu was believed to have been some cruel invader who invaded the valley long long ago.)

A beautiful romantic streak from Mehjoor:

**“Kama Deev Kari Sari Dal, Boozum Shabas gatsi Telbal,
Darshanas Aabas Andar Pamposh lagith prara ha”**

(My beloved has a fancy for an outing on the Dal lake, and for a further preference for Telbal at night. Eager for a look at him I await him garbed as a lily!)

Mehjoor’s poetry abounds with intense romantic commitment which does not only express the urge to be one with the beloved but in the process wants to be one with gardens and flowers as well. But he does not ignore his responsibility towards his brethren ..

“Lalo Lalo, ha guli Lalo hali dil karai izhar

Tati chcha rayi rati noon teel baqraan, Tati chcha chor bazaar?”

(What is your rose garden like...do they issue the daily needs of living, common salt, cooking oil, etc. by special favour? Is there a black market?)

HABBA KHATOON

Habba Khatoon, the renowned poetess of Kashmir, was the queen of Yousuf Shah Chak. She was born in the village Chandahaar, near Pampore in Kashmir around 1550. Her maiden name was Zoon which means the moon. Her father Abdi Rather, a well-to-do farmer, sent his daughter to learn Persian and Arabic. She was endowed with a mellifluous voice and was an exceptional singer. She was married to a fellow villager Aziz Lone, who unfortunately had no appreciation for her talents. The marriage failed and Zoon suffered unrequited love, searing gossip, harsh domestic chore and cruelty from Aziz's mother. Zoon sought relief in song trying to arouse his interest in her love, in her fidelity to him and her attractive youth. Finding no response from him, she put her sorrow and distress in her songs and even appealed to her parental clan to succor her. Her charms however attracted the attention of the heir-apparent of the kingdom, Yousuf Shah Chak. He pleaded with her to accept his love and soon after she entered his palace. Now a princess, Habba Khatoon, had all means at her disposal to nourish her extraordinary talent. The prince who ascended the throne in a few years was deeply attached to her and had her instructed in Persian classical music till she attained proficiency in the art. She was recognized as an authority in one Persian raag, '*Muqaami-araaq*' and she set to music one of her songs 'Gindney draayes' in this very *muqaam*.

Yousuf Shah could not provide a stable government and most of his time was spent in fighting rebels or in the Mughal court. Habba wrote many songs expressing her sorrow over such developments. Finally, despite bitter resistance put up by the Kashmiris, Akbar annexed the Valley in 1586.

People suffered distress and humiliation to which Habba was a witness. With her husband away and her step-son Yaqub rallying the dissidents inside, the dreams of Habba Khatoon crashed for the last time and she continued to warble her sad songs to the end of her days.

Habba did not leave any written record of her songs. Her songs have come down to us orally and are still sung, in folk and classical styles, after about

four centuries when she walked on the part of earth which is Kashmir. Unlike other poets she did not adopt anything from the strong tradition of mystic poetry that preceded her. She expressed her personal emotional experience, sincerely and passionately. The intensity of her pathos transcended all barriers of communication and all Kashmiris, irrespective of religious belief hold her in high esteem and that is only because of the plain expression, of her humane self in her verses. Her poetry is without any intricacies of mystic symbolism, simple almost as folk songs. She is the founder of the lyric of romantic love in Kashmiri poetry. The outcry of her heart with the pangs of unfulfilled love invested in romance, candour and sorrows gives that appeal to her poetry for which she is known. Though she enjoyed the status of a king's consort for many years and attained the fulfillment of love, there is, however not a single verse of her to proclaim the state of her emotional ecstasy characteristic of the fulfillment of love.

The theme of her songs is unfulfilled love that vibrates with different overtones and tempers in such simple and spontaneous lyrics as '*Neri yaar Chandoan Chumai baali tamanna*', '*Aki lati yihemnaa*', '*Tse kyoho vatiyo myani marnai*', '*wolo myani poshe madano*', '*Chara kar myon malinyo ho*', '*Tsa kamyu soni myani bram dith nyunakho*'...in '*Gindaney draayas*' composed in the Persian scale *muqami araaq*, she as it were, summed up her experience of life. It is full of pathos and close to the mystic temper of her age. Habba's contribution to Kashmiri language is profound. Persian had become the court language in the valley long before her advent. She was acquainted fairly well with Persian even before she entered the palace and she could have cultivated it to the exclusion of Kashmiri, like many others. But she consciously patronized her mother-tongue and through it she released her emotional stress. She was deeply imbued with nature, a companion to the musk rose, basil, dandelion, birds, uplands and streams.

While setting the tradition of the romantic lyric in a significant manner, as against '*vaakhs*' and '*shrukhs*', she heralded an era of melodious verse and nursed Kashmiri diction. Many of her coinages, still fresh and lively, are used to this day, and all great poets who succeeded her have paid tribute to her clearly and unmistakably.

VALIULLAH MATTU

(passed on around 1858)

Valiullah Mattu was born in Vahangam. The year of his birth is not known. He was the first poet to choose his native language, Kashmiri, for narration in verse the well-known tale of *Himal* and *Nagrai*. He also rendered in Kashmiri verse two Persian works of religious nature *Chihal Israr* and *Zaruriyat Din*. He also composed some devotional verses.

Descendent of a family of religious instructors, he taught pupils in his own village. He was of a religious bent of mind and passed away at Medina.

Himal first published by Ghulam Muhammad Nur Muhammad in 1938, is a romantic tale. In spite of his efforts to harmonise romance with sufi-mysticism, the poet narrates the fact naked and in bold language in his poems, indicating a puritan mystic strain, he introduces a Muslim ‘fakir’. This creates some confusion and is at variance with the oral tradition, as the events are attributed to the pre-Christian age.

Mattu occasionally comes forward with moral sermons while comparing a good wife with a bad one. His language is, by and large simple, though it has a fair sprinkling of Persian words. Examples of a whole verse in Persian nailed down to a single Kashmiri word are not hard to find.

RASUL MIR

(passed on in 1870)

Rasul Mir was born in Sehapur, Shahbad Doru, in Kashmir. Little can be said with certainty about his life. He is believed to have died young. Mir is predominantly a writer of love lyrics. In an age when mystic verse conferred respectability, he addressed his ghazals to an earthly beloved without pretending shyness. Some people believed that he loved a Hindu woman. He alludes to a 'Kong' and a 'Hindu princess' in his ghazals.

Rasul Mir's ghazals are colourful and sensuous. His imagery depicts the beauty of his beloved in line and colour and caters to various sense perceptions with the help of flowers, fragrance, tinkling anklets, a swan like neck, etc. His lyrics spring spontaneously from his heart and are highly melodious. In some of his ghazals he presents the female lover complaining with modesty, delicacy and restraint about the waywardness of the male beloved. Reserving the convention in many of his sweetest compositions, he delights in projecting the male-lover courting the female-beloved with ardour, sincerity and optimism.

Mir's ghazals bear a remarkable unity of impressions. His diction is colourful but simple, though occasionally he uses words of Persian origin. He enshrines the sentiment of love in all its nuances.

MASTER ZINDA KAUL

As a man of deep faith and profound culture, Zinda Kaul was gentle, simple and affectionate. He was a Theosophist, a Buddhist, a Vedantin and Shaivite rolled into one. To him man was the handiwork of God irrespective of religion, language, culture or complexion. He was born in Srinagar in a Kashmiri Brahman family in the year 1884. He received his early education in Persian in a '*maktab*' (School) where he was regarded as a precocious child. But he had to suspend his studies to earn for his family. Later he completed his schooling and worked as a teacher which earned him the endearing appellation 'Master' or 'Masterji' from his pupils, friends and admirers.

Revolving against the colonial propensities of the British Principal of his school, he shifted along with some other colleagues to another institution associated with Annie Besant, where he developed interest in theosophy. The school was later taken over by the State Government along with the staff. Side by side, Masterji, passed his B.A. privately and perfected his hold over Sanskrit, Persian, Urdu, Hindi and English. Ironically, the college authorities in Lahore refused admission into the Bachelor of Teaching course, to such a teacher, who was taken as an ideal by his students. His services were transferred to the State Department of Archaeology and Research and finally, because of his patience and mastery over the languages, to the Translation Bureau in the Publicity Department.

Masterji had turned out his maiden verses when he was nine only. Since then he continued to write. It was an age when the writers wrote in Persian, Urdu or Hindi but found no merit in writing in their mother tongue-Kashmiri. Master ji wrote with pen name 'Saabit' in Persian and Urdu. In Persian Hafiz and Rumi were among his favorite poets. Eminent Urdu poet Josh Malihabadi has remarked that his verse in *Diwan-i-Saabit* is a treat for the ear. His Hindi verse published as *Pushpa-patra* in 1914 was dedicated to S.E. Fotedar. He also composed verses in English. His study of English writers was not very extensive, but it appears that he followed the ways of Ruskin. In Sanskrit he studied, besides others, the Shaivacharayas Utpaladeva and Abhinavagupta. In his own mother-tongue, he studied among others, Parmananda (1791-1879), the apostle of devotional poetry. Master Zinda Kaul had special affinity for Parmanada.

Parmananda was the *Guru* of Masterji's father Pandit Lakshman Kaul. His Bhajans, songs, narratives etc. in Kashmiri had been a part of Pandit Lakshman Kaul's household and a sensitive soul like Zinda Kaul could not remain uninfluenced. He retrieved an important portion of Parmananda's work, which lay scattered with different people in different towns and villages.

He compared and collated various manuscripts and brought out the first printed edition of his poetry, including the narratives *Radha Swayamvar*, *Sudama Charitra* and *Shiva Lagan*, in 1941. This intimate study for the purpose of a printed edition and translation of the verses into English stirred him profoundly and Masterji was convinced that his mother tongue was not only the most appropriate medium for expression of his ideas, feelings and impressions, but also resourceful enough for the purpose.

By this time, the poets like Mehjoor and Abdul Ahad 'Azad' made their presence felt, and they revealed the beauty and the vitality inherent in the language. In the poem '*Panani Kath*' Master Zinda Kaul says, "The Kashmiris are to be congratulated. They had lost their tongue but have found it with great effort." He persisted in writing in Kashmiri and in the year 1951, the first volume of his Kashmiri poems entitled *Sumran* (Rosary as a token of love) was published. The second volume appeared a few months later in the same year. He kept away half a dozen poems considering them not of general interest, but these also appeared later. Each verse or stanza is accompanied with an English translation by the poet himself. *Sumran* won the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1956.

Of the 37 poems in *Sumran*, two were dropped in the Lalla Rukh edition of 1955. The poet had varied experiences of life at different times—penury, neglect, ill health, death of his son and later of his wife and some close friends, affection of his admirers, appreciation of his scholarship and poetic talent, and even adulation. But he never strayed from the course he had started on; a profound mystic, he never lost faith in God or the Ultimate Truth which he equated with love: 'I know no God apart from Thee, Great Love' (Hymn to Love/ *Lola devas prarthana*) or 'God can be approached through his creation and to see God's wonderful work is verify to worship God' (Spring/*Sonth*) or 'For supposing we withdraw, can his love let us go? The eternal bond (between the human soul and God) is not so fragile' (Token of love/ *Premuk Nishana*). But his faith was

not blind. His poems clearly show how he passed through his moods of doubts, misgivings, questionings and heart searching when he was brought to the verge of hypochondriac tears, but withstood the tornados and emerged unscathed with conviction.

Words from Sanskrit and Persian origin are harmoniously blended with current Kashmiri in his diction. Masterji eschewed imitative forms, cast new stanza-moulds and gave new rhyme-patterns to Kashmiri verse. His verse forms include, couplets, stanzas of 4, 5, 6 and 8 lines, ghazals and quatrains. The length of stanzas varies in a poem reflecting a mood of exaltation.

There is a perfect harmony of feeling and thought, rhythm and diction in his work. The poet speaks of his experience out of the depth of his heart and his expression is suited to the role of a sage speaking from profound depths. There is, however, no assumption of the role of a self-righteous saint or a prophet announcing his message. Master Zinda Kaul is always human, humble and different.

SAMAD MIR

(1893-1959)

Like his father, Samad Mir worked as a sawyer but became a building labourer later. Early in life, he started his search for 'truth' as a Sufi and imbibed Yoga as well. He uttered his first song '*Yetravun Pyom*' when he was past thirty and already initiated.

Mir is a mystic poet, and his '*vatsun*' songs and ghazals reveal his deep insight acquired under the sufi and yogic discipline. He feels compelled to give expression, though inadequately, to his vision in the verse overladen with symbolism. The burden of many of his poems is, "It is impossible to express what is obvious to Samad Mir." As in the case of the most mystic poets, his varied experiences are surrounded by ambiguity and even obscurity. He underscores awareness and even offers "Come and learn wakefulness from Samad Mir." Sufi concentration, intense devotion to the Prophet, *shastric* practices and the utterance of "Om Suh" are all grist to his mill. He emphasizes, "Every single atom is an integral part of the Everlasting", and for him Rama and Rahim are identical.

Mir wrote a substantial quantity of verse in the forms of 'ghazal', '*vatsun*', '*naat*' etc. It seems that he never cultivated poetry as an art, and it was only the inevitable utterance of his inner experience. It is said that not a single verse came from him as long as thirteen years. One may notice faulty metre occasionally and excessive use of medial rhyme creates complication. Mir was illiterate, but apart from imbibing our common cultural heritage, he made acquaintance with the birds and animals, insects and herbs, flowers and trees, which came handy to him as symbols. He has to his credit quite a number of metaphors and idioms of virgin freshness. He also wrote the allegory of *Akanandun* in fourteen cantos. His poems, embodying depth of meaning, indicate sincerity of feeling, surcharged emotion and spontaneous rhythm.

His poems were published in several parts entitled *Kalami Samad Mir* by Ghulam Muhammad Nur Muhammad. His collected works were edited by Motilal Saqi and published by Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art Culture and Languages in 1973.

MIRZA GHULAM HASSAN BEIG ARIF

Arif's boast is that he persuaded Dina Nath Nadim, the icon of modern Kashmiri poetry, to take leave of Urdu and to serve Kashmiri. This fact was lately confirmed by ailing Nadim himself on TV in an interview to Bashir Bhat. This is the greatest service that Mirza Ghulam Hassan Beig Arif has rendered to Kashmiri language and letters. As a poet he has himself made a mark and won awards. But that is not all. His achievements are as a linguist and a scientist as well.

I, along with this multi-dimensional personality, was on the faculty of the S.P. College, Srinagar, in the early forties. After he gave up teaching profession, his circle of friends widened, because of his growth as a poet, his sparkling wit, his zest for the development of the Kashmiri language as a medium of literary expression and his broad human approach to various facts of day-to-day experience.

Like every poet or writer, Arif's personality was shaped by the time he grew up in. For the contemporary youth it would be difficult to imagine the state of the literary scene in the sub-continent during 1930-50. The call for complete independence was given by Jawaharlal Nehru on January 26, 1930 and the whole country was agog with enthusiasm for freedom from the British rule. This zest for freedom was partly natural and partly owed its inspiration to developments in foreign countries where the society felt concerned at the condition of the neglected and the down-trodden. A new movement surged forward in the world of letters in the garb of the "progressive" writing and Munshi Prem Chand, the veteran novelist, presided over the first conference of the progressive writers in the subcontinent in 1935. Such writers raged against social and economic inequalities and highlighted the plight of the labourer, the peasant and the outcaste, the widow, the educated unemployed, etc.

This movement was a sort of a combination of the upsurge in the USSR for the socio-economic uplift of the plebian, freedom to express suppressed emotion *a la* Richardson, Rousseau and a less inhibited attitude towards social relations and sex. This progressive thought which appeared in almost all the regional languages swept the youth off their feet. A large number of journals sprang up and sold like hot cakes. Literary topics dominated discussions not only in college debates,

universities and the press, but also in restaurants, drawing rooms and railway compartments. If you did not know the names of stalwarts like Faiz, Manto, Krishan Chander, Taseer and Prem Chand, you could not call yourself educated.

Our state fell within the sphere of influence of Urdu and we caught faint echoes of what was going on in Lahore, that citadel of upsurge, Karachi, Delhi, Lucknow etc. We became conscious that though we could boast of works of lofty or fine poetry from as far back as the 14th century, and during those days the *ghazals* and *nazms* of Mehjoor, recited in the streets by Mehmood Shahri and Sant Ram, captivated one and all - we felt chagrined for want of a language as forceful and as developed as Urdu appeared to be. Urdu was our adopted mother tongue; our newspapers were in Urdu and our poets wrote in Urdu — Nandlal Talib, Mirza Kamal-ud-din Shaida, Dinanath Mast, Ghulam Rasool Nazki, Ghulam Qadir Shahzore, perhaps Dina Nath Nadim; and many others, including Prem Nath Pardesi wrote excellent Urdu prose. But we were roaming about in borrowed plumes.

Some among us wished that we could develop our own mother tongue to attain the status, at least, of other Indian languages. But it appeared to be a far-fetched dream. The cloud was too dark but there was a little of silver lining that some sort of a conscious effort was going on towards lifting up Kashmiri language. Mehjoor continued to warble and inspired many to compose love lyrics in imitation. Abdul Ahad Azad, while introducing a fresh note in our poetry, was also busy writing his monumental *Kashmiri Zaban Aur Shairi*. A Kashmiri section was added to the *Pratap*, the S.P. College magazine and a local daily reserved one page for Kashmiri in its Sunday supplement. During this very period Prof. J. L. Kaul completed the anthology of *Kashmiri Lyrics* in English Translation.

It was about that time that Arif went for higher education to Lahore and later to Aligarh. Both these cities were the storm centres of the popular brand of intellectualism, youth power, literary upsurge and Urdu. Arif had gone to study Zoology, and influenced by Darwinism and partly by Allama Iqbal, he was fired with the ambition to enlist his language among the fittest for survival. When he returned home in 1939, he committed himself to follow the path of progressive writing and to develop Kashmiri language. For some time Arif appeared somewhat invisible behind the

aura of his activities and the light of his own thinking. Meanwhile, a body of young Kashmiri writers emerged and they included A. A. Azad, Ghulam Ahmad Fazil and Nandlal Ambardar. They did not belong to any organized association but took pride in writing in Kashmiri. While World War II was raging in Europe and the Pacific and the Indian Congress once again started a campaign for independence under the 'Quit India' programme, progressive writing thrived in our country. Arif played a leading role in organizing a literary society named '*Kashmiri Bazmi Adab*' in 1943. He was also general secretary of the Cultural Front of Progressive Writers with G. M. Sadiq as President.

Any attempt to publish a literary work and that too poetry, was considered overambitious. Arif, nevertheless, made his debut with *Bang-i-Awwal* (The First Call) in 1944 and *Romuzi Arif* in 1946. During the mid-forties the faculty of English of the local colleges formed a club known as the Thursday Club with Prof. Kaul as the President, for study and evaluation of literary works and research. We decided to bring out an English Translation of contemporary Kashmiri poetry. Among the poets whose selected verse I was asked to translate were Mirza Arif, Nandlal Ambardar and Sarwanand Koul 'Premi'. The Project did not take off owing to fast changes on the political front within the state and outside. But I kept with me, the slender manuscript of poems, *gazals*, *rubayis* in the old Perso-Arabic Script and went through the verses off and on. On my request, Mirza Arif had sent to me, poems highlighting class conflict. His mood and temper around those years is indicated by poems like *sutsan* (the needle), *mozrenye* (a woman labourer), *A'ni Moej*, (the blind mother), *Faqeeranya* (A beggar woman), *Banhael Bal tu Groos* (a peasant ascending the Banihal), *Moej Kasheer* (Mother Kashmir - 3 poems), and *Posha Waer* (a flowery garden), Here are a few lines:

What wonderful combinations I've created!
 Making an honest living I've been worn out,
 Embroidering threads of silk, pashmina and gold;
 A skilled worker. No capital need I,
 In simple living is pride enough for me,
 Though I lavish gold-thread, bare-handed am I.
 (*Sutsan*)

‘How long will our land suffer in misery? How long will it lie benighted?
There is no indication of dawn.
And the down-trodden villager panting up the Banihal;
Whither are you panting up the Banihal?
Haven’t your feet been frost-bitten?
Walking barefoot are you over the snow.
The Khoja has a cool chamber for the summer
And a warm one for winter.
While an ass-load of goods you carry for him;
Haven’t your feet got blistered and frost-bitten?
(*Banihal Bal Tu Groos*)

This is class conflict and his heart melts for the downtrodden. Besides one or two didactic poems *Zalur* and humorous pieces ‘*Modern Maharaza*’ there are several poems of ‘patriotic’ genre addressed to ‘*Moej Kasheer*’ wherein the poet harangues and thunders. All this fell within the parameters of ‘progressive writing’. But happily, that is not all. We get a super-sensuous note in the poem ‘*Posha Vaer*’,

‘After a long time we see flowers blossomed in the garden here and there.
How tender Charming and bright—who has shampooed their faces and
darkened their eye brows! Who made a cradle for them and who inspires
them to giggle?’

Here is a mystic half-note without engrossing involvements and soul
chilling intricacies. His *rubais* have their significant notes—

‘What do I make of the light of the sun which has me chased by my own
shadow?’

I am in search of such a sun as frees me from my own shadow and
provides me light from darkness’

In another *rubai* he observes—

‘The Brahmin having worshipped the idol with flowers, the Sheikh asked
him “does the idol ever become absolute

‘Arif was reminded of the milestone: the surveyor’s sketch provides an
indication of the route’.

A human being has to function within a certain range in the frequencies
of light and sound, and perhaps of the mind too. But a few, go to catch a

glimpse of the ‘light that never was on sea or land’, or hear faint vibrations from the court of India: *Kan me dicham gos dewano* (I tried eaves dropping and was beside myself with ecstasy)! And on rare occasions Arif perceived somebody or something beckoning him from afar!

During the two remaining decades till his retirement from J&K Government services, Arif played many roles from the Director of Radio Kashmir to a research scientist discovering a new breed of tusser silkworms. But his heart has always been in the written/spoken word in Kashmiri and he turns out verse in the form of *gazals* and *nazams* or composes *rubais* impromptu. It is a delight to see him fashioning a *rubai* or recite it.

Like most other poets Arif experienced growth during the decades since mid-forties. The angularities of the “progressive” period, the ‘holier than thou feeling’ of the scientific thinker, though he never wavered in his deep faith in religion, have been shed. Arif’s work now reflects greater maturity of thought and emotion, a more refined diction and a broader and deeper understanding of our role on this earth. His heart is not less sensitive towards the miserable or needy and he is ever ready to take no end of trouble in helping them get some reprieve from suffering.

Aagar’i Woeni (Flow from the source), 1971, is Arif’s representative collection. It features many compositions of the earlier period, like *Mozren’i* and *Bagawat* (Revolt of a Prostitute). It asserts, “It is for us to make a tearful flower laugh.” It contains some sparkling and melodious lyrics like *Rum Gayam Sheeshus* (My glass has developed a crack and resounds not, O wine-pourer, will the beloved test its resonance before accepting it!) and *Khabar Aahan asar Aasya na Aasya* (One is not sure if sighs bear fruit).

But there is also the unseen presence of something beyond sense organs in *Pratha Ranga Chai...* (Thou alone art there in all forms and hues...but he responds with a snigger!). There is something more forthright in the *rubai*—The universe is the dust jacket of the book of beauty; open it and study the secrets. Do not think doing so is hazardous.)

Finally comes *Lola Vechar* (Broodings of love), a compendium of his thoughts, reactions and emotions cast in the *rubai* form. While he

continues to assail coarseness and hypocrisy in our day to day living with his kindly humour or the whiplash of sarcasm, he perceives that there are worlds even beyond the stars and love has to face further trials. Aarif, the poet has developed a many-faceted personality despite, probably, an occasional protest form Mirza Ghulam Hassan Beg, the scientist.

JAYALAL KAUL

(1900-1986)

Born in a Kashmiri Brahmin family Pandit Jayalal Kaul, took his M.A. in English from the University of Allahabad in 1922, and the law degree the next year. For a while he practiced as a lawyer in Srinagar but shortly after he joined the teaching profession, retiring as Principal of his alma mater, Sri Pratap College, Srinagar in 1956. During 1958-1960 he was advisor to the Radio Kashmir for Kashmiri programmes, and Secretary, Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture and Languages during 1963-66. He was a member of the Executive Board and General Council, Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, during 1958-67, and had been a member of the Selection Board, Bharatiya Jnanpith since 1973. In 1960, He visited the USSR as a member of the delegation of Indian writers. The Jammu and Kashmir State Academy awarded him a fellowship in 1973. Besides Kashmiri and English, he knew Hindi, Sanskrit, Urdu and Persian.

As the Chief Editor of the *Pratap*, the Sri Pratap College magazine which was the only forum for writing in Kashmiri in the late twenties and the early thirties, he introduced several significant features like 'Folklore' and 'Essays on Kashmiri language and literature'. During the mid-thirties he caused many an eye-brow raise when he added a whole section in Kashmiri. Since the language did not have a script of its own, and neither the Perso-Arabic nor the Devnagri scripts could cover important sounds in the language without causing serious ambiguities. Kaul devised some new signs for phonemes to supplement the Perso-Arabic script. When the country attained independence, the Jammu and Kashmir Government appointed a Committee to devise a script for Kashmiri, and he played a significant role in the completion of the assignment. Practically all books printed in Kashmiri appear in this script now.

Till almost the mid-thirties, the compositions in Kashmiri poetry with a few exceptions either lay scattered haphazardly in manuscript form or were known only orally to a certain type of professionals. Very little was available in print. Kaul was one of the earliest scholars who collected these scattered gems, collated various texts and presented a choice selection in Roman transliteration with English translations (*Kashmiri Lyrics: Rine misray* 1945). The introduction to this book is the first

authoritative survey of poetry in Kashmiri from the fourteenth century after wards.

Like several other students of poetry, he endeavoured to give his personal exposition of the odes to Ghalib in English in his work entitled *Interpretations of Ghalib*. It has been placed among the best renderings of Ghalib because of the aesthetic sensibility of the writer as also his style and diction.

In *Studies in Kashmiri* (1968), Kaul presents his assessment of some literary figures of the past and the present, literary movements since the mid-forties and the achievements of Kashmiri writers in different forms. This book is the first attempt at evaluating in depth some prominent litterateurs. Forms surveyed range from lullabies to ‘*masnavi*’, ‘*vatsun*’, ‘*nazm*’ and ‘*ghazal*’, novel, short story and plays.

The fruit of his studies in the ‘*vakhs*’ of Lal Ded has been presented in three books. In *Lal Ded*, (Jammu and Kashmir State Academy, 1961), written in collaboration with Nandlal Kaul ‘Talib’, we find 135 *vakhs* or verse sayings along with their translation in Urdu and also a valuable introduction. The *vakhs* have for the first time been arranged in an order suggesting the gradual progress of the poetess in the yogic practice. *Lal Ded* (Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, 1973) is a critical study of the life, times and work of the mystic poetess together with the English translation of her 138 *vakhs*. It is a research work of a very high merit; the *vakhs* have been chosen after painstaking scrutiny and many ambiguities have been cleared. The translation is lucid and enjoyable. It conveys not only the thought of the poetess, but also the mode of her feelings and the nuances of her expression.

Mottos on the Sundial (1977) is a collection of the writer’s articles in English published separately from time to time. They vary in theme from his ‘Auto-obituary’ to pedagogics on the one hand, and A.E. Houseman to contemporary trends in Indian writing on the other. The style is engaging, lucid and precise. They display a fine sense of humour and the reader enjoys the studies.

The Author: Prof Shyam Lal Sadhu
(Boitoth Ji)



**Prof Sadhu with his wife, Shyam
Rani Sadhu (1995)**



Prof S L Sadhu (1995)

Prof S L Sadhu spent a life-time teaching English language. His first English language publication was "Folk Tales from Kashmir" (early 1960s), a compendium of Kashmiri folk tales. He authored "Tales from the Rajatarangini" as his second English book, based on some critical moments in Kashmiri history. He edited 'Medieval Kashmir by Jogesh Chandra Dutt', a noted historical treatise.

Between 1964 and 1980, he authored many books in Kashmiri language including Birbal (Play), Wutchaprang (Science), Wyethe-Hend Malar, Qasaas and several others including hymns and their translation.

Between 1998 and 2003, Prof Sadhu wrote biographies on Habba Khatun (in Hindi) and Rupa Bhavani (in English).

He co-authored ‘Place Names in Kashmir’ (2000), a reference book on the names of villages and towns in Kashmir. His last book ‘No Axe to Grind’ was published posthumously.

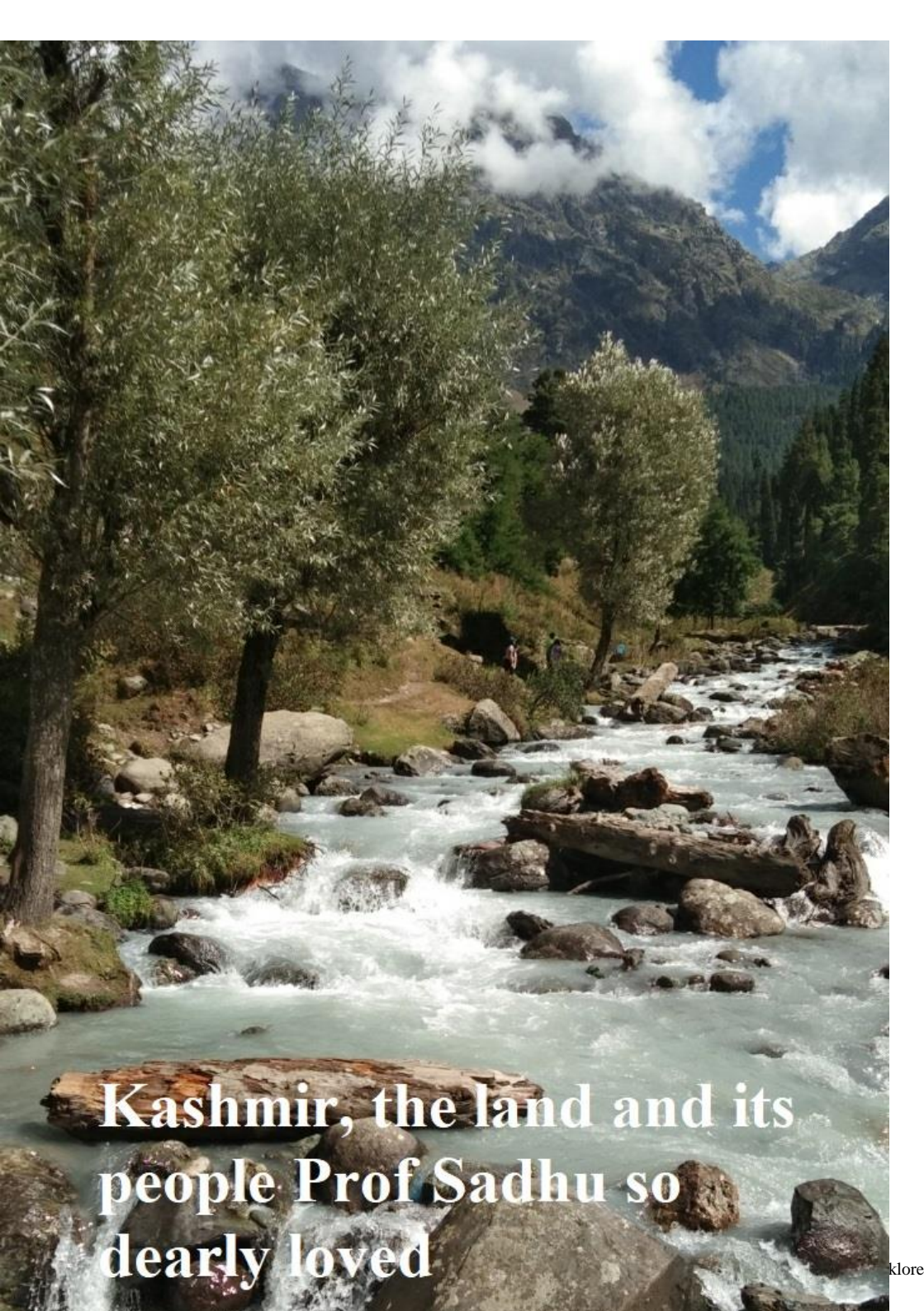
While the full list of his books is not currently available, he was a prolific writer, having started on this journey in his student days with major articles on Kashmir tourism, published in reputed journals.

For many years, Prof S L Sadhu was active in the Kashmir Academy of Art and Culture, the Indian Sahitya Akademy and the Jnanpith Award Selection Committee.

[Editor: Offering this volume with respectful obeisance to the author.]



Sharad Sadhu



**Kashmir, the land and its
people Prof Sadhu so
dearly loved**



Prof S L Sadhu

